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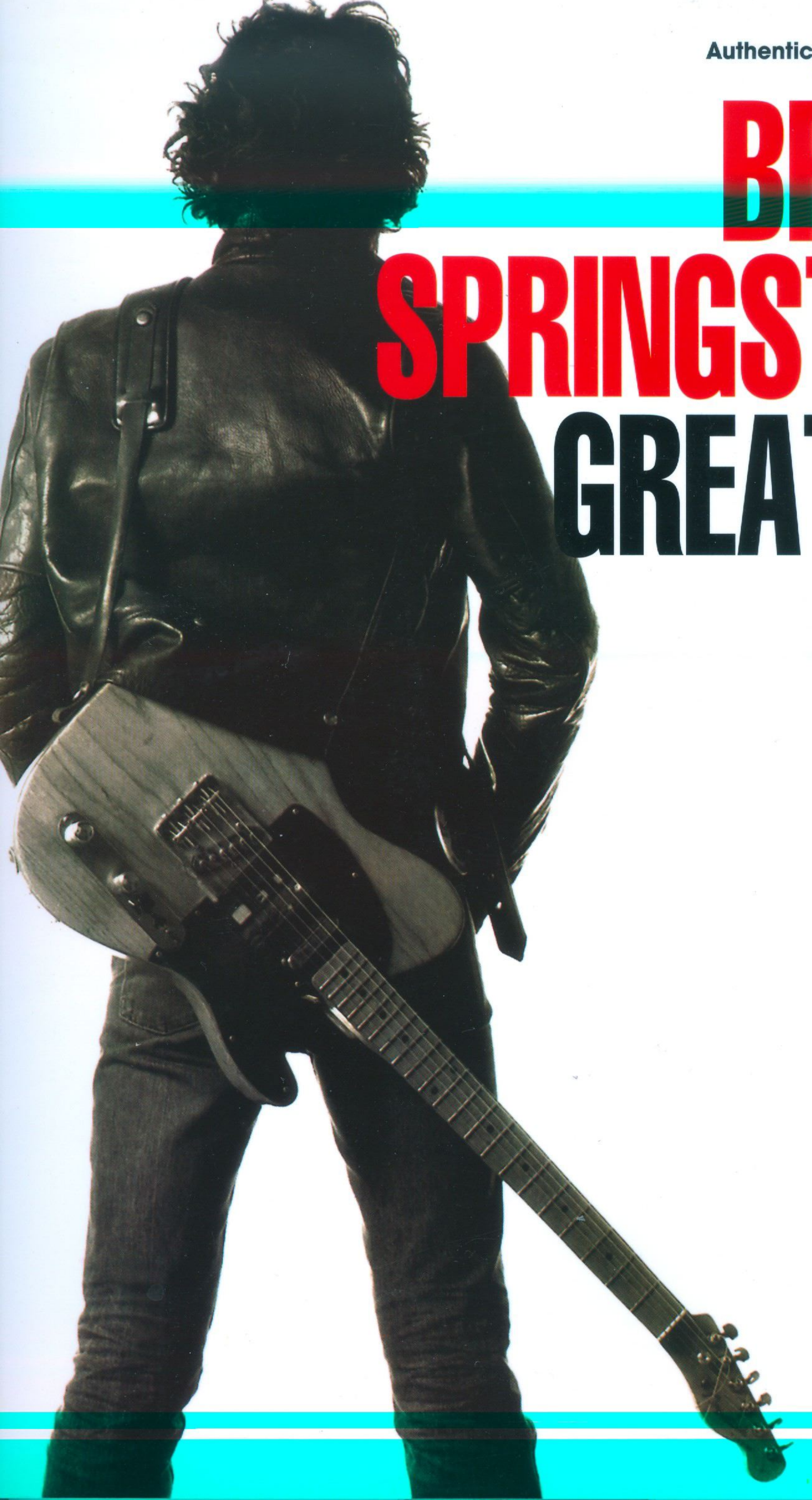
Includes Complete Solos™

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
GREATEST HITS



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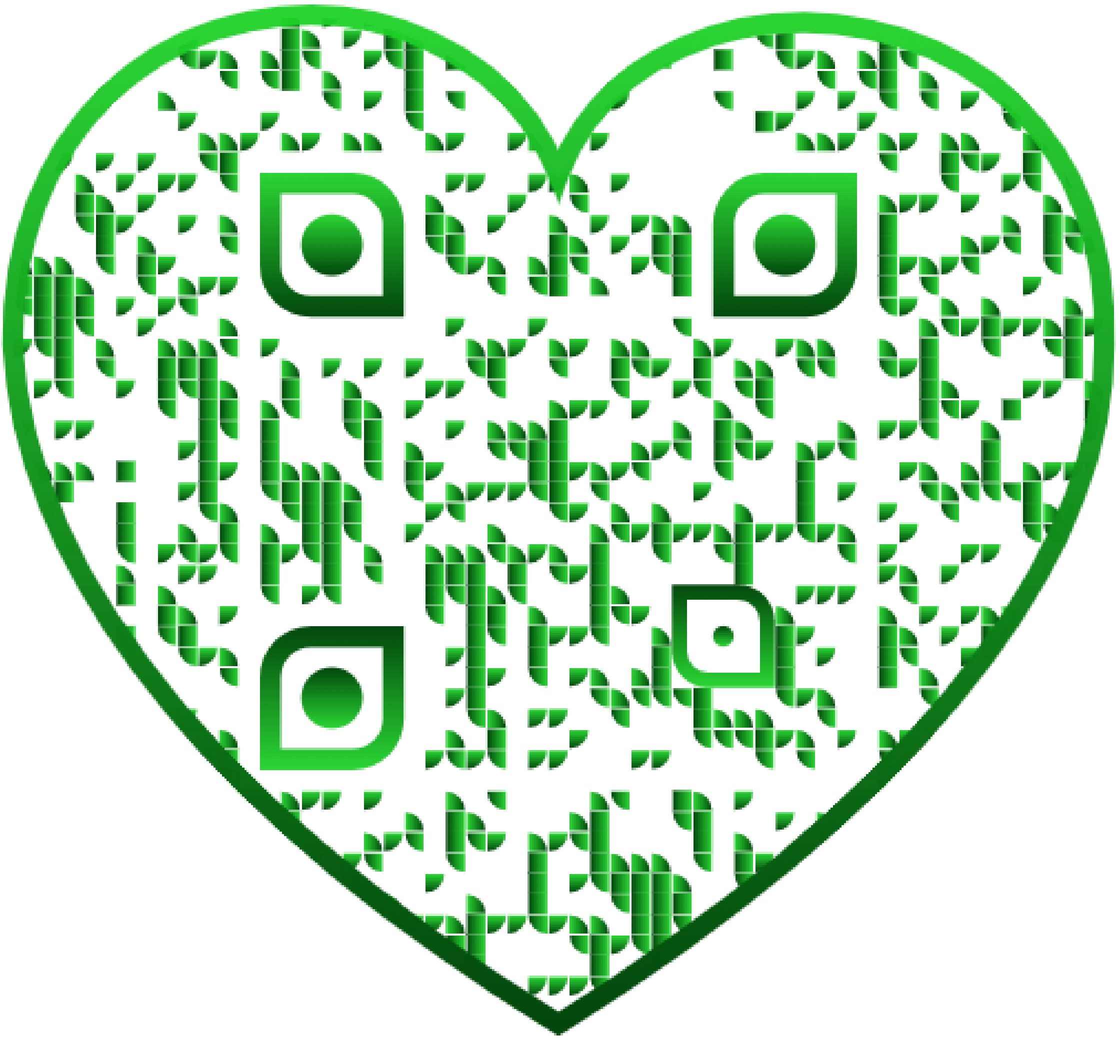

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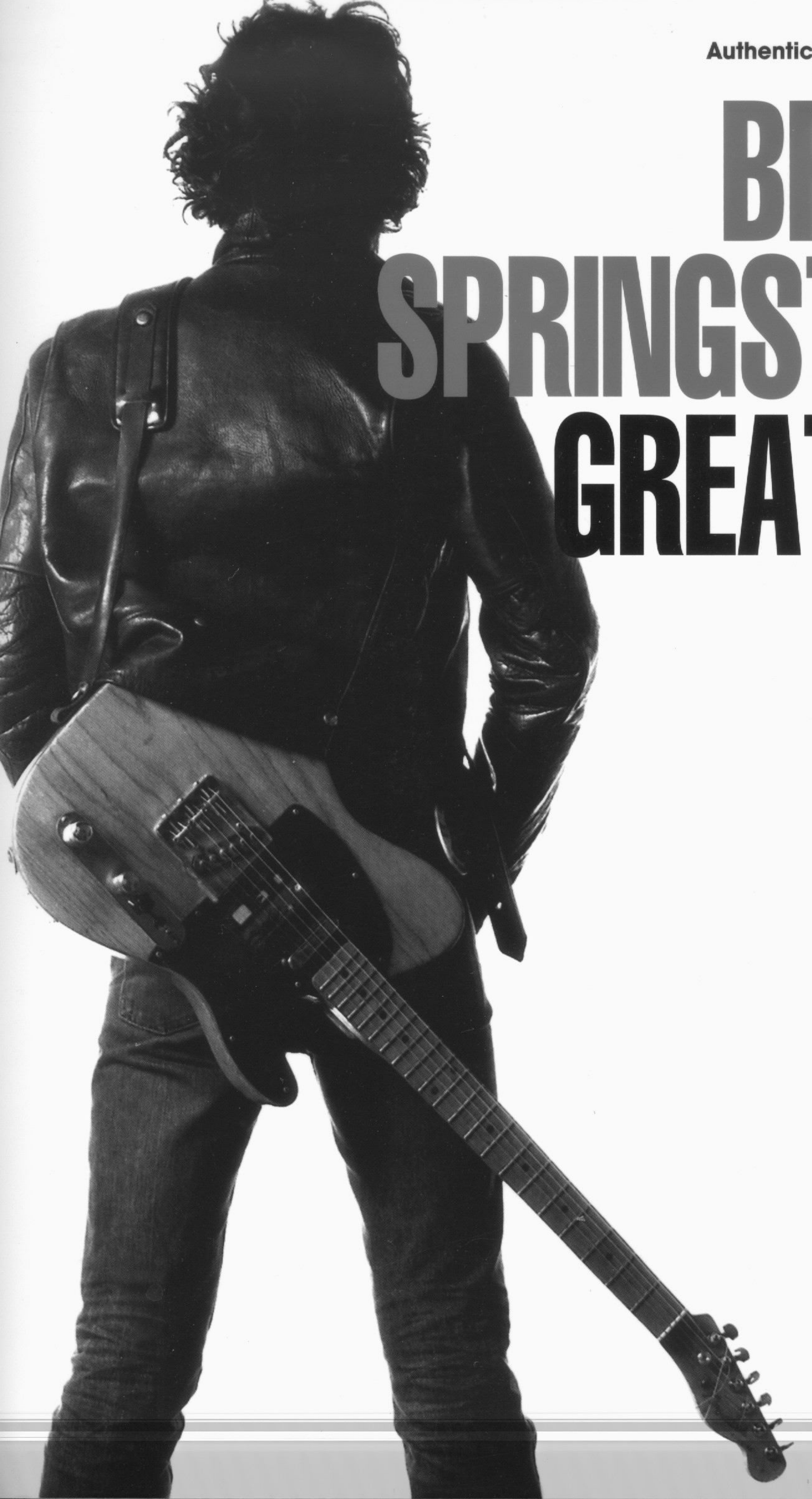

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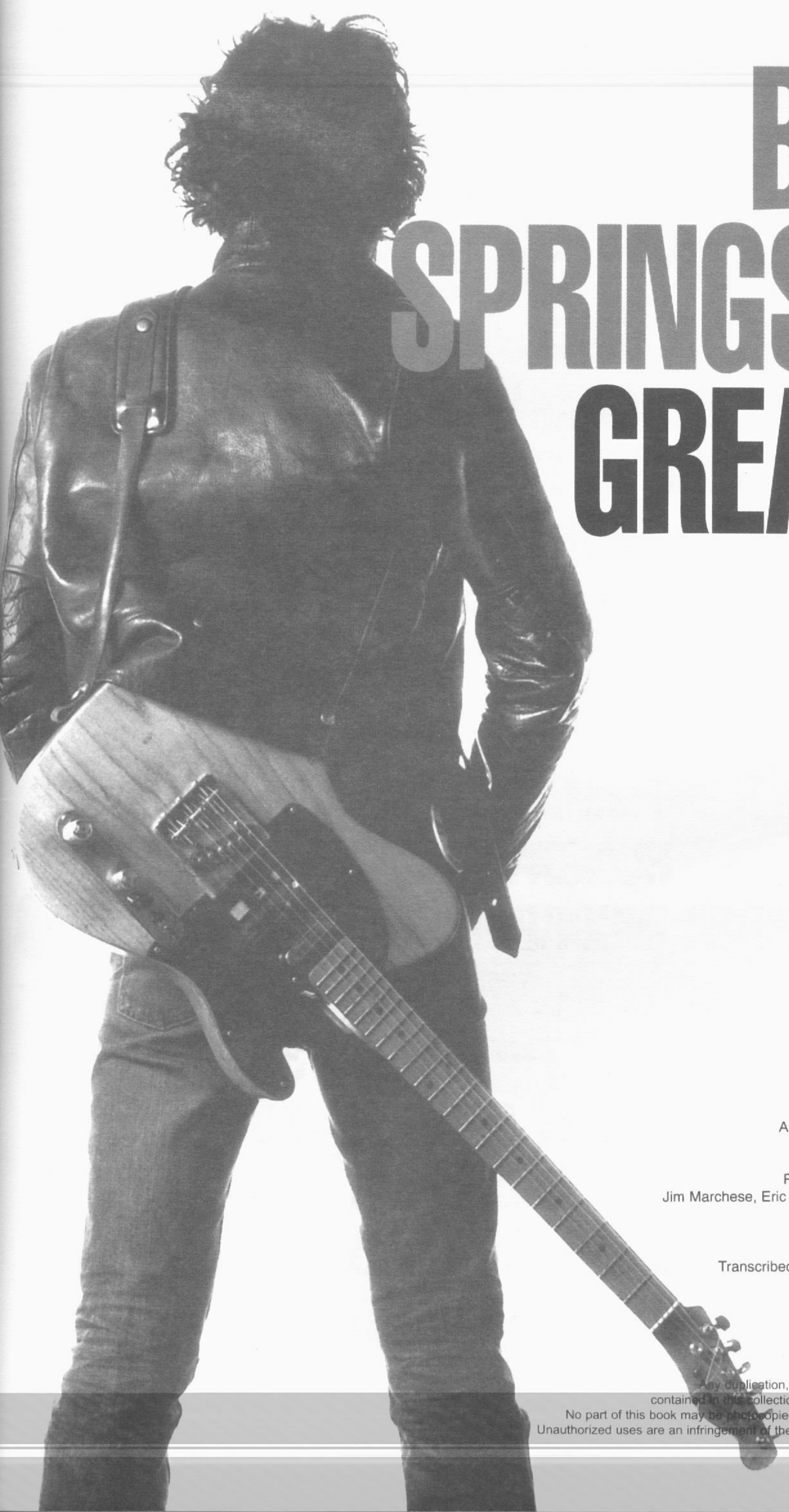

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
GREATEST HITS

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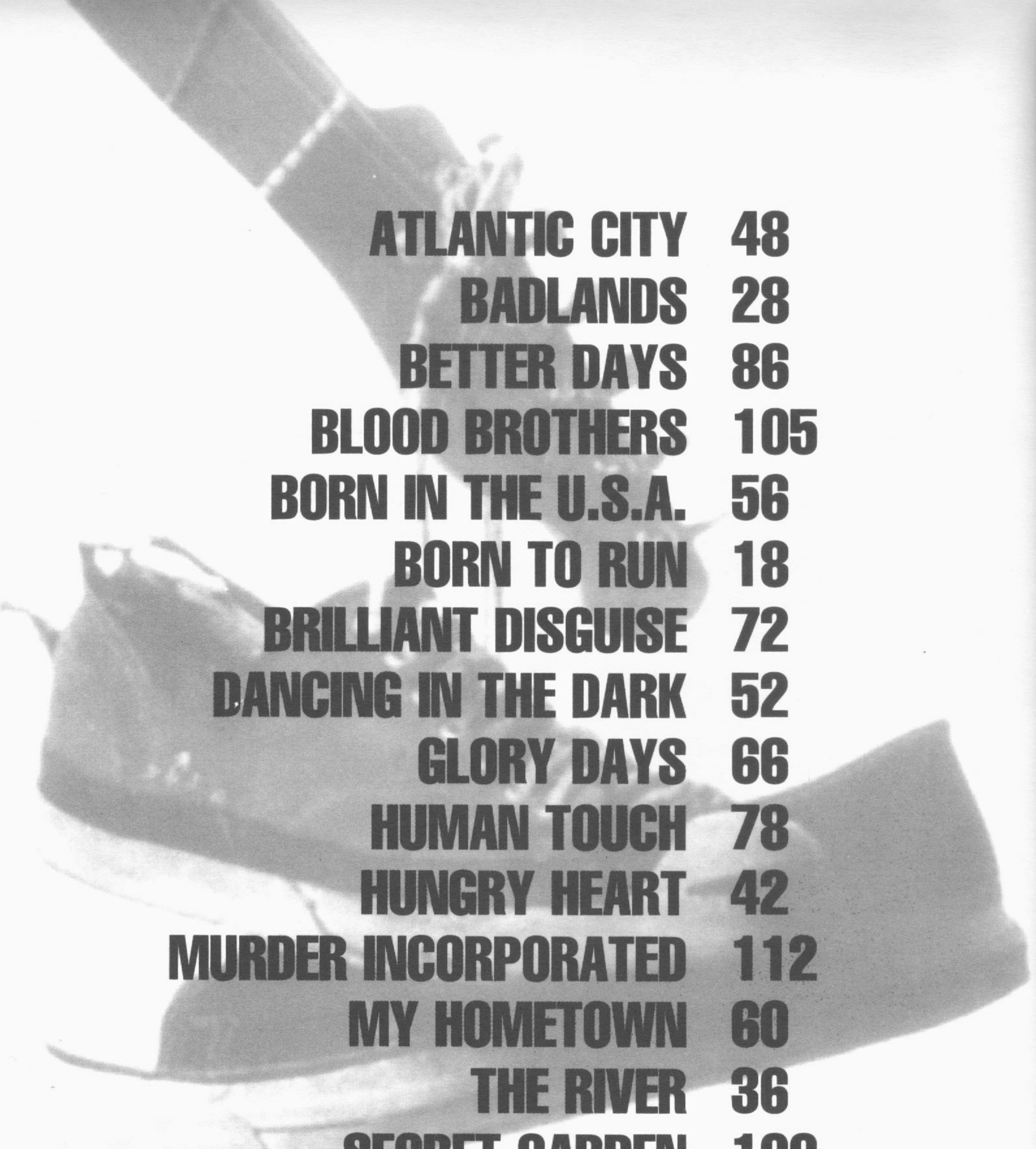

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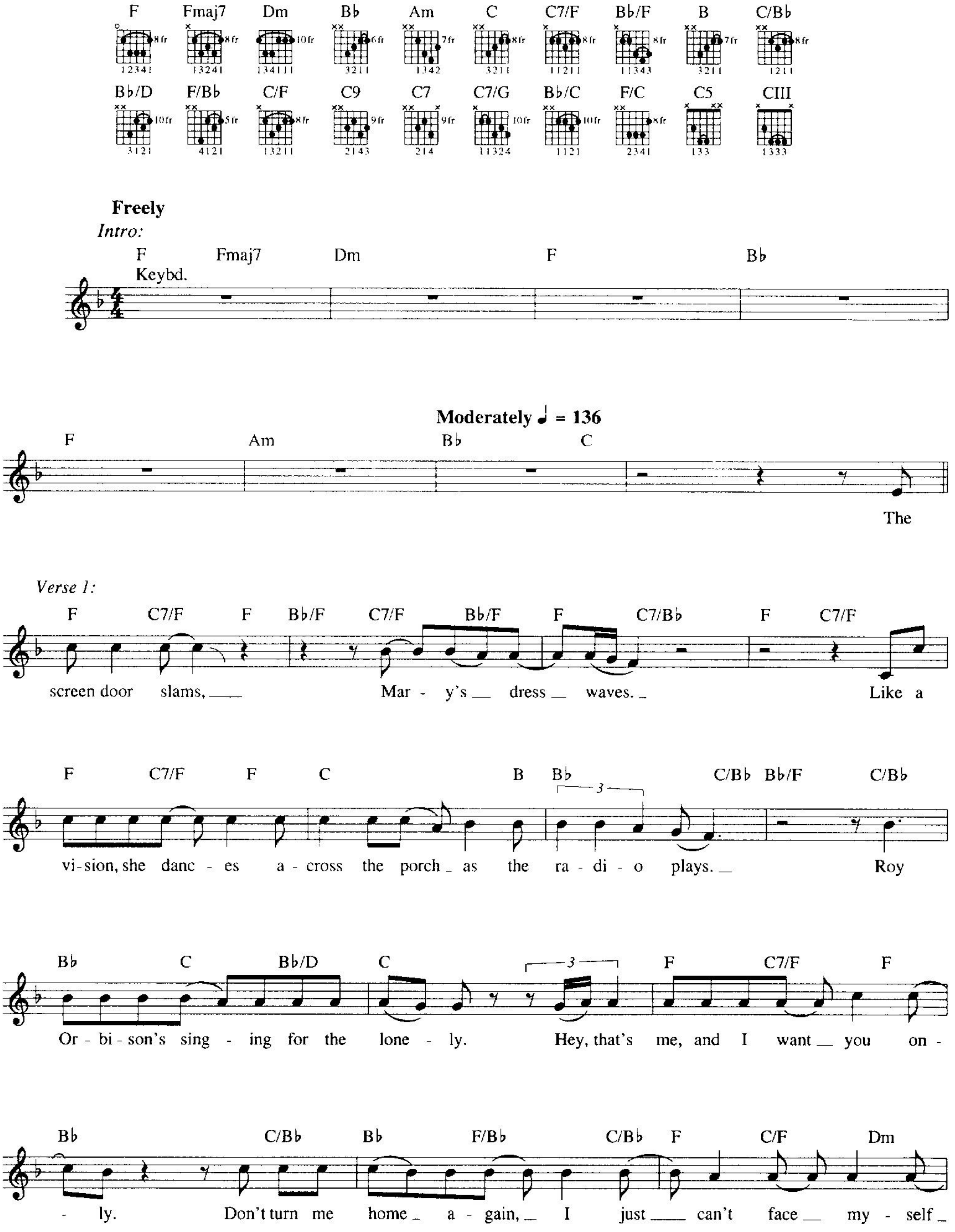
THUNDER ROAD

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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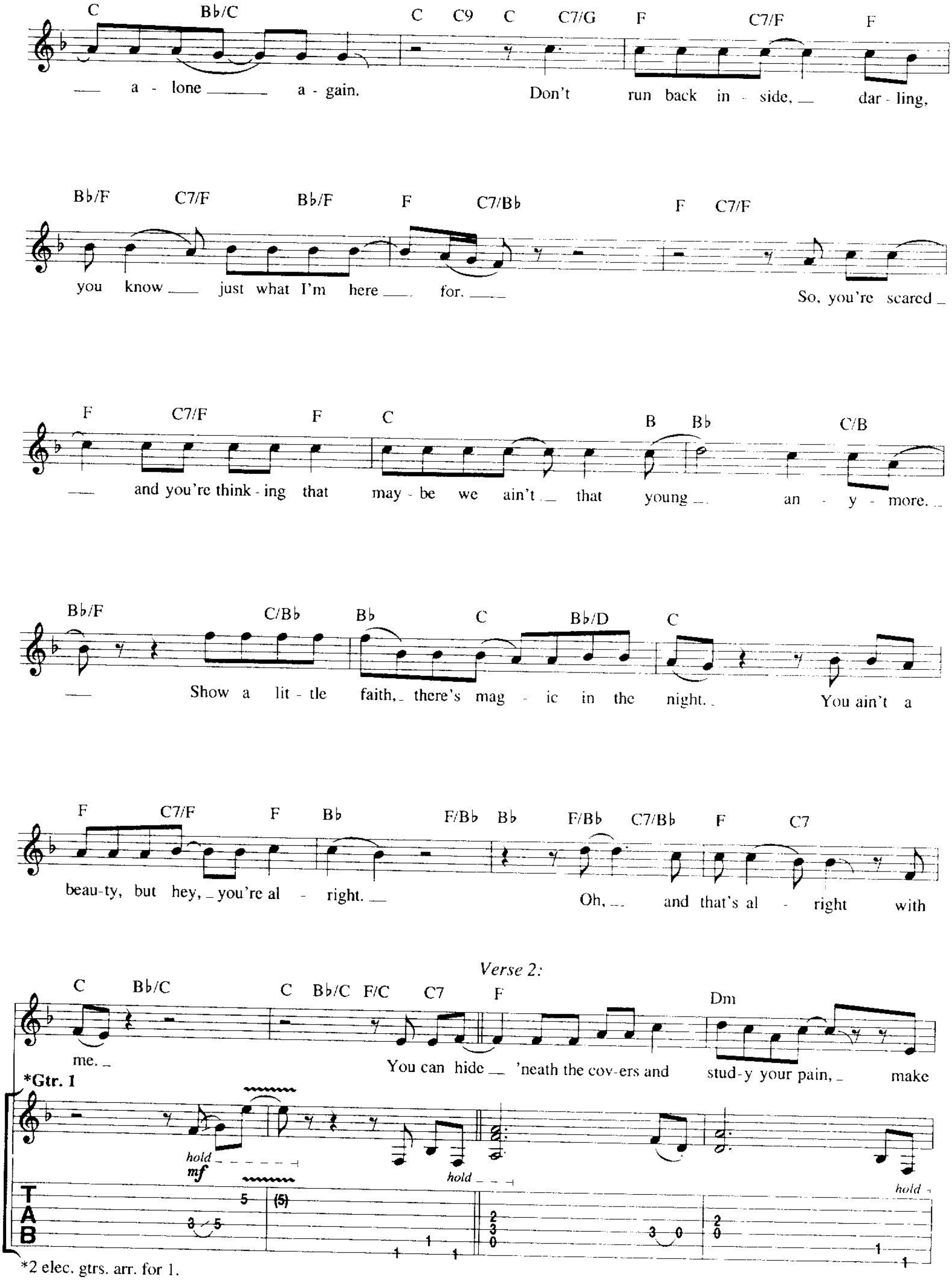
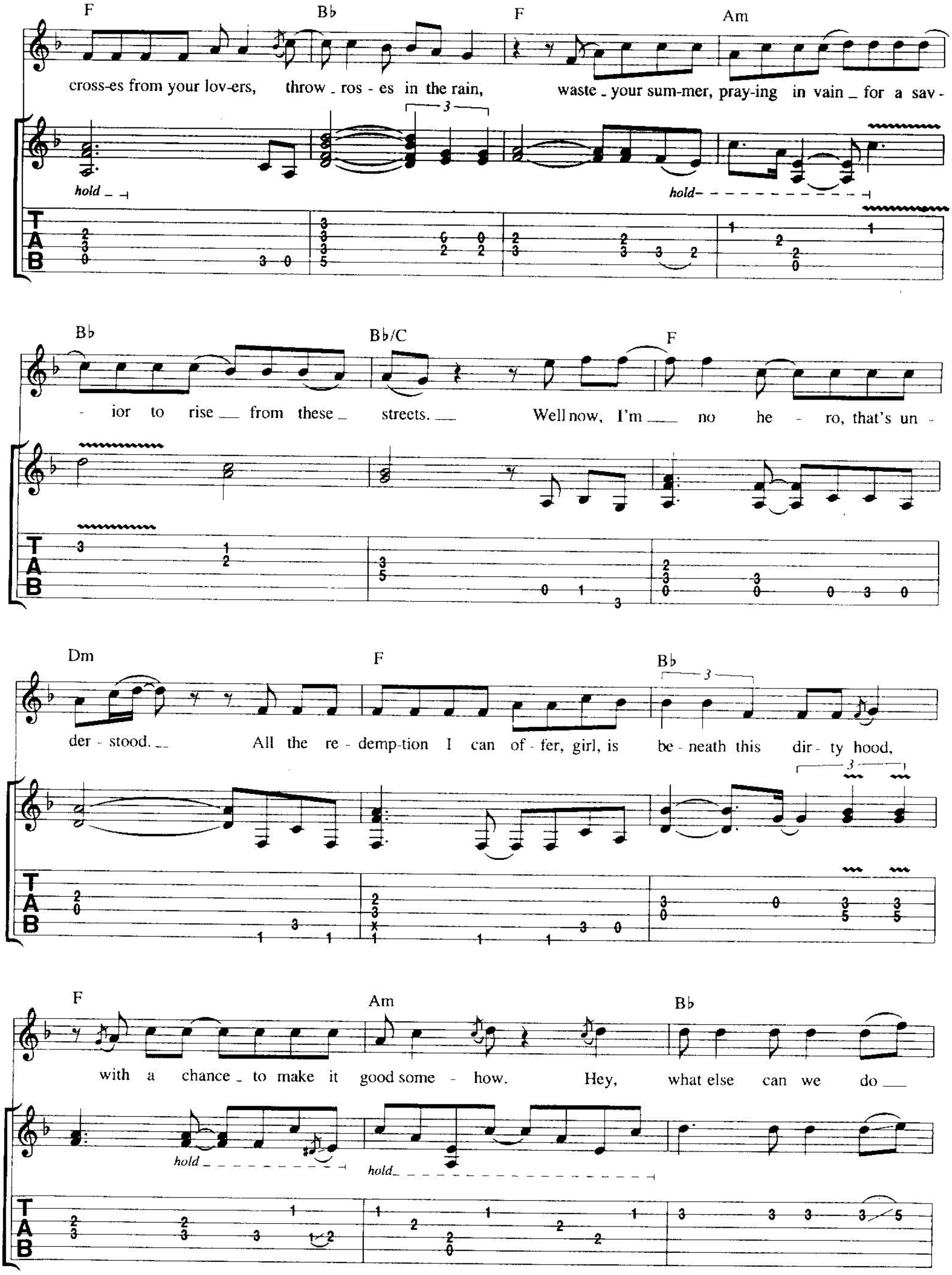
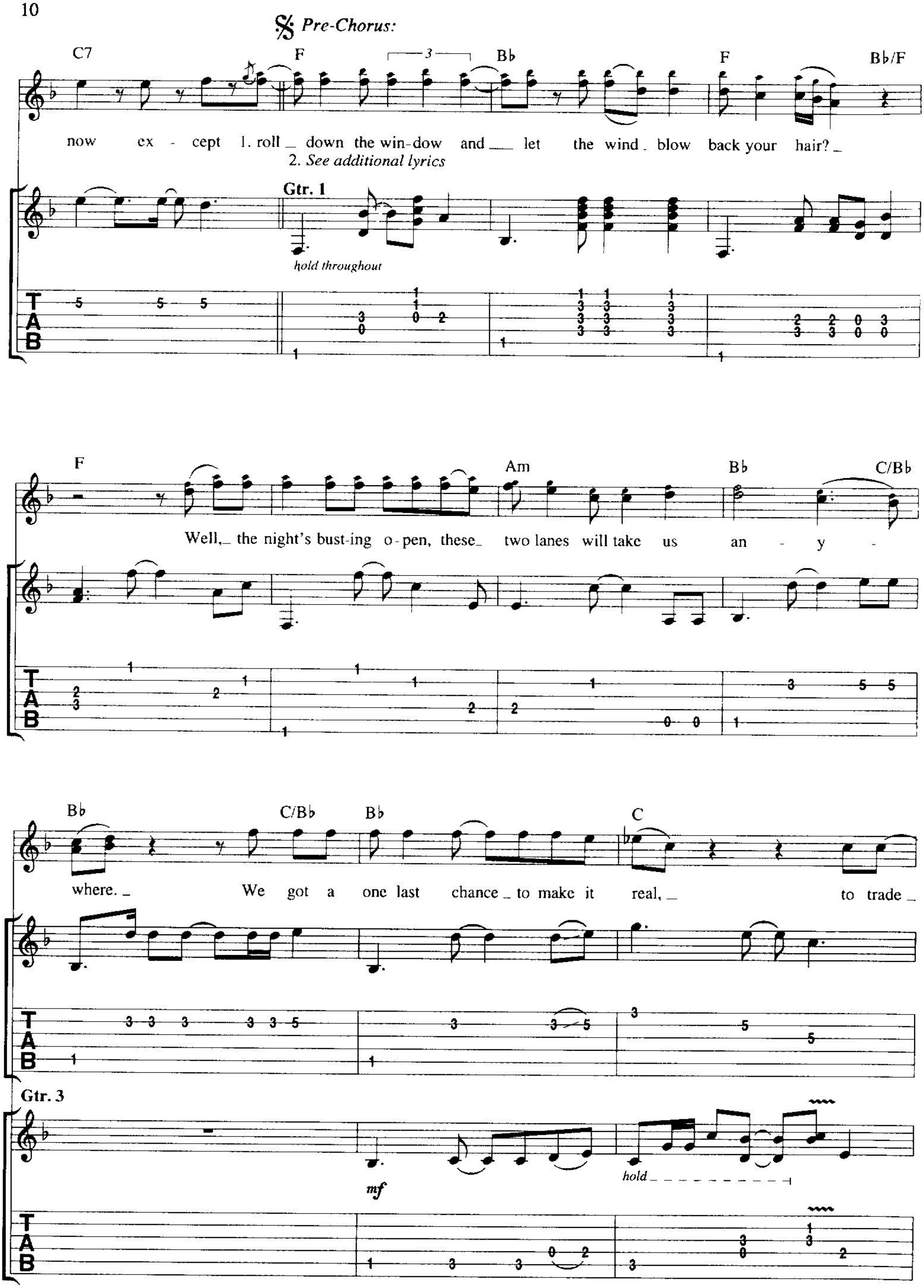
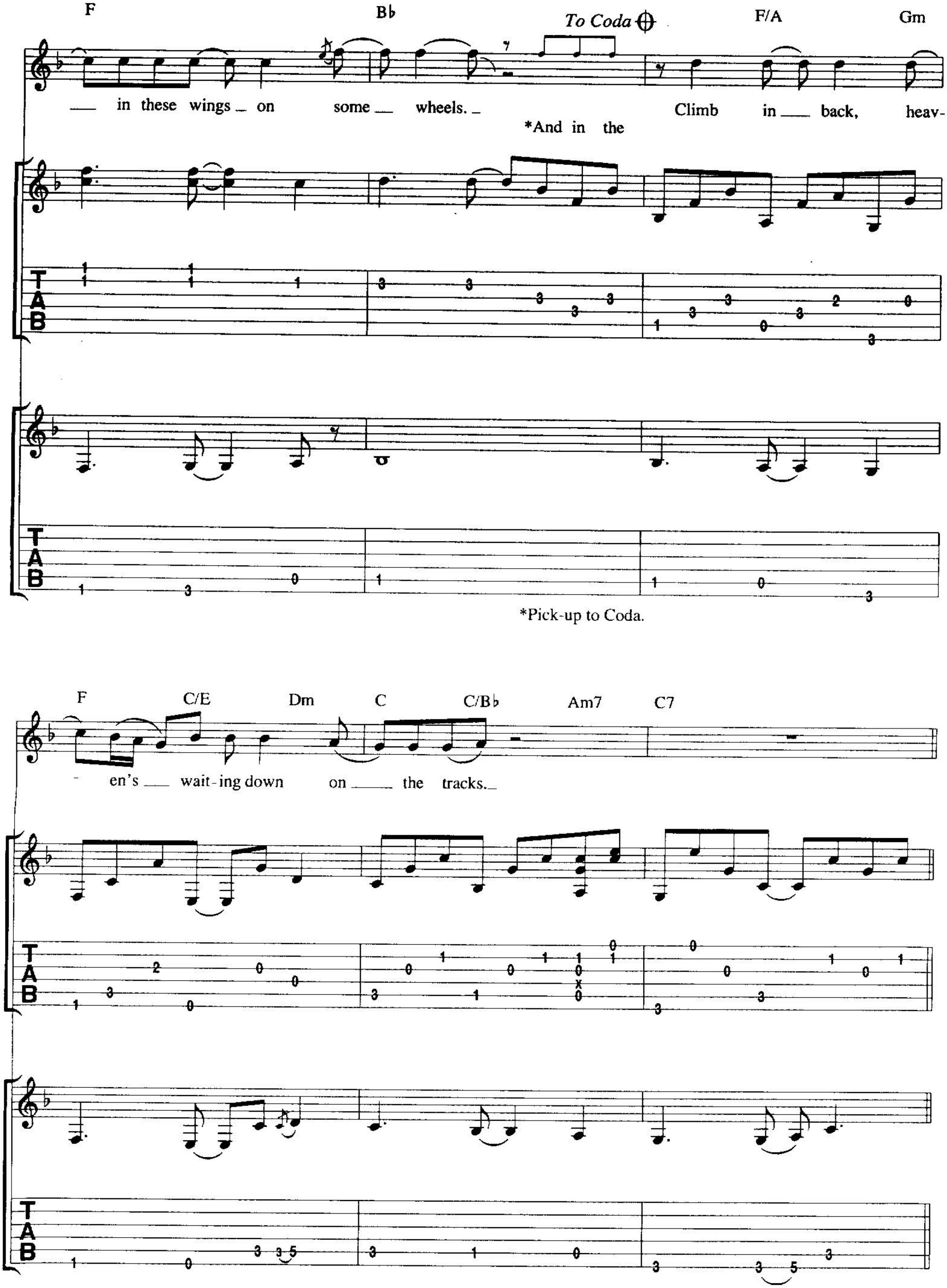


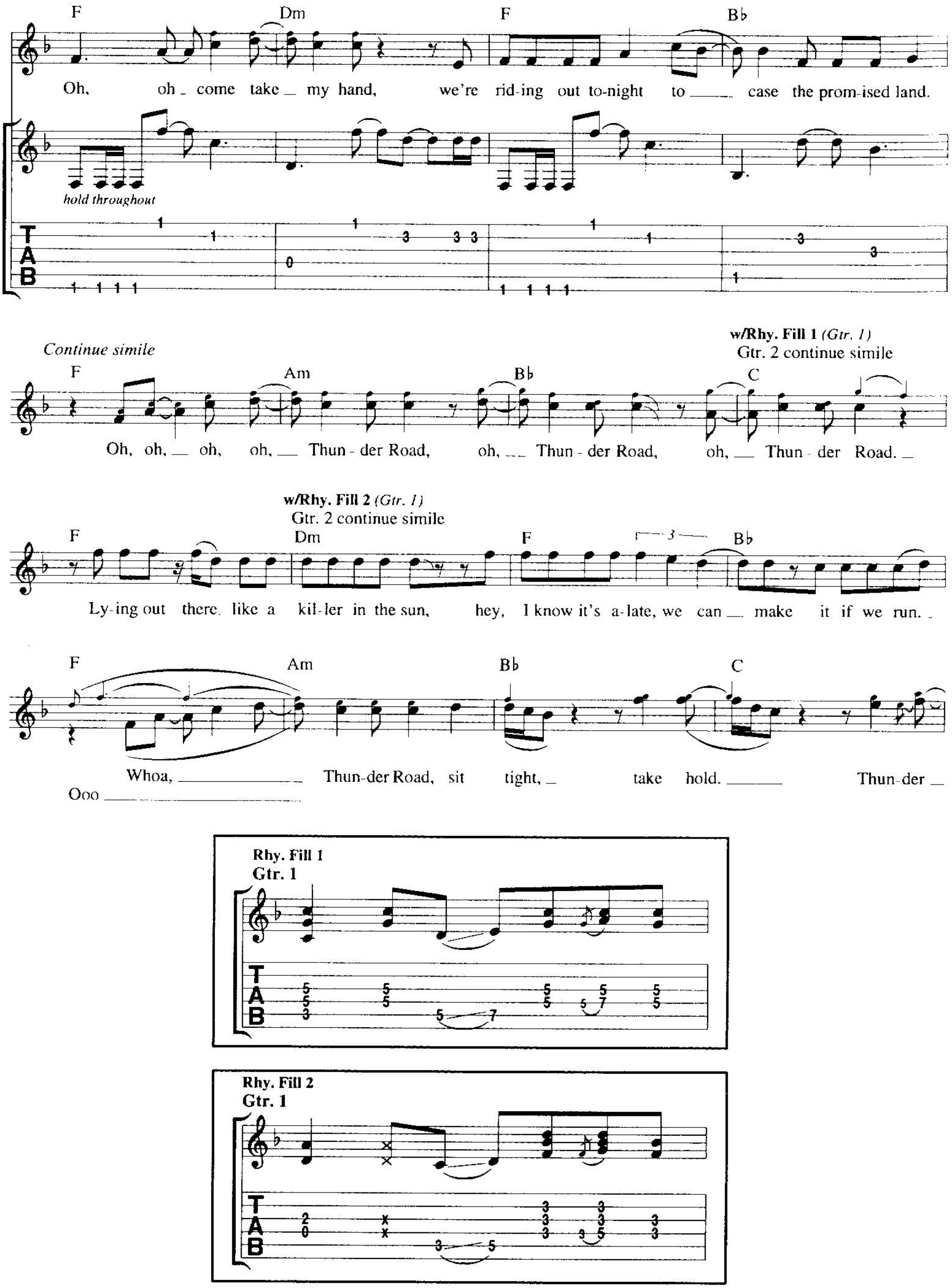
*2 elec. gtrs. arr. for 1.

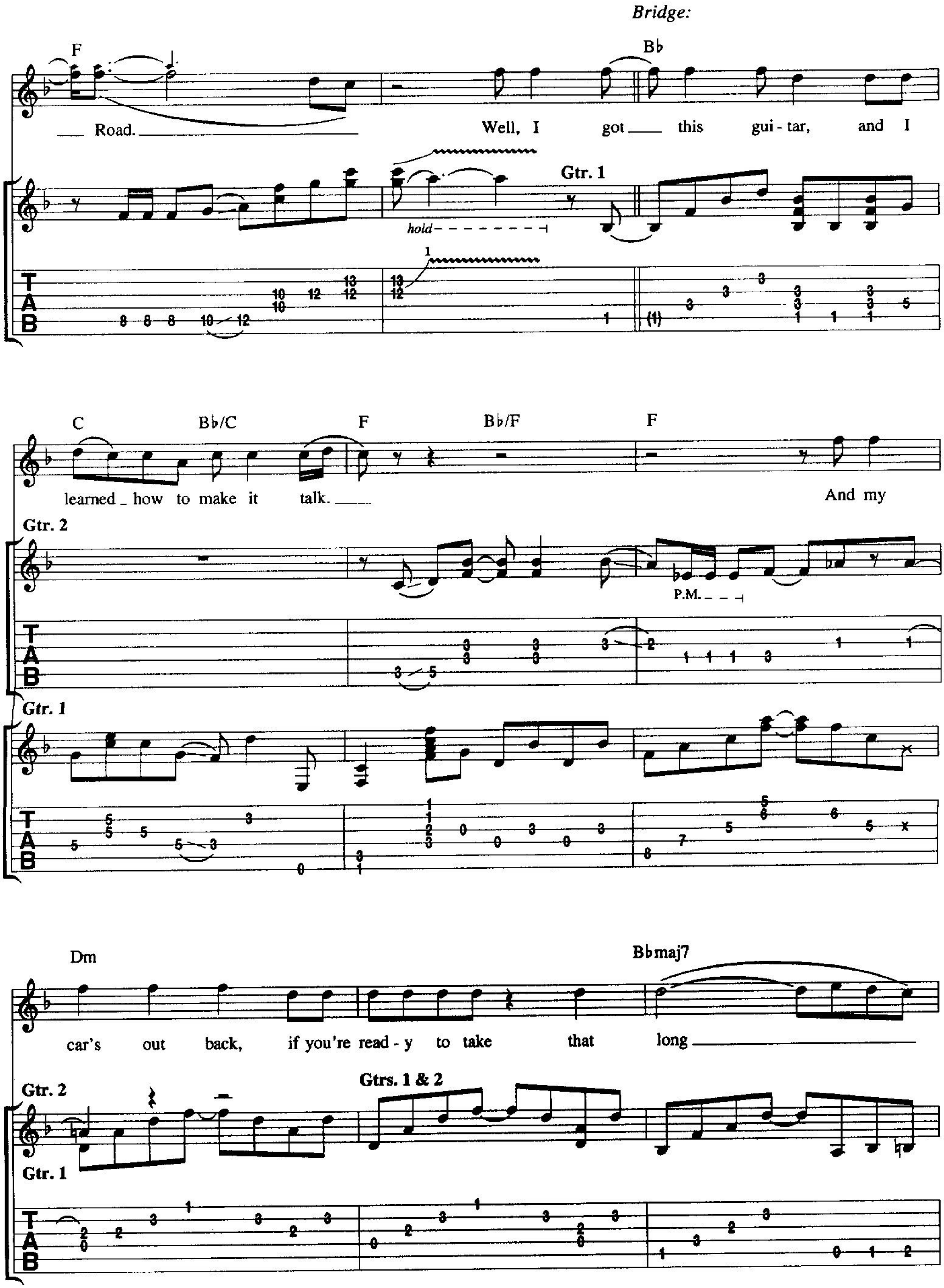

F
Bb
F
Am
cross-es from your lov-ers, throw _ ros - es in the rain, waste _ your sum-mer, pray-ing in vain _ for a sav -
hold
hold
Bb
Bb/C
F
- ior to rise __ from these _ streets. __ Well now, I'm __ no he - ro, that's un -
Dm
F
Bb
der - stood. __ All the re - demp-tion I can of - fer, girl, is be - neath this dir - ty hood,
F
Am
Bb
with a chance _ to make it good some - how. Hey, what else can we do __
hold
hold

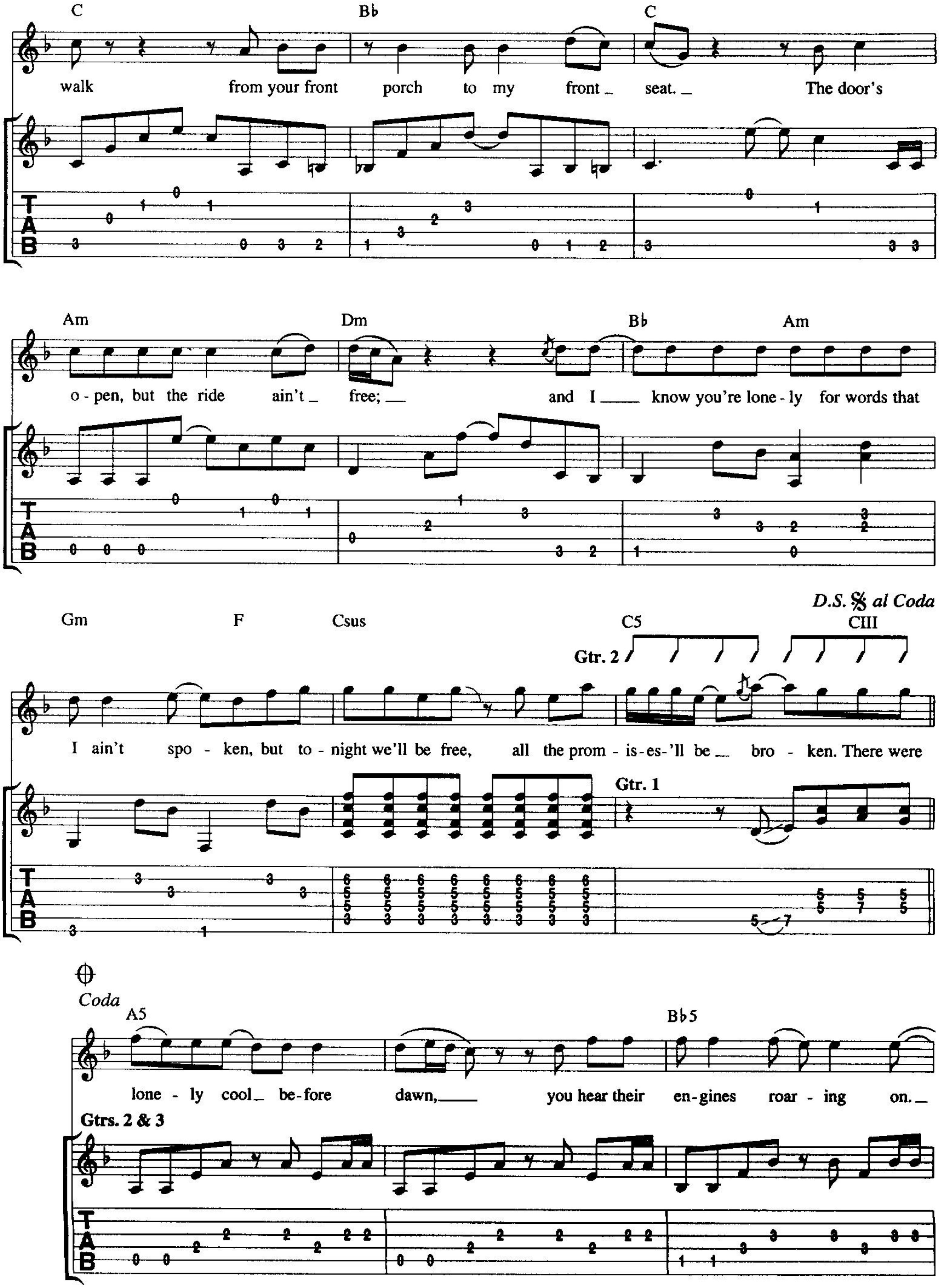

Pre-Chorus:
C7
F
Bb
F
Bb/F
now ex - cept 1. roll _ down the win-dow and _ let the wind _ blow back your hair? _
2. See additional lyrics
Gtr. 1
hold throughout
F
Am
Bb
C/Bb
Well, _ the night's bust-ing o-pen, these _ two lanes will take us an - y -
Bb
C/Bb
Bb
C
where. _ We got a one last chance _ to make it real, _ to trade _
Gtr. 3
mf
hold

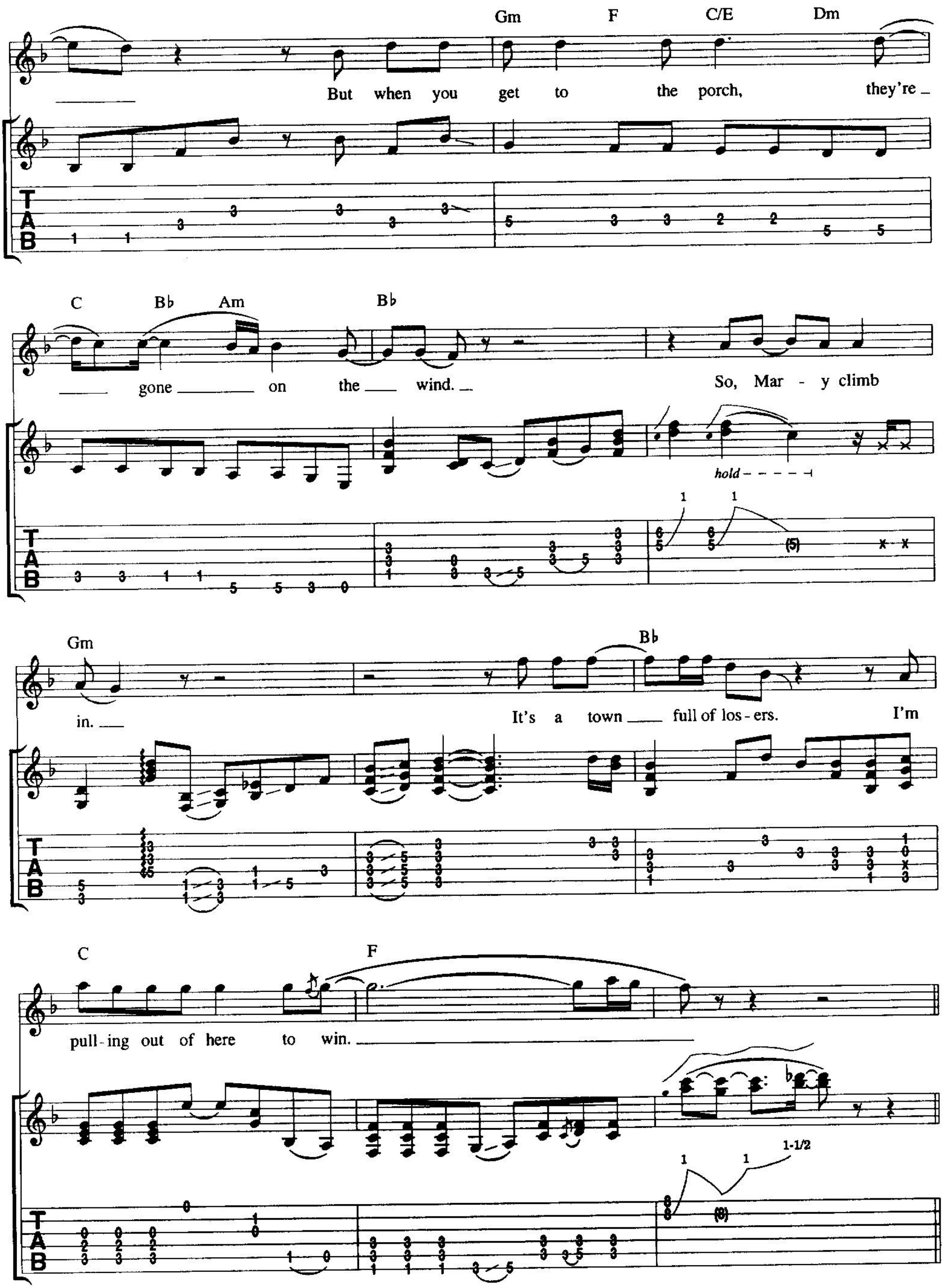

F
Bb
To Coda
F/A
Gm
in these wings on some wheels.
*And in the
Climb in back, heav-
*Pick-up to Coda.
F
C/E
Dm
C
C/Bb
Am7
C7
en's wait-ing down on the tracks.

Chorus:

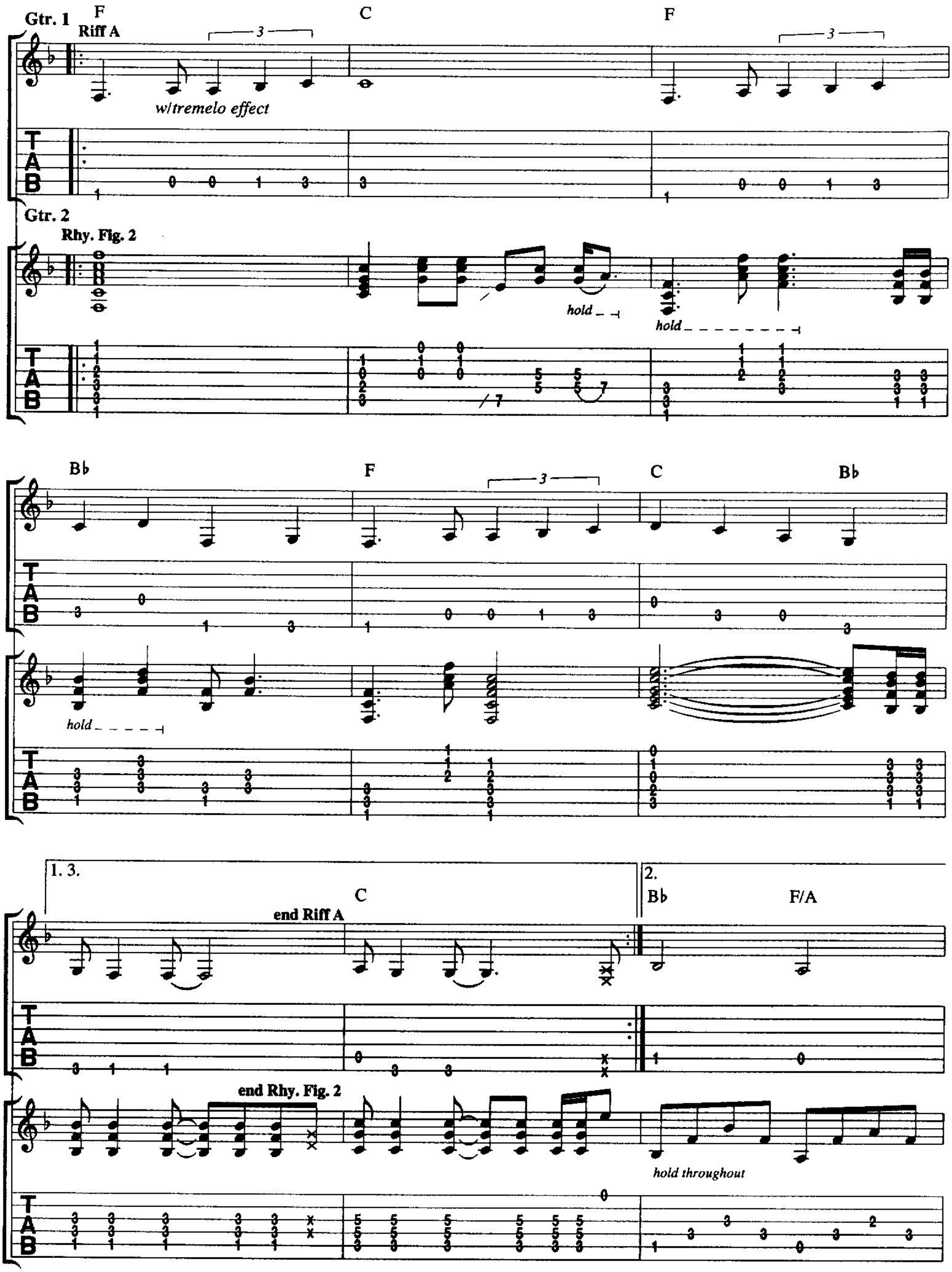

F Dm F B♭
Oh, oh _ come take _ my hand, we're rid-ing out to-night to ____ case the prom-ised land.
hold throughout
Continue simile
w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 1)
Gtr. 2 continue simile
F Am B♭ C
Oh, oh, _ oh, oh, _ Thun - der Road, oh, _ Thun - der Road, oh, _ Thun - der Road. _
w/Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. 1)
Gtr. 2 continue simile
F Dm F B♭
Ly-ing out there like a kil-ler in the sun, hey, I know it's a-late, we can _ make it if we run. _
F Am B♭ C
Whoa, ____ Thun-der Road, sit tight, _ take hold. ____ Thun-der _
Ooo ____
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 1
Rhy. Fill 2
Gtr. 1

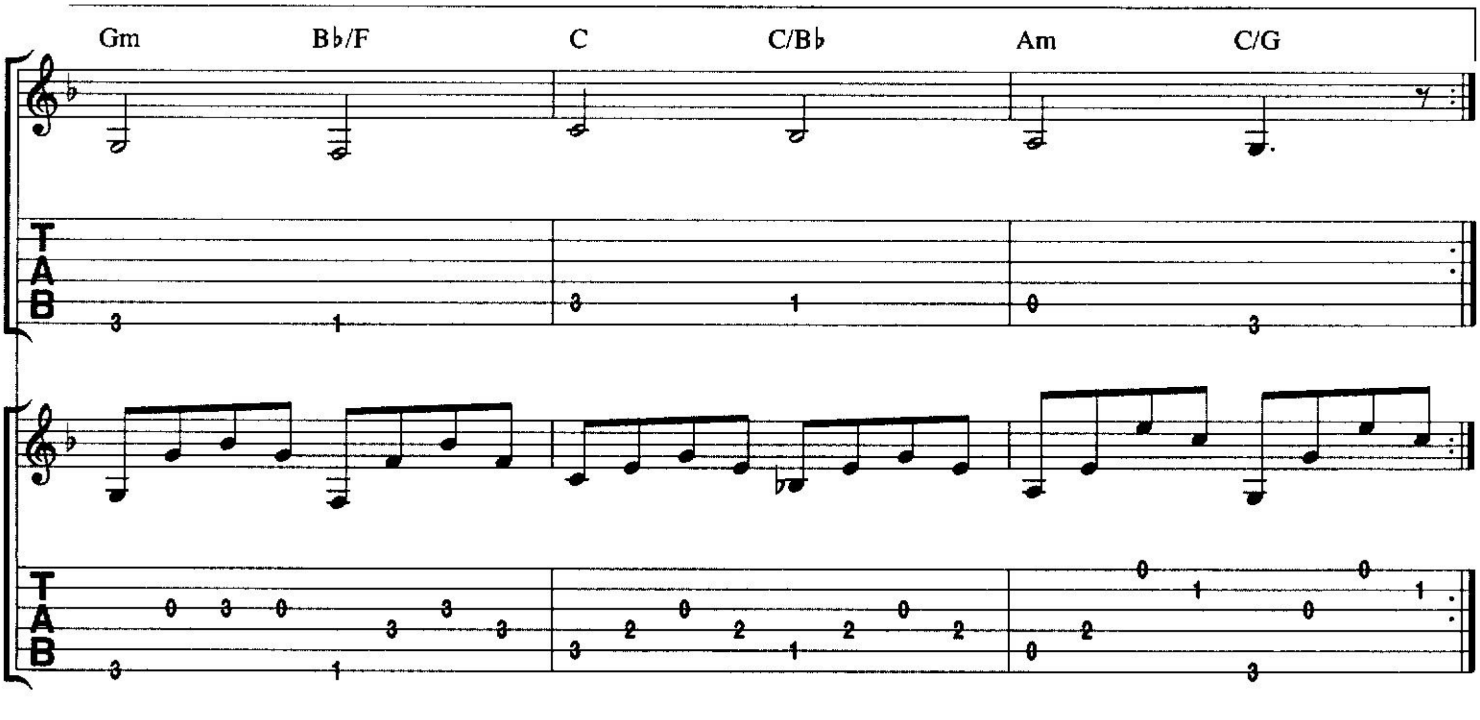

Bridge:
F
Bb
Road.
Well, I got this gui - tar, and I
Gtr. 1
hold
C
Bb/C
F
Bb/F
F
learned how to make it talk.
And my
Gtr. 2
P.M.
Gtr. 1
Dm
Bbmaj7
car's out back, if you're read - y to take that long
Gtr. 2
Gtrs. 1 & 2
Gtr. 1

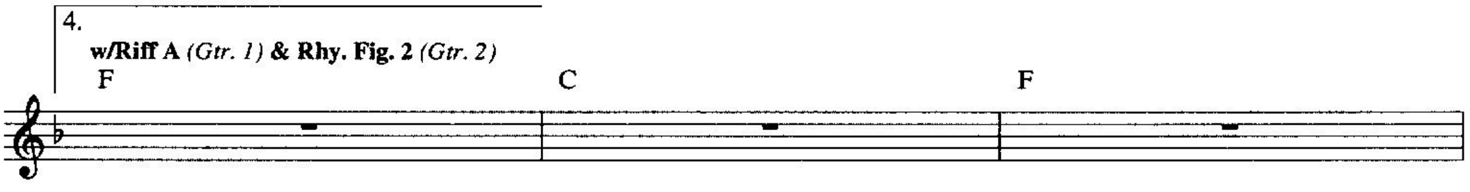

C Bb C
walk from your front porch to my front_ seat._ The door's
Am Dm Bb Am
o - pen, but the ride ain't_ free;_ and I___ know you're lone - ly for words that
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
Gm F Csus C5 CIII
Gtr. 2
I ain't spo - ken, but to - night we'll be free, all the prom - is - es-'ll be_ bro - ken. There were
Gtr. 1
Coda
A5 Bb5
lone - ly cool_ be-fore dawn,___ you hear their en-gines roar - ing on._
Gtrs. 2 & 3


Gm F C/E Dm
But when you get to the porch, they're
C Bb Am Bb
gone on the wind.
So, Mar - y climb
hold
Gm
in.
Bb
It's a town full of los - ers. I'm
C F
pull - ing out of here to win.
1-1/2

Outro:


Gtr. 1
F
Riff A
C
F
w/tremelo effect
Gtr. 2
Rhy. Fig. 2
hold
hold
Bb
F
C
Bb
hold
1. 3.
C
end Riff A
2.
Bb
F/A
end Rhy. Fig. 2
hold throughout

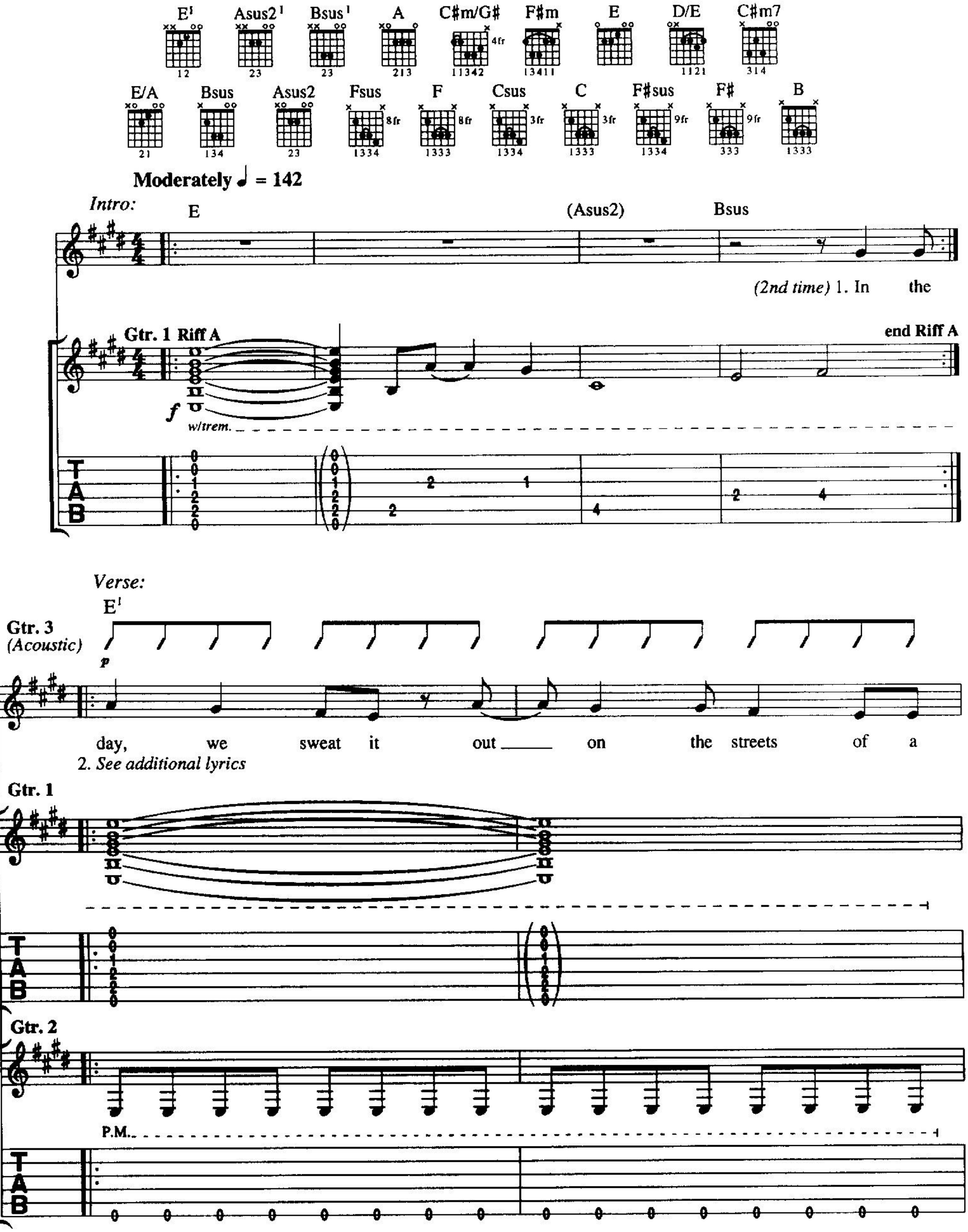




Pre-Chorus 2:
There were ghosts in the eyes
Of all the boys you sent away.
They haunt this dusty beach road
In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets.
They scream your name at night in the street.
Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet.
(To Coda)

BORN TO RUN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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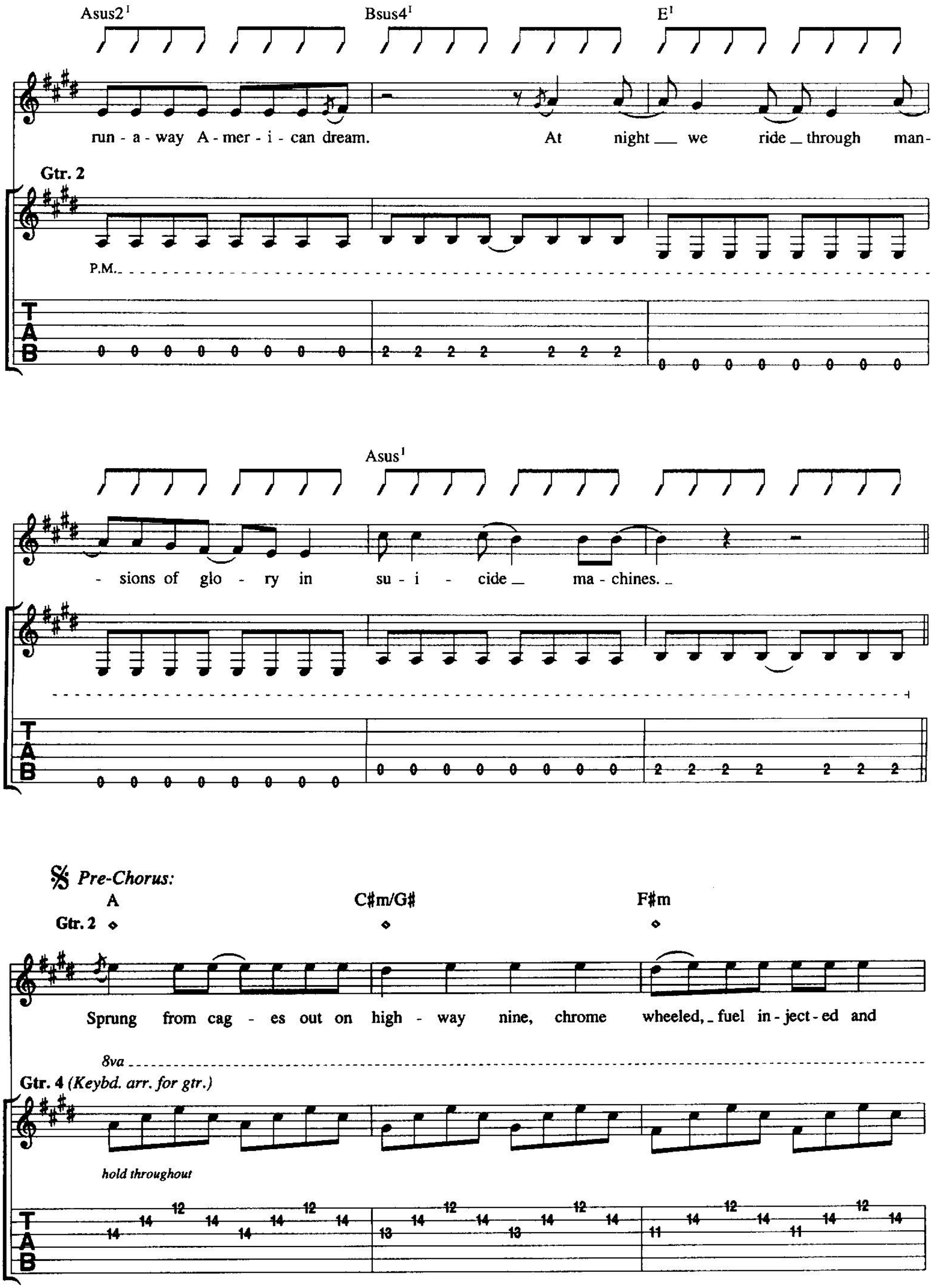
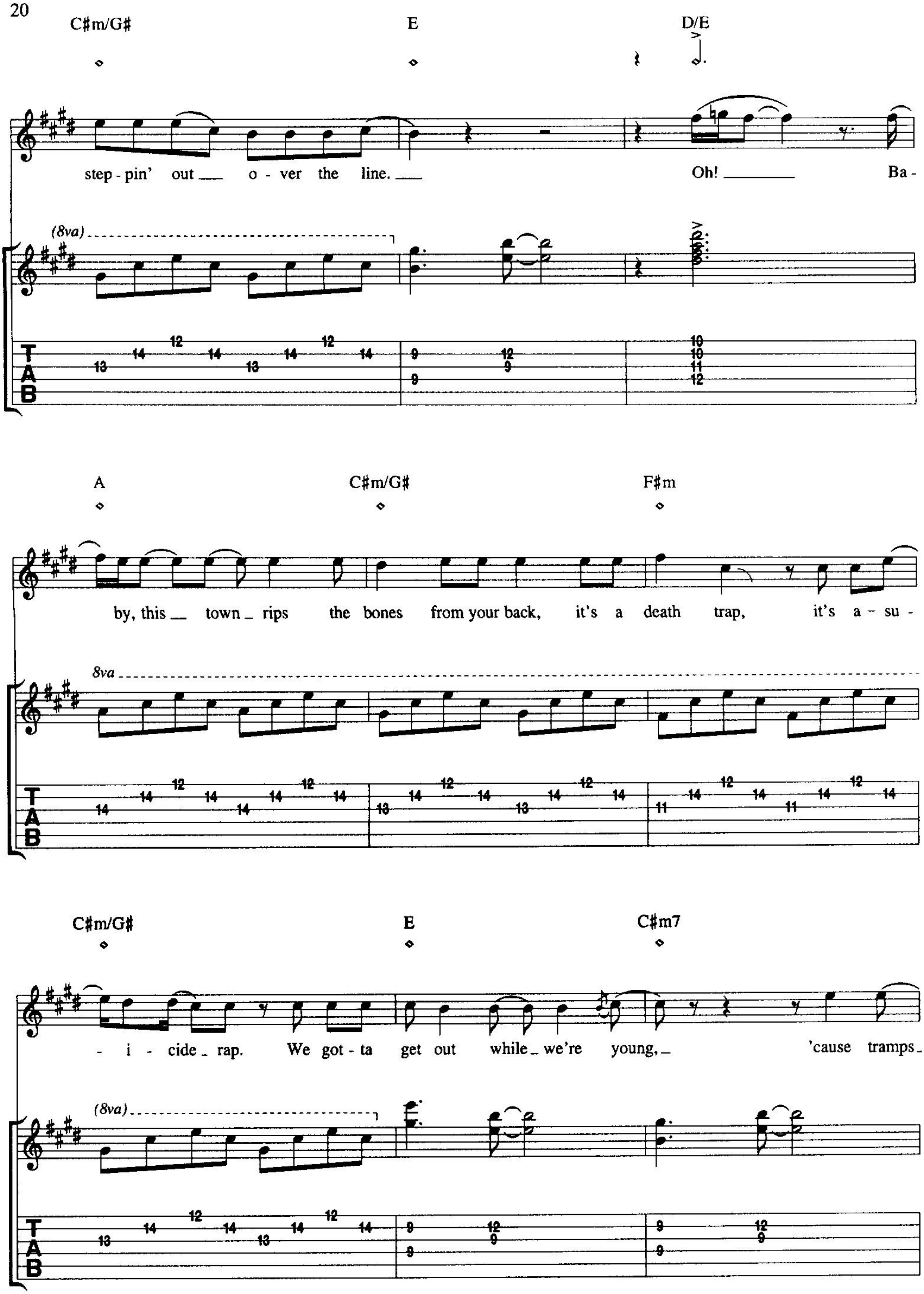
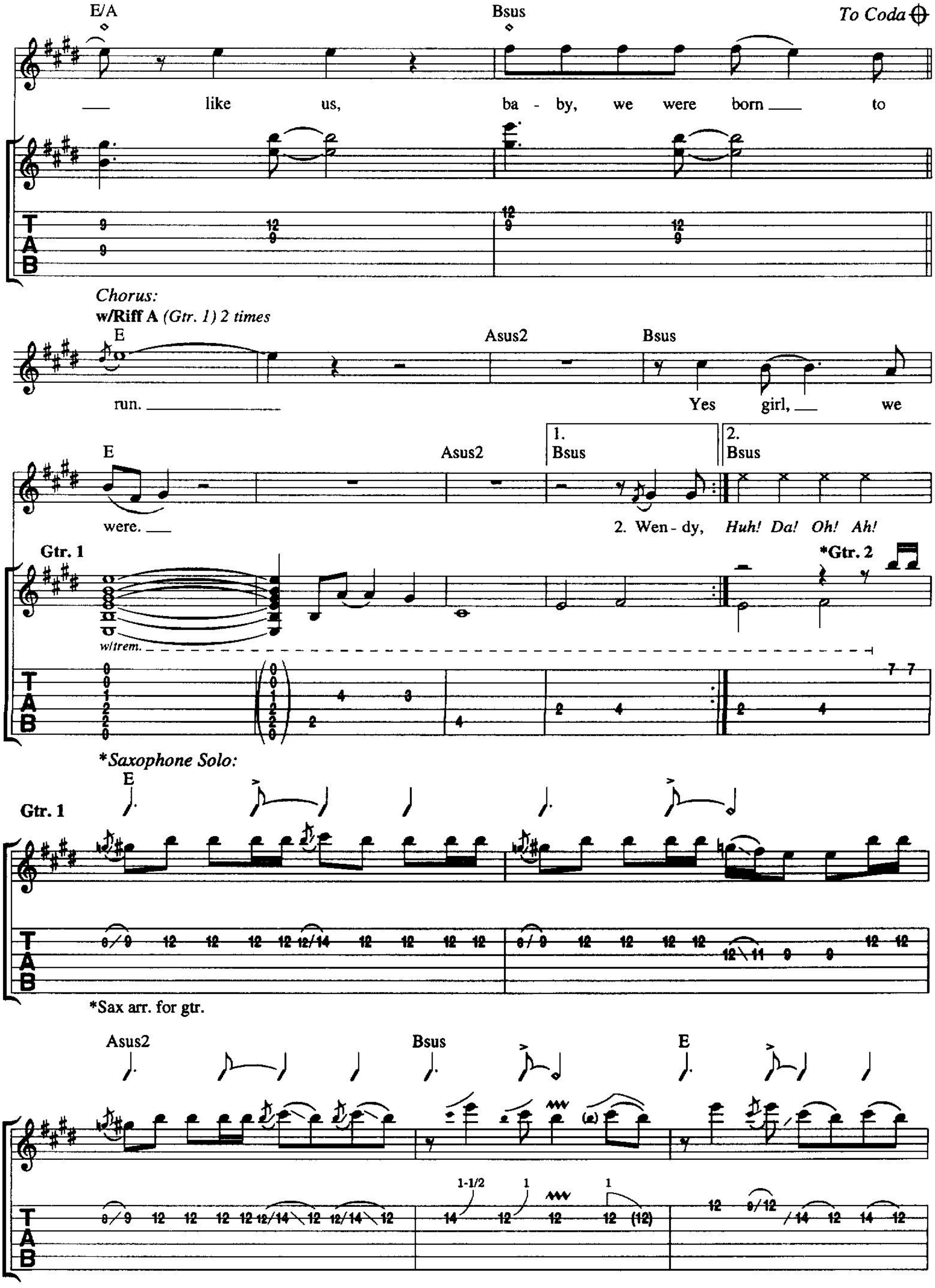
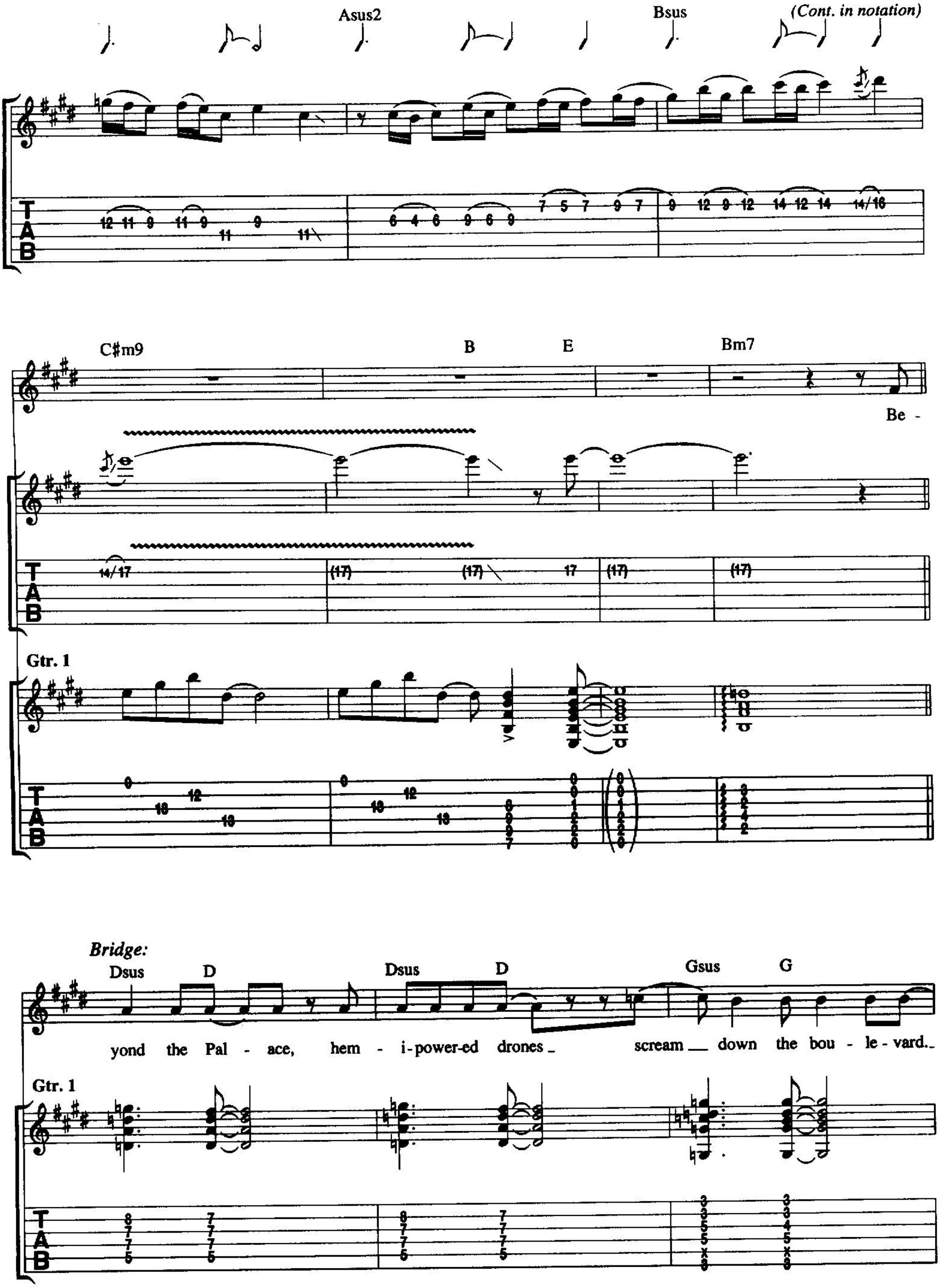
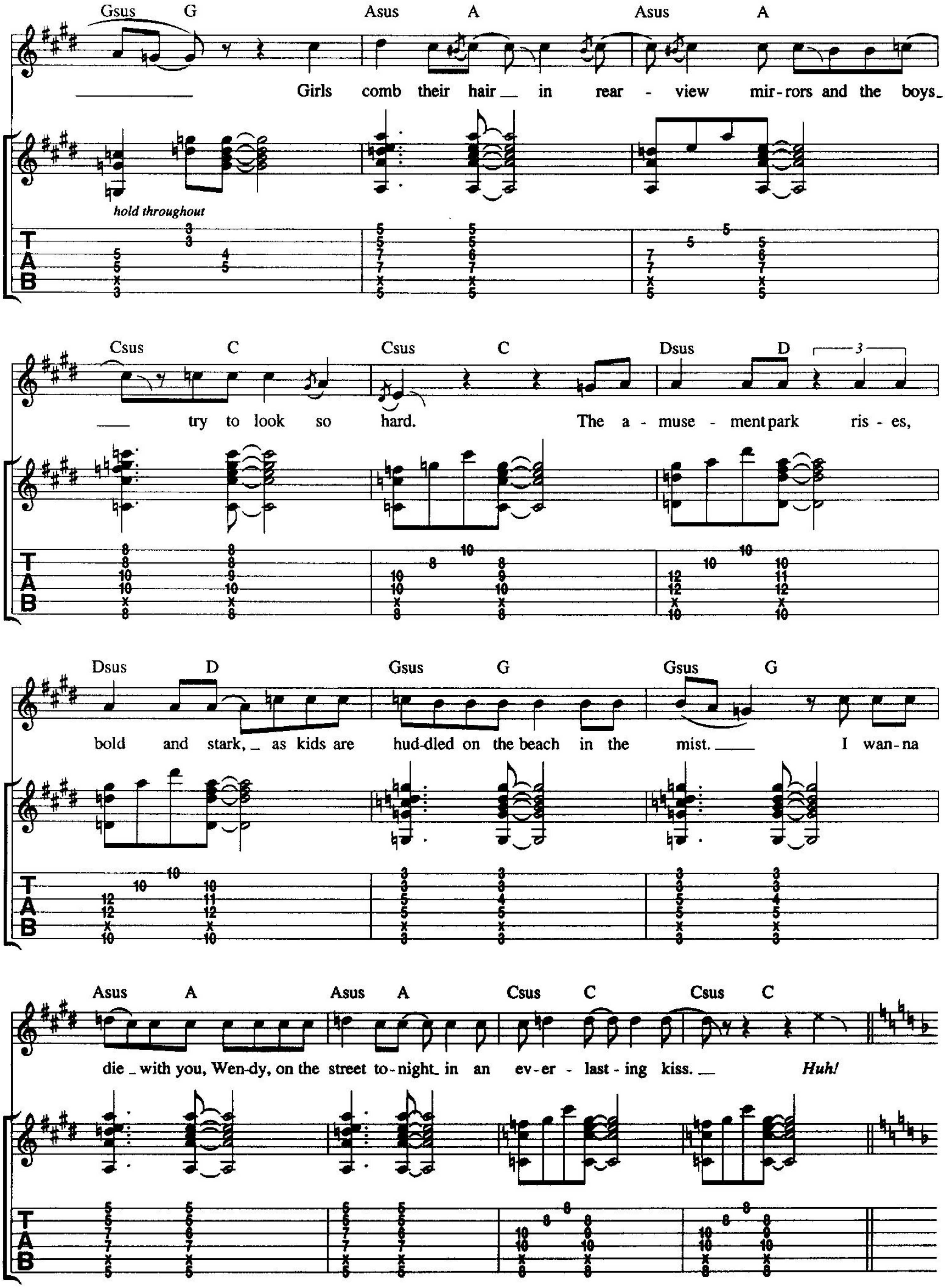
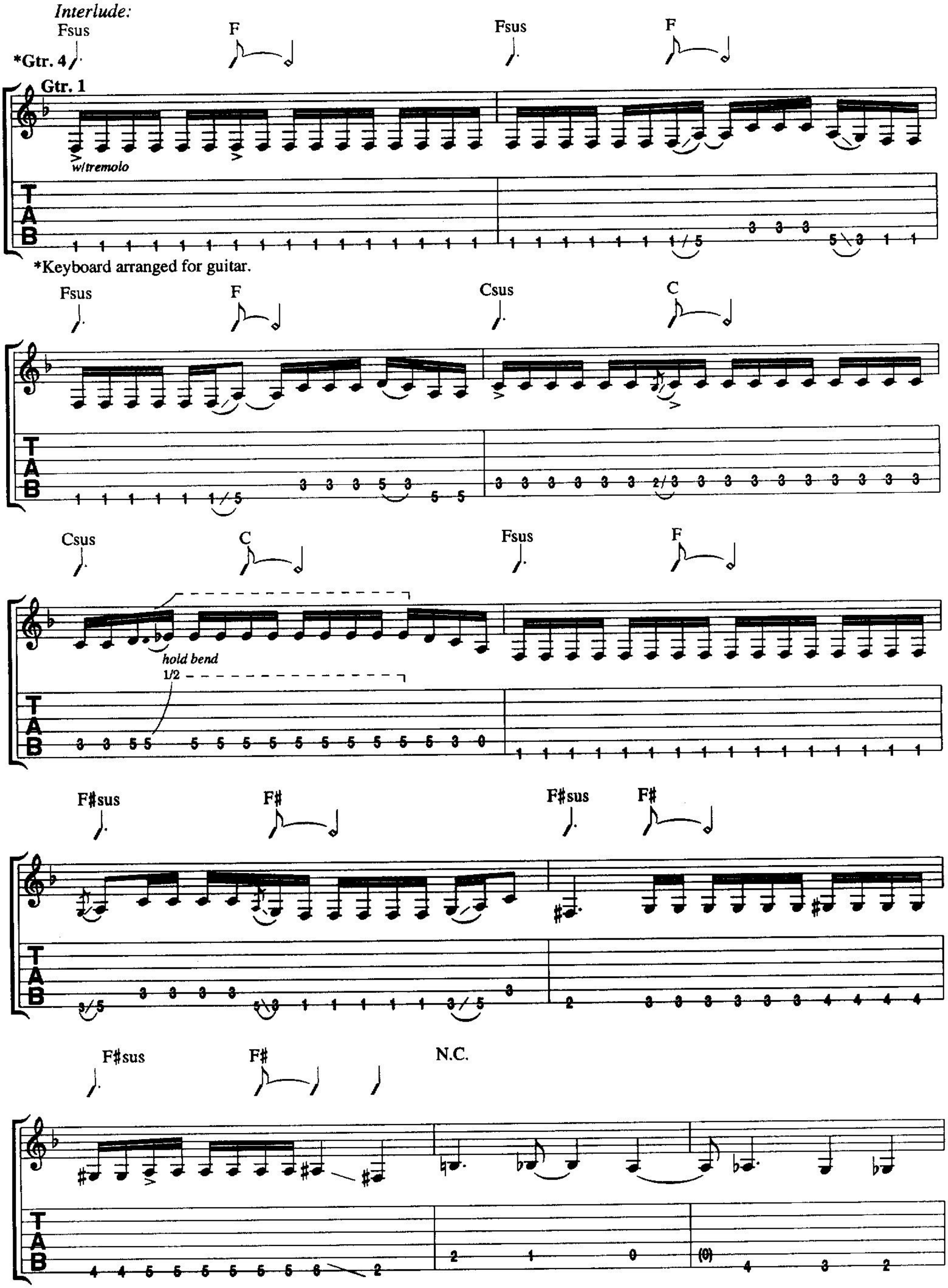

Asus2[1]
Bsus4[1]
E[1]
run - a - way A - mer - i - can dream. At night __ we ride _ through man-
Gtr. 2
P.M.
Asus[1]
- sions of glo - ry in su - i - cide _ ma - chines. _
Pre-Chorus:
A
C#m/G#
F#m
Gtr. 2
Sprung from cag - es out on high - way nine, chrome wheeled, _ fuel in - ject - ed and
8va
Gtr. 4 (Keybd. arr. for gtr.)
hold throughout

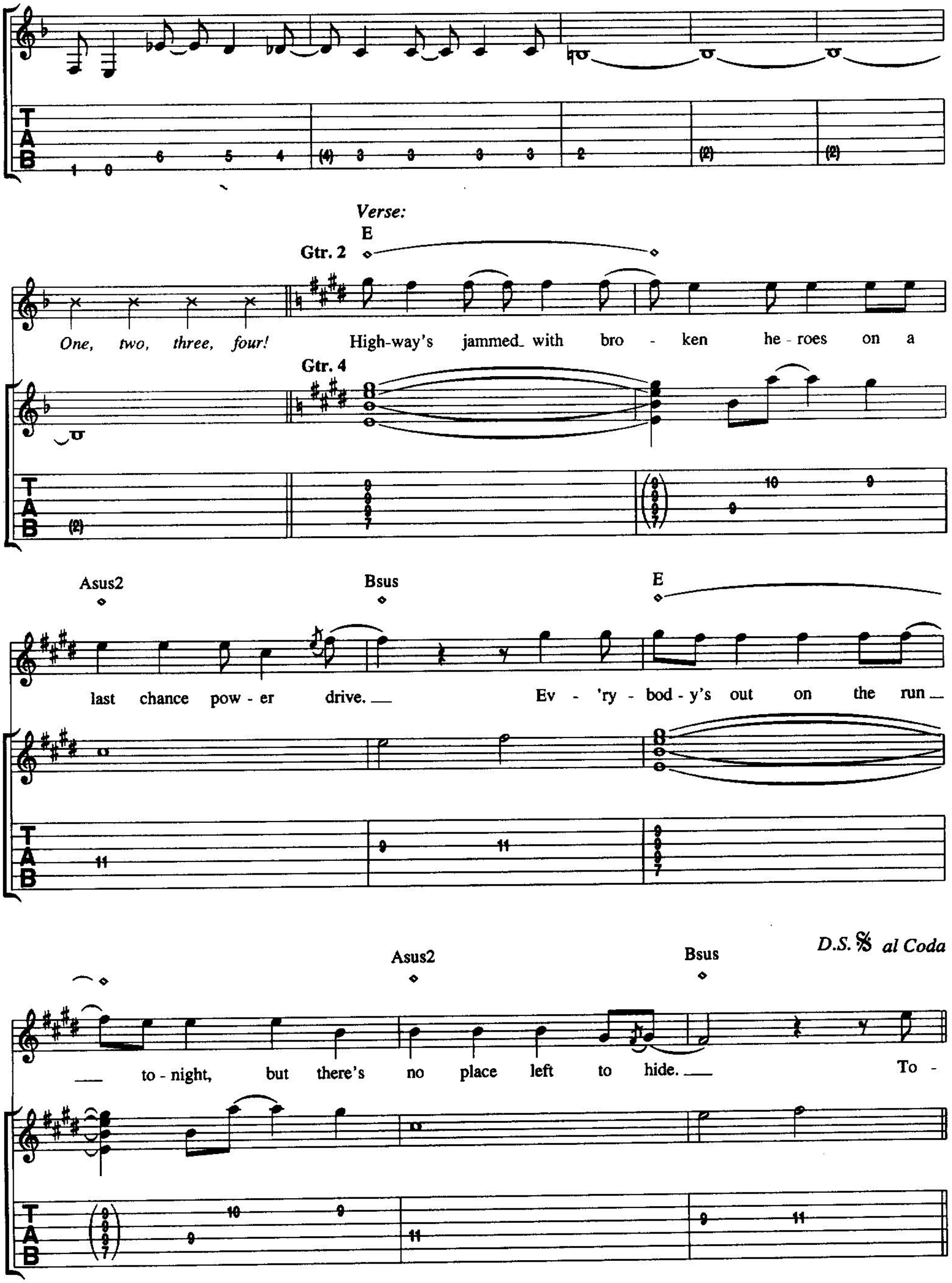

C#m/G# E D/E
step - pin' out o - ver the line. Oh! Ba -
(8va)
A C#m/G# F#m
by, this town rips the bones from your back, it's a death trap, it's a - su -
8va
C#m/G# E C#m7
- i - cide rap. We got - ta get out while we're young, 'cause tramps
(8va)

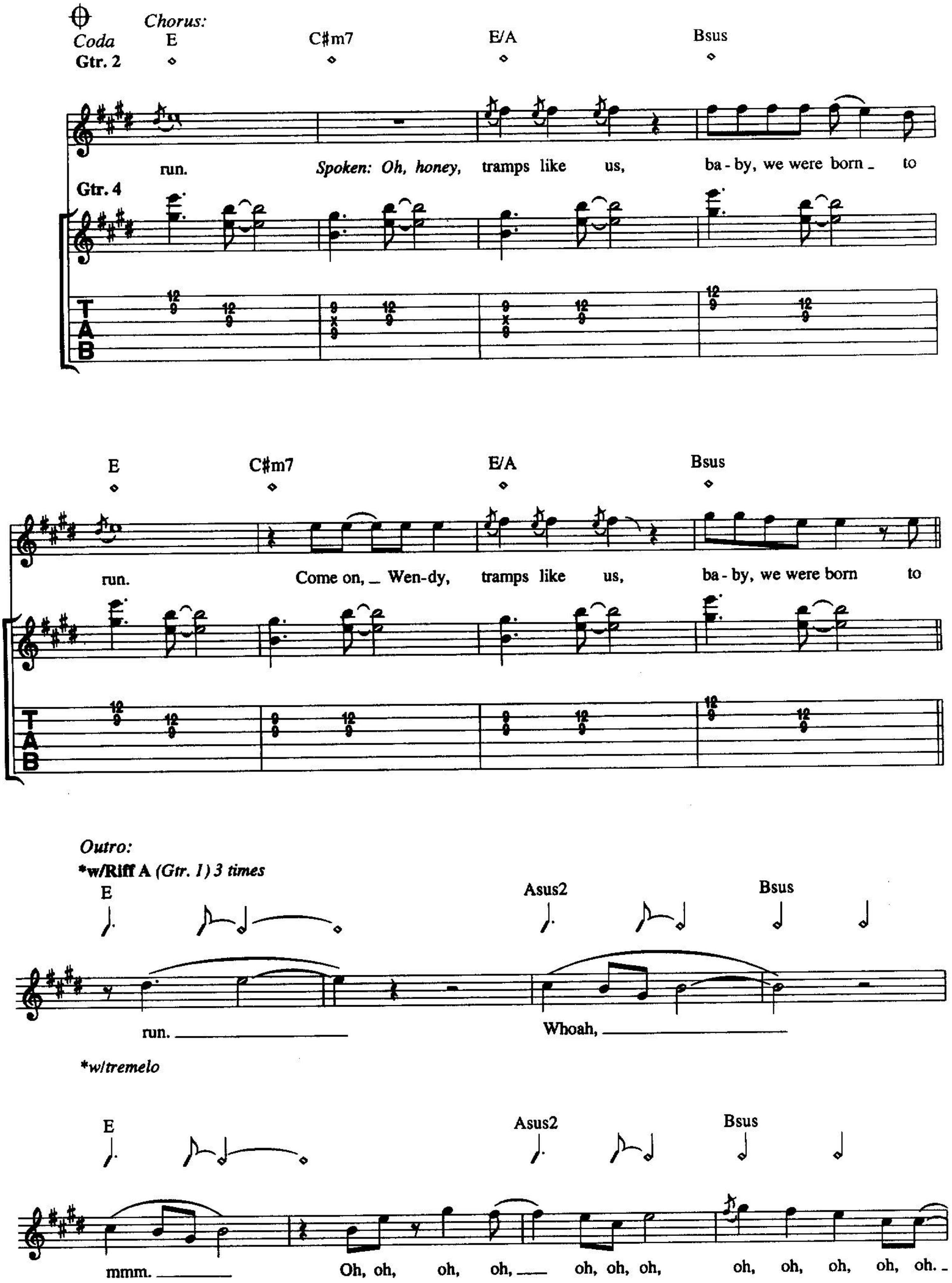

E/A
Bsus
To Coda
like us, baby, we were born to
Chorus:
w/Riff A (Gtr. 1) 2 times
E
Asus2
Bsus
run.
Yes girl, we
E
Asus2
1. Bsus
2. Bsus
were.
2. Wen - dy,
Huh! Da! Oh! Ah!
Gtr. 1
*Gtr. 2
w/trem.
*Saxophone Solo:
E
Gtr. 1
*Sax arr. for gtr.
Asus2
Bsus
E

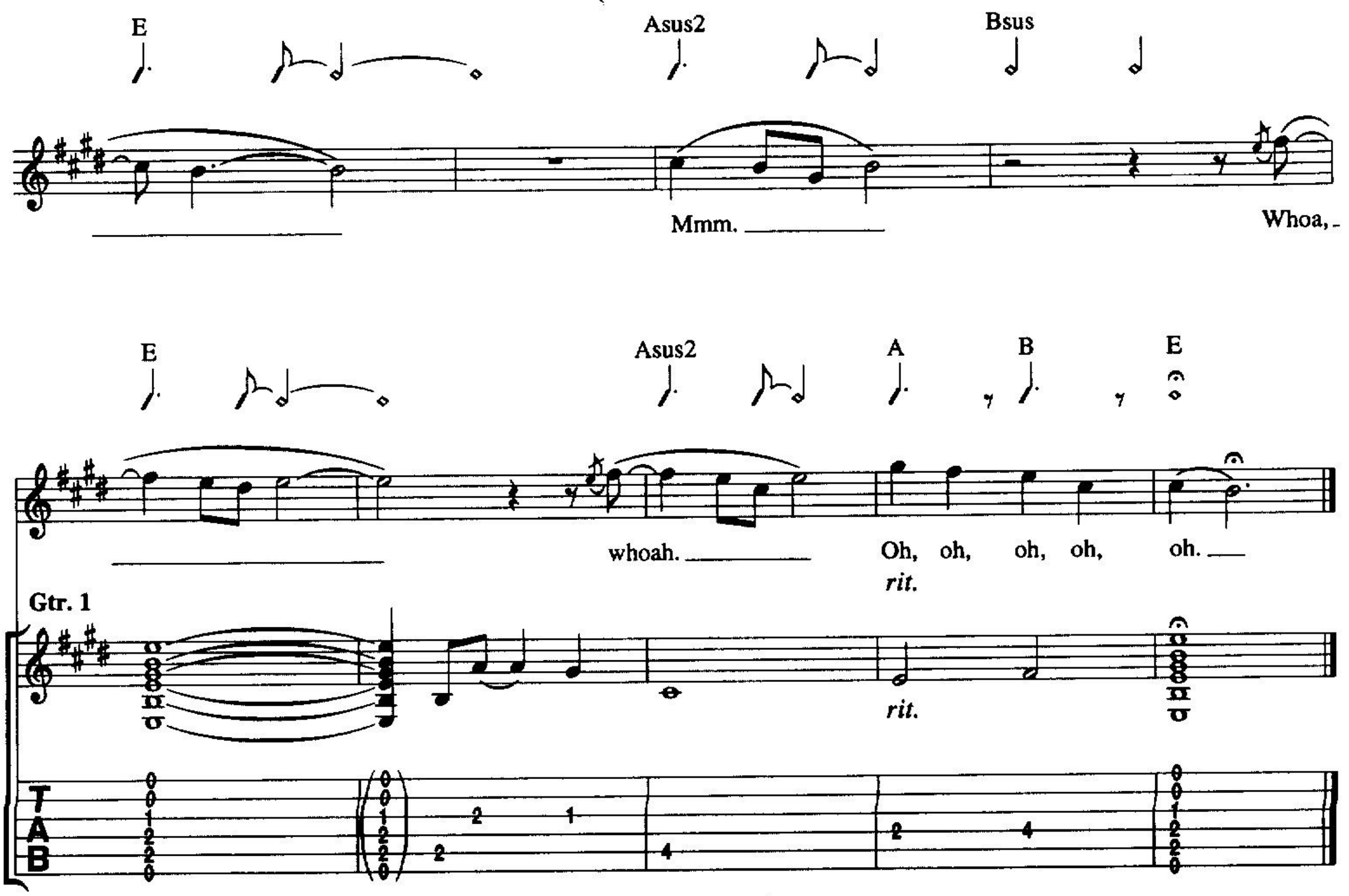

Asusus2
Bsus
(Cont. in notation)
C#m9
B
E
Bm7
Be -
Gtr. 1
Bridge:
Dsus
D
Dsus
D
Gsus
G
yond the Pal - ace, hem - i-power-ed drones _ scream _ down the bou - le - vard._
Gtr. 1


Gsus G Asus A Asus A
Girls comb their hair in rear - view mir-rors and the boys
hold throughout
Csus C Csus C Dsus D
try to look so hard. The a - muse - ment park ris - es,
Dsus D Gsus G Gsus G
bold and stark, as kids are hud-dled on the beach in the mist. I wan-na
Asus A Asus A Csus C Csus C
die with you, Wen-dy, on the street to-night in an ev-er-last-ing kiss. Huh!


Interlude:
Fsus
F
*Gtr. 4
Gtr. 1
w/tremolo
*Keyboard arranged for guitar.
Csus
C
hold bend
1/2
F#sus
F#
N.C.


Verse:
E
Gtr. 2
One, two, three, four! High-way's jammed with bro - ken he - roes on a
Gtr. 4
Asus2
Bsus
E
last chance pow - er drive. Ev - 'ry - bod - y's out on the run
D.S. % al Coda
Asus2
Bsus
to - night, but there's no place left to hide. To -


Coda
Chorus:
Gtr. 2
E
C#m7
E/A
Bsus
run.
Spoken: Oh, honey,
tramps like us,
ba - by, we were born _ to
Gtr. 4
E
C#m7
E/A
Bsus
run.
Come on, _ Wen-dy,
tramps like us,
ba - by, we were born to
Outro:
*w/Riff A (Gtr. 1) 3 times
E
Asus2
Bsus
run.
Whoah,
*w/tremelo
E
Asus2
Bsus
mmm.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.



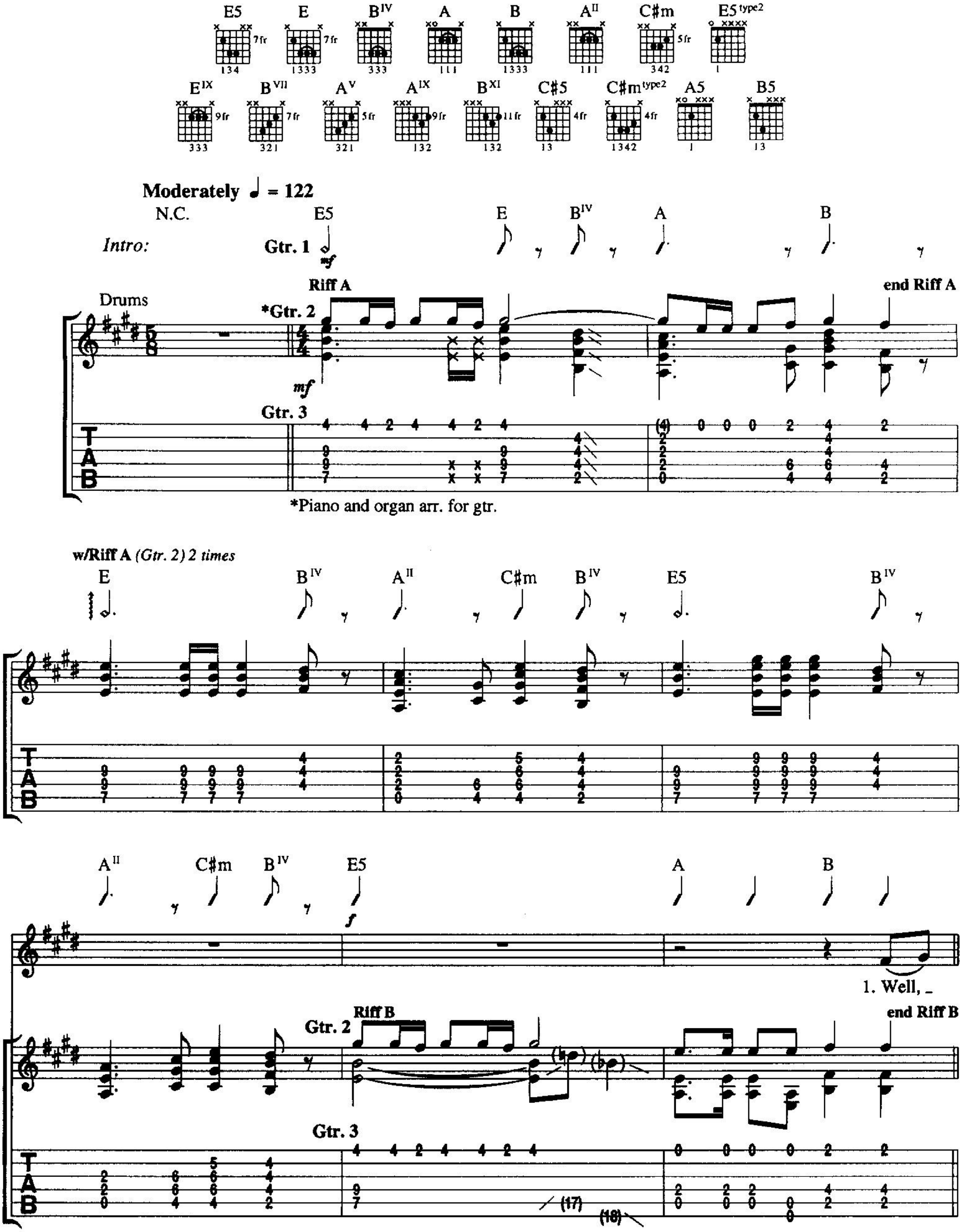
Verse 2:
Wendy, let me in,
I wanna be your friend,
I wanna guard your dreams and visions.
Just wrap your legs 'round these
Velvet rims, and strap your hands
'Cross my engines.

Pre-Chorus 2:
Together we could break this trap.
We'll run till we drop,
And, baby, we'll never go back.
Oh, will you walk with me
Out on the wire?
'Cause, baby, I'm just a scared
And lonely rider,
But I gotta know how it feels,
I want to know if love is wild,
Babe, I want to know if love is real.

Pre-Chorus 3:
Together, Wendy, we can live
With the sadness.
I'll love you with all the
Madness in my soul.
Oh, someday, girl,
I don't know when,
We're gonna get to that place where
We really wanna go,
And we'll walk in the sun.
But till then,
Tramps like us,
Baby, we were born to run.

BADLANDS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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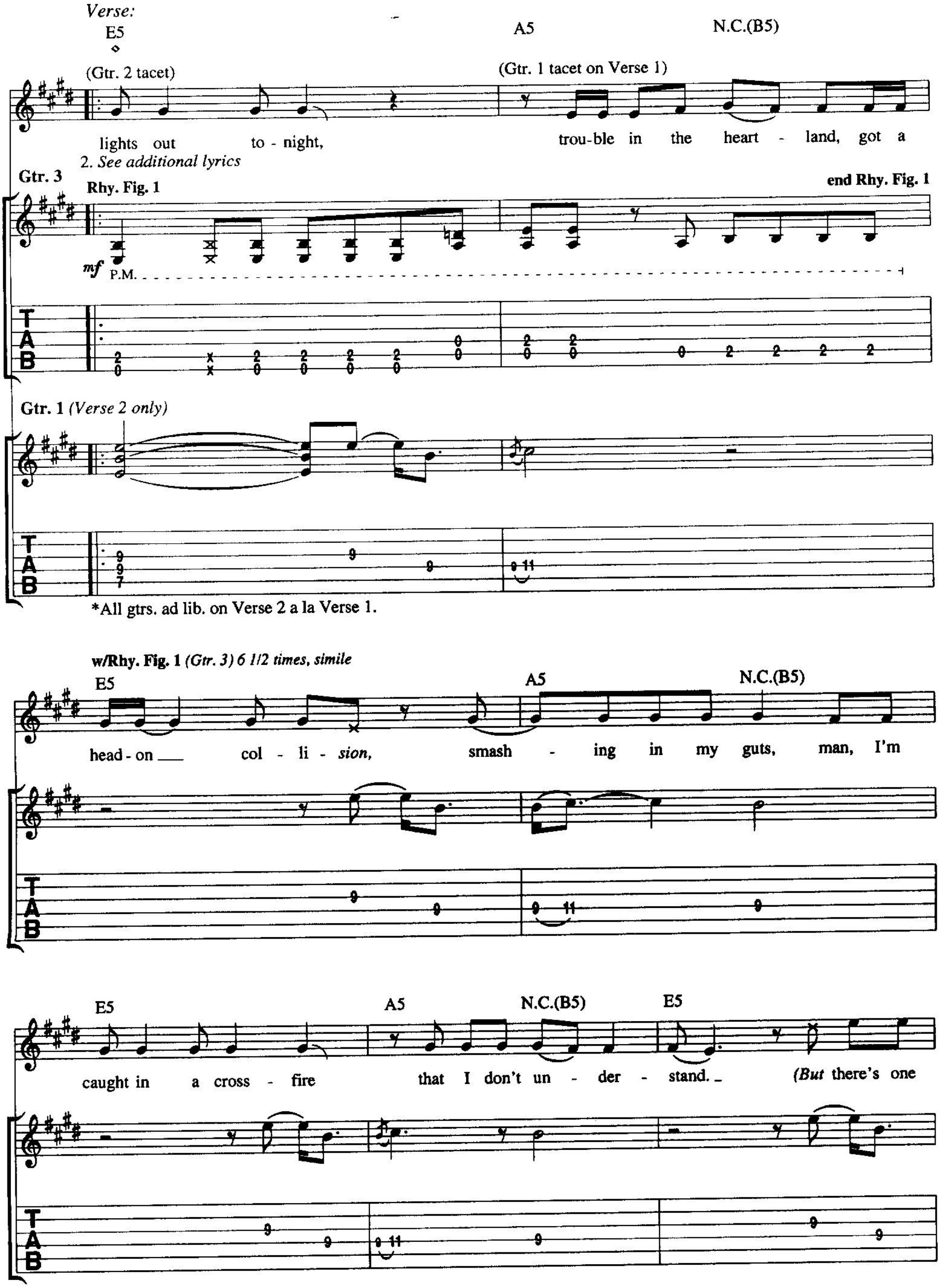
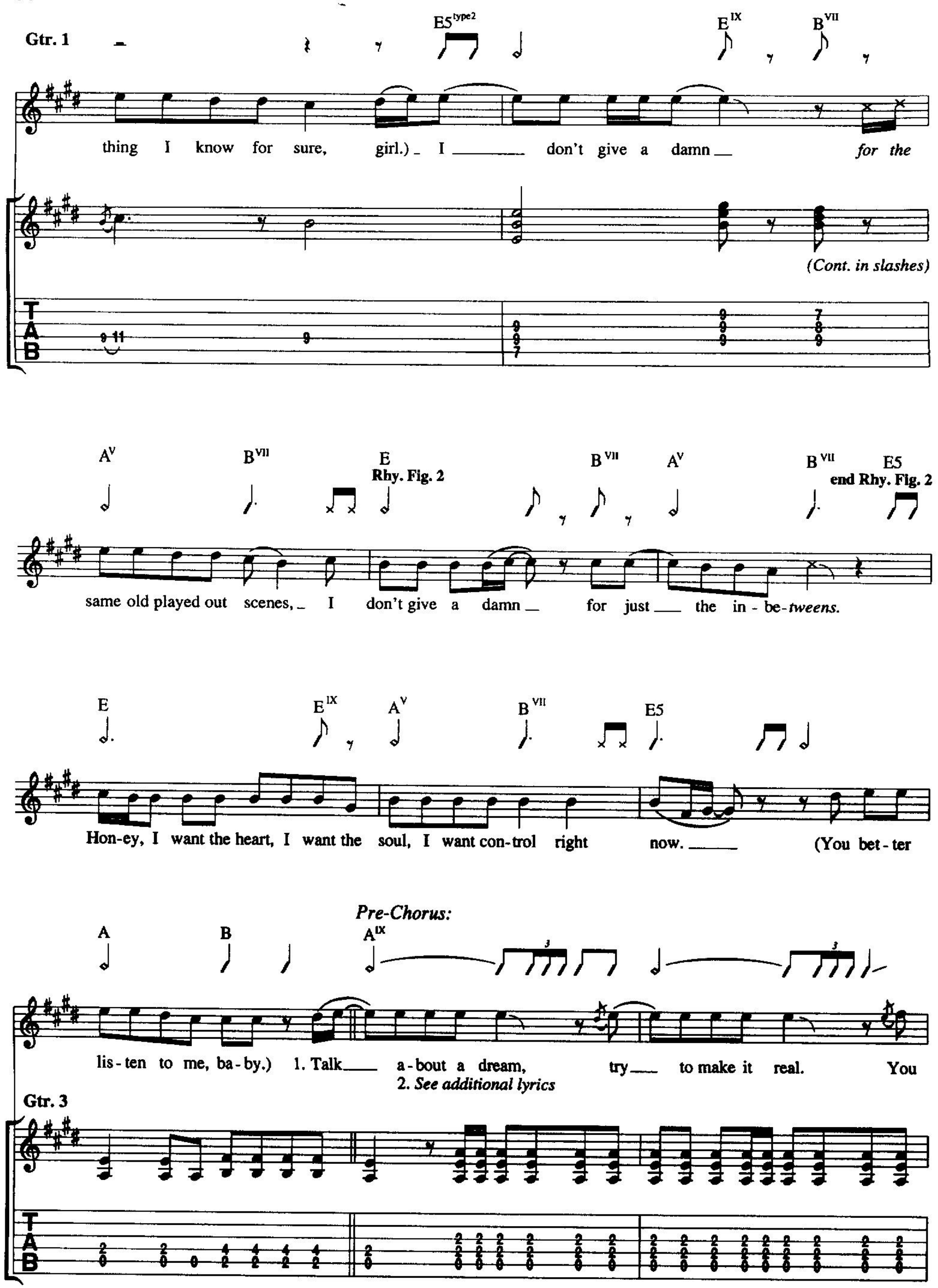
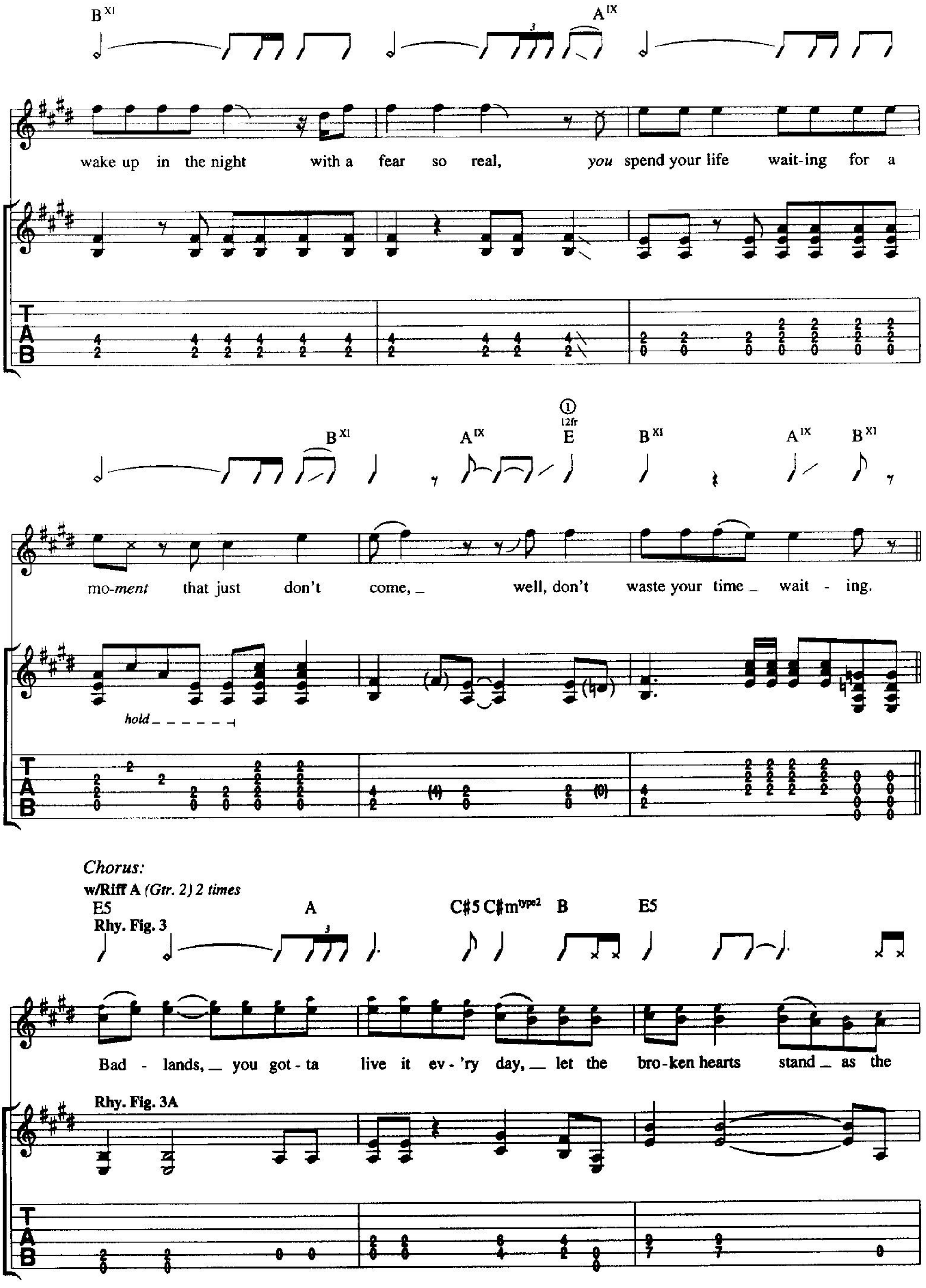
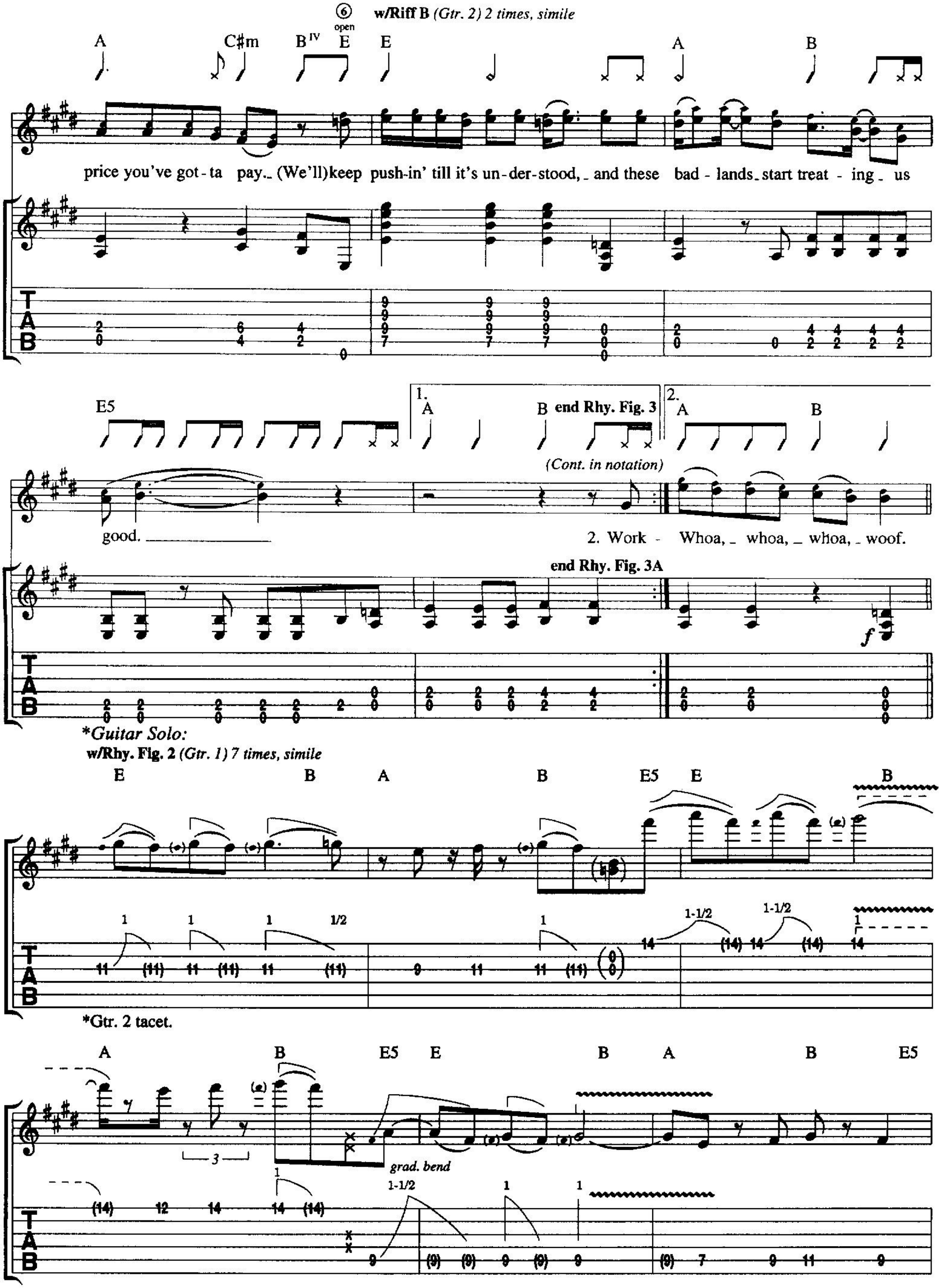
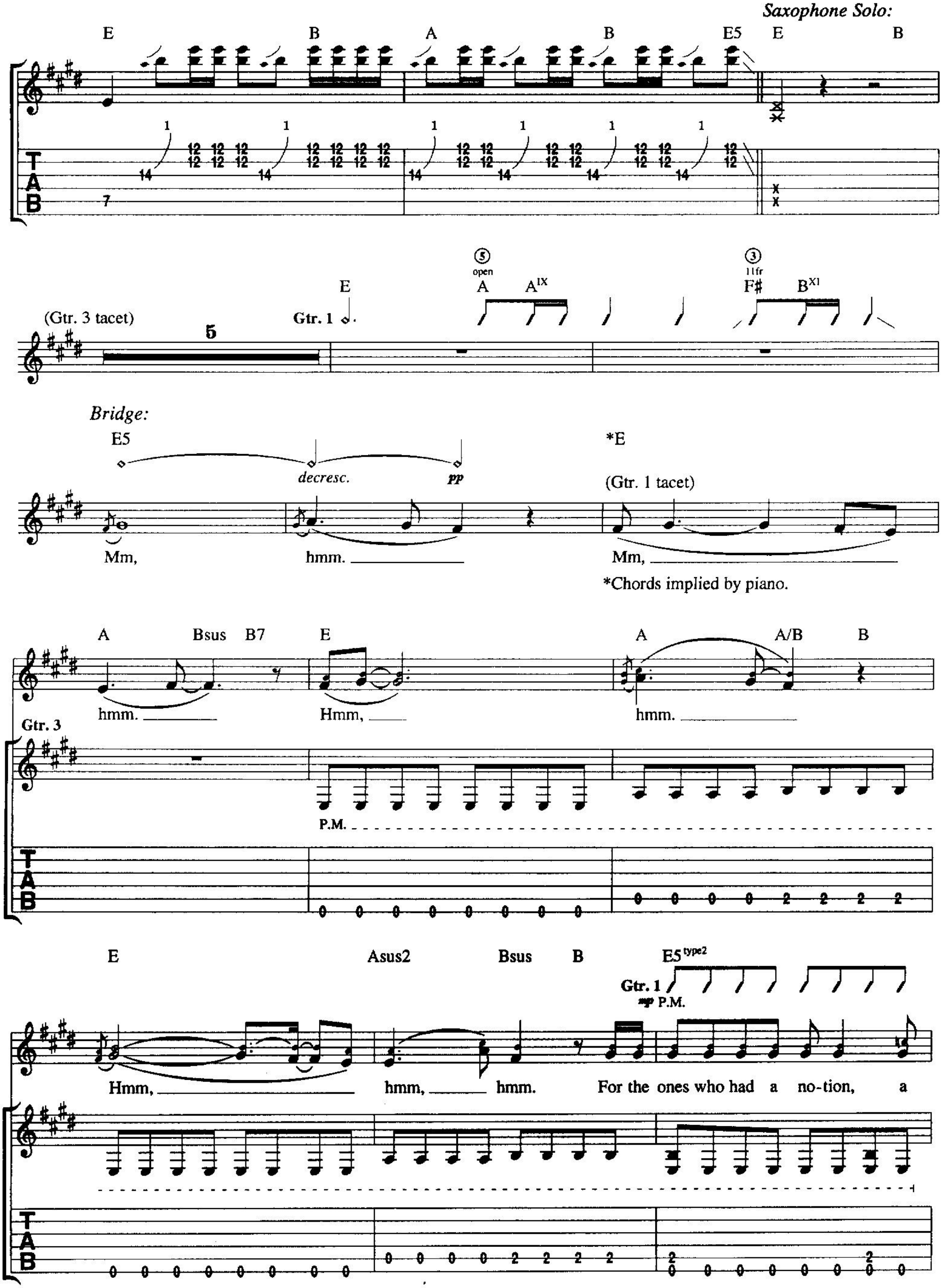


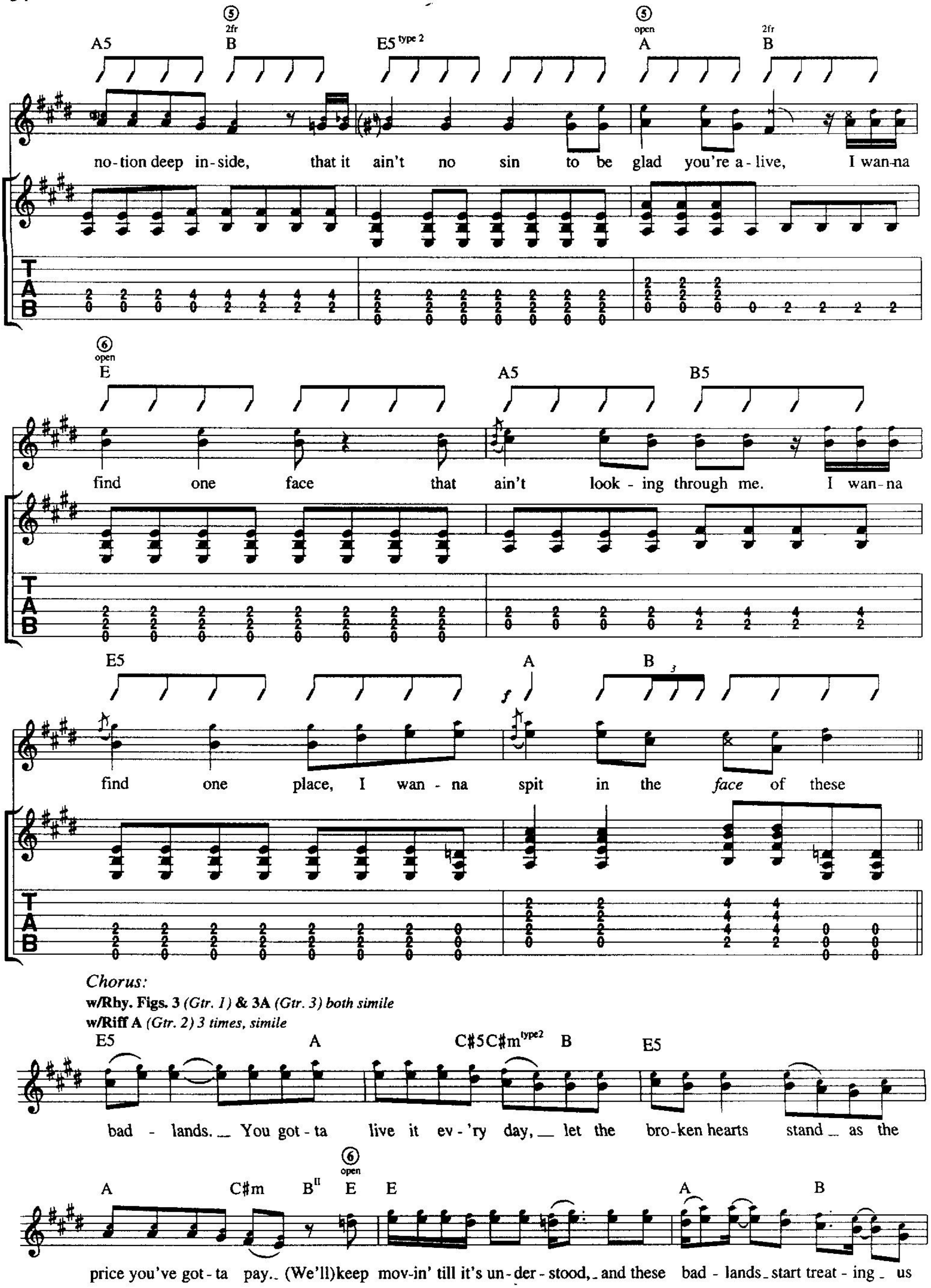
Verse:
E5
A5
N.C.(B5)
(Gtr. 2 tacet)
(Gtr. 1 tacet on Verse 1)
lights out to - night,
trou-ble in the heart - land, got a
2. See additional lyrics
Gtr. 3
Rhy. Fig. 1
end Rhy. Fig. 1
mf
P.M.
Gtr. 1 (Verse 2 only)
*All gtrs. ad lib. on Verse 2 a la Verse 1.
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 3) 6 1/2 times, simile
E5
A5
N.C.(B5)
head - on col - li - sion, smash - ing in my guts, man, I'm
E5
A5
N.C.(B5)
E5
caught in a cross - fire that I don't un - der - stand. (But there's one

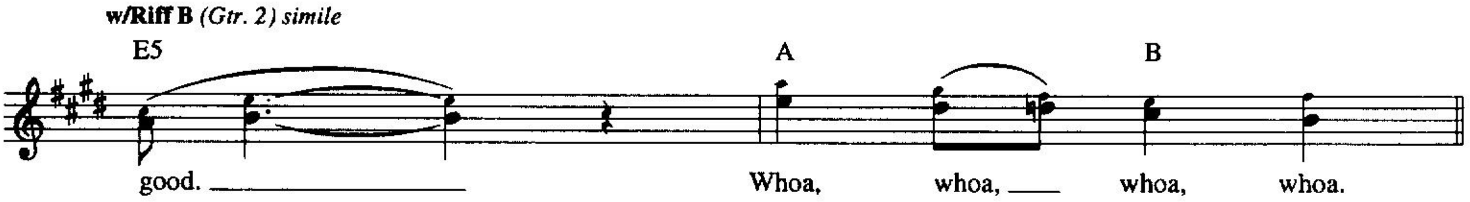

Gtr. 1
E5type2 E IX B VII
thing I know for sure, girl.) I don't give a damn for the
(Cont. in slashes)
A V B VII E Rhy. Fig. 2 B VII A V B VII E5 end Rhy. Fig. 2
same old played out scenes, I don't give a damn for just the in-be-tweens.
E E IX A V B VII E5
Hon-ey, I want the heart, I want the soul, I want con-trol right now. (You bet-ter
Pre-Chorus:
A B A IX
lis-ten to me, ba-by.) 1. Talk a-bout a dream, try to make it real. You
2. See additional lyrics
Gtr. 3


B XI
A IX
wake up in the night with a fear so real, you spend your life wait-ing for a
① 12fr
B XI
A IX
E
B XI
A IX
B XI
mo-ment that just don't come, _ well, don't waste your time _ wait - ing.
hold
Chorus:
w/Riff A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5
A
C#5 C#m type2
B
E5
Rhy. Fig. 3
Bad - lands, _ you got - ta live it ev - 'ry day, _ let the bro - ken hearts stand _ as the
Rhy. Fig. 3A

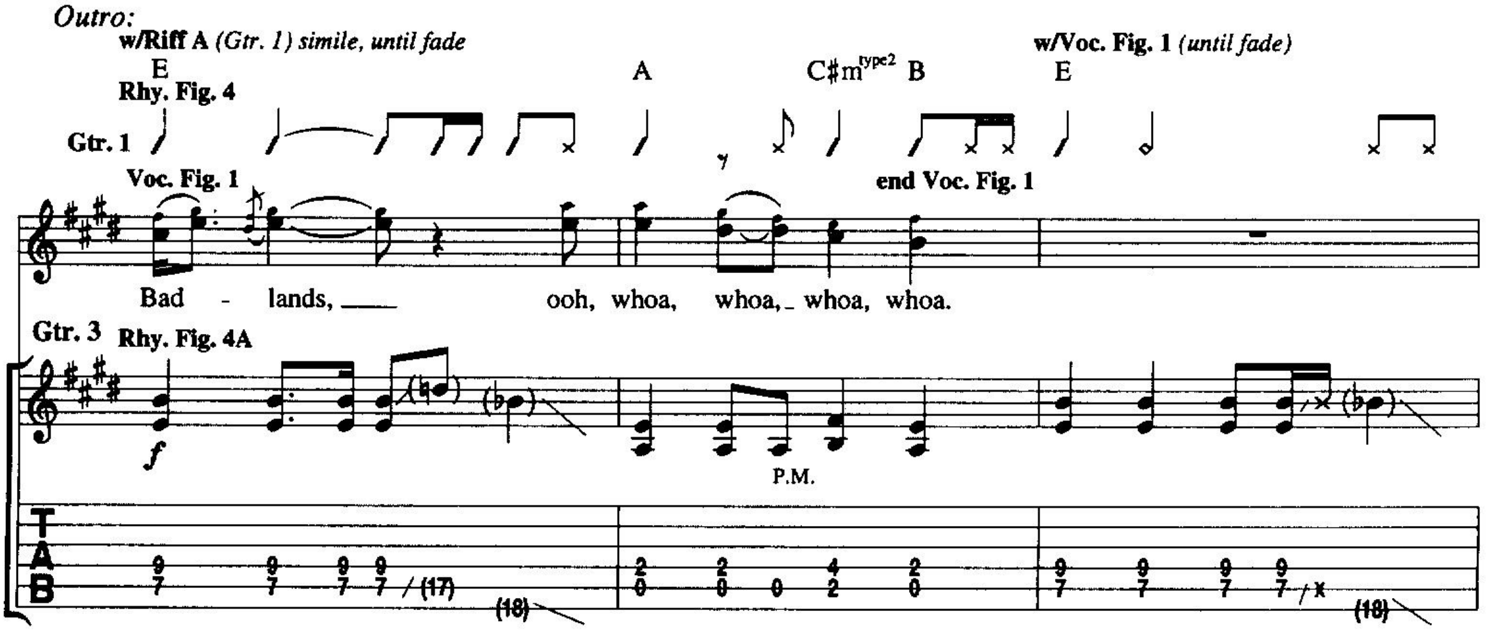

w/Riff B (Gtr. 2) 2 times, simile
A C#m B E E A B
price you've got-ta pay._ (We'll)keep push-in' till it's un-der-stood,_ and these bad - lands_start treat - ing _ us
E5 A B end Rhy. Fig. 3 A B
(Cont. in notation)
good. 2. Work - Whoa,_ whoa,_ whoa,_ woof.
end Rhy. Fig. 3A
*Guitar Solo:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) 7 times, simile
E B A B E5 E B
*Gtr. 2 tacet.
A B E5 E B A B E5
grad. bend

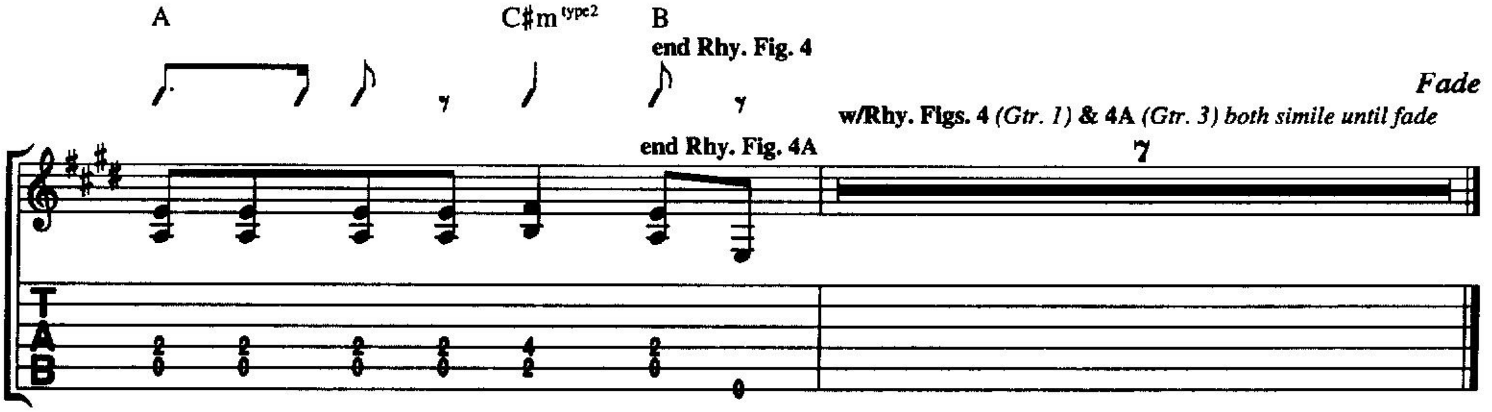

Saxophone Solo:
E B A B E5 E B
(Gtr. 3 tacet)
Gtr. 1
E A A^IX F# B^XI
open
11fr
Bridge:
E5
decresc.
pp
*E
(Gtr. 1 tacet)
Mm, hmm.
Mm,
*Chords implied by piano.
A Bsus B7 E A A/B B
hmm. Hmm, hmm.
Gtr. 3
P.M.
E Asus2 Bsus B E5 type2
Gtr. 1
mp P.M.
Hmm, hmm, hmm. For the ones who had a no-tion, a


A5 B E5 type 2 A B
no-tion deep in-side, that it ain't no sin to be glad you're a-live, I wan-na
E A5 B5
find one face that ain't look-ing through me. I wan-na
E5 A B
find one place, I wan-na spit in the face of these
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Figs. 3 (Gtr. 1) & 3A (Gtr. 3) both simile
w/Riff A (Gtr. 2) 3 times, simile
E5 A C#5 C#m type2 B E5
bad - lands. You got-ta live it ev-'ry day, let the bro-ken hearts stand as the
A C#m B E E A B
price you've got-ta pay. (We'll) keep mov-in' till it's un-der-stood, and these bad - lands start treat-ing us



Outro:



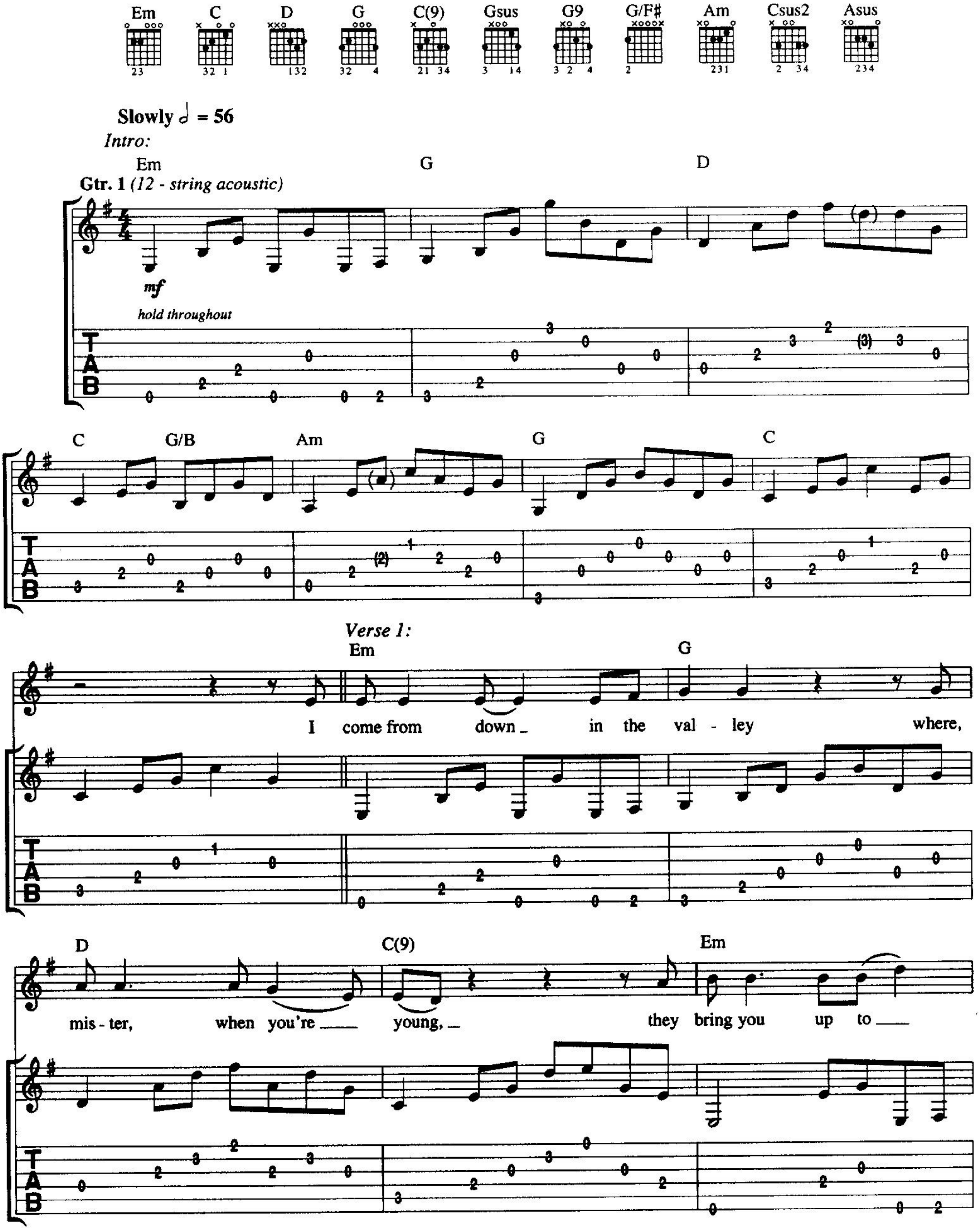


Verse2:
Workin' in the fields,
Till you get your back burned,
Workin' 'neath the wheels,
Till you get your facts learned.
Baby, I got my facts
Learned real good right now.
You'd better get it straight, darling.
Poor man want to be rich,
Rich man want to be king,
And a king ain't satisfied
Till he rules everything,
I wanna go out tonight
I wanna find out what I got.

Pre-Chorus 2:
I believe in the love that you gave me,
I believe in the hope that can save me.
I believe in the faith, and I pray
That someday it may raise me above these badlands.
(To Chorus:)

THE RIVER

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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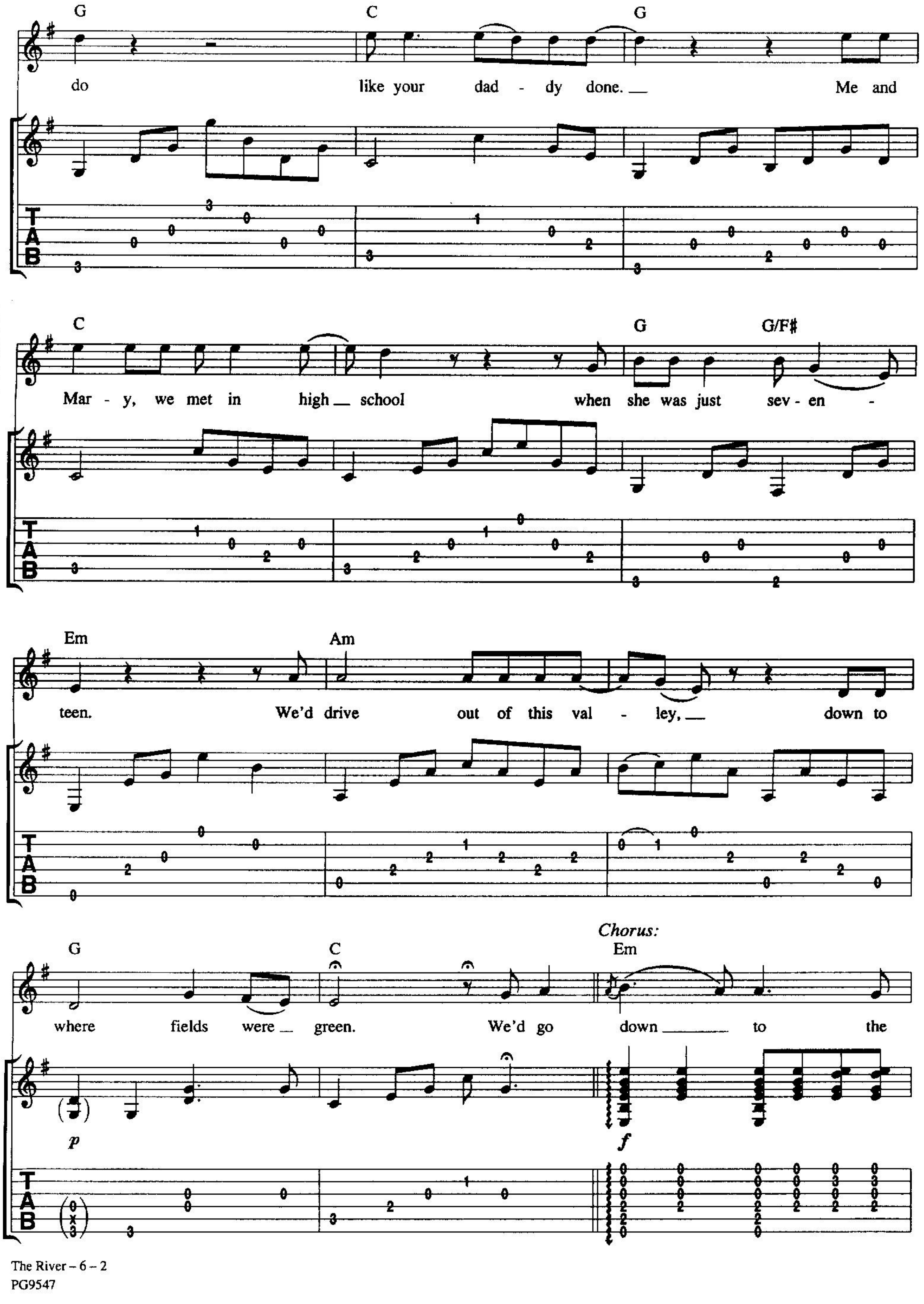
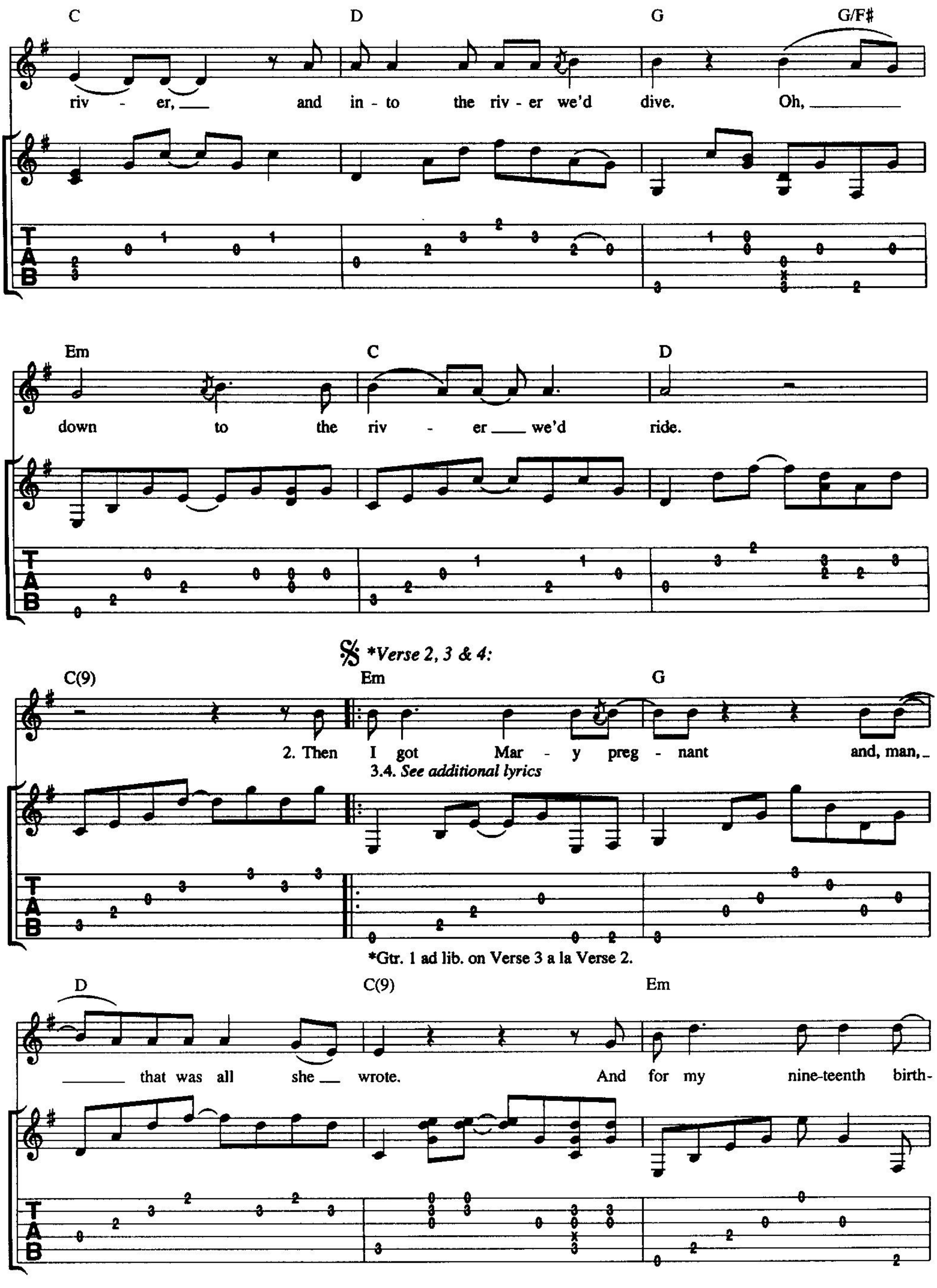
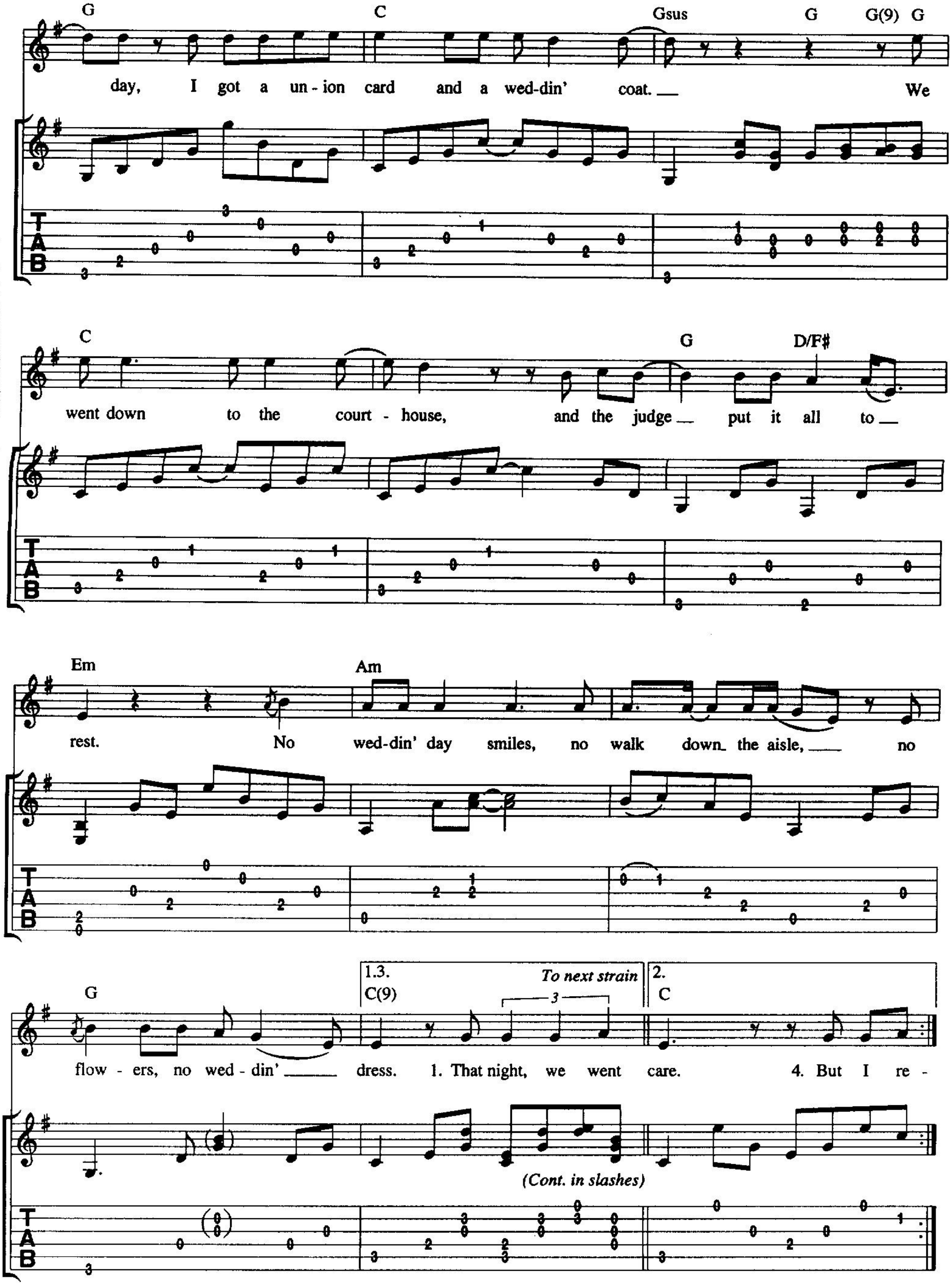
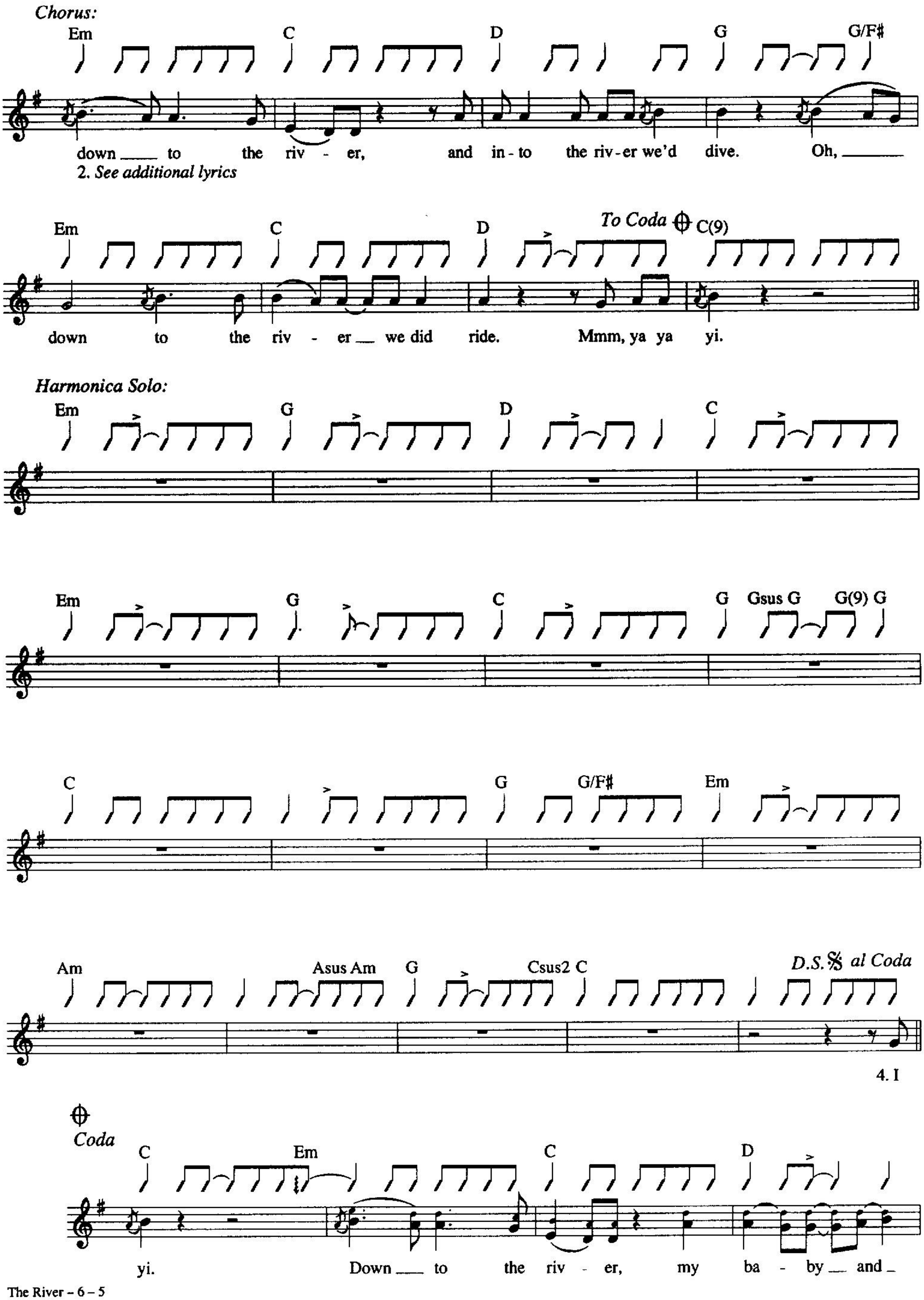
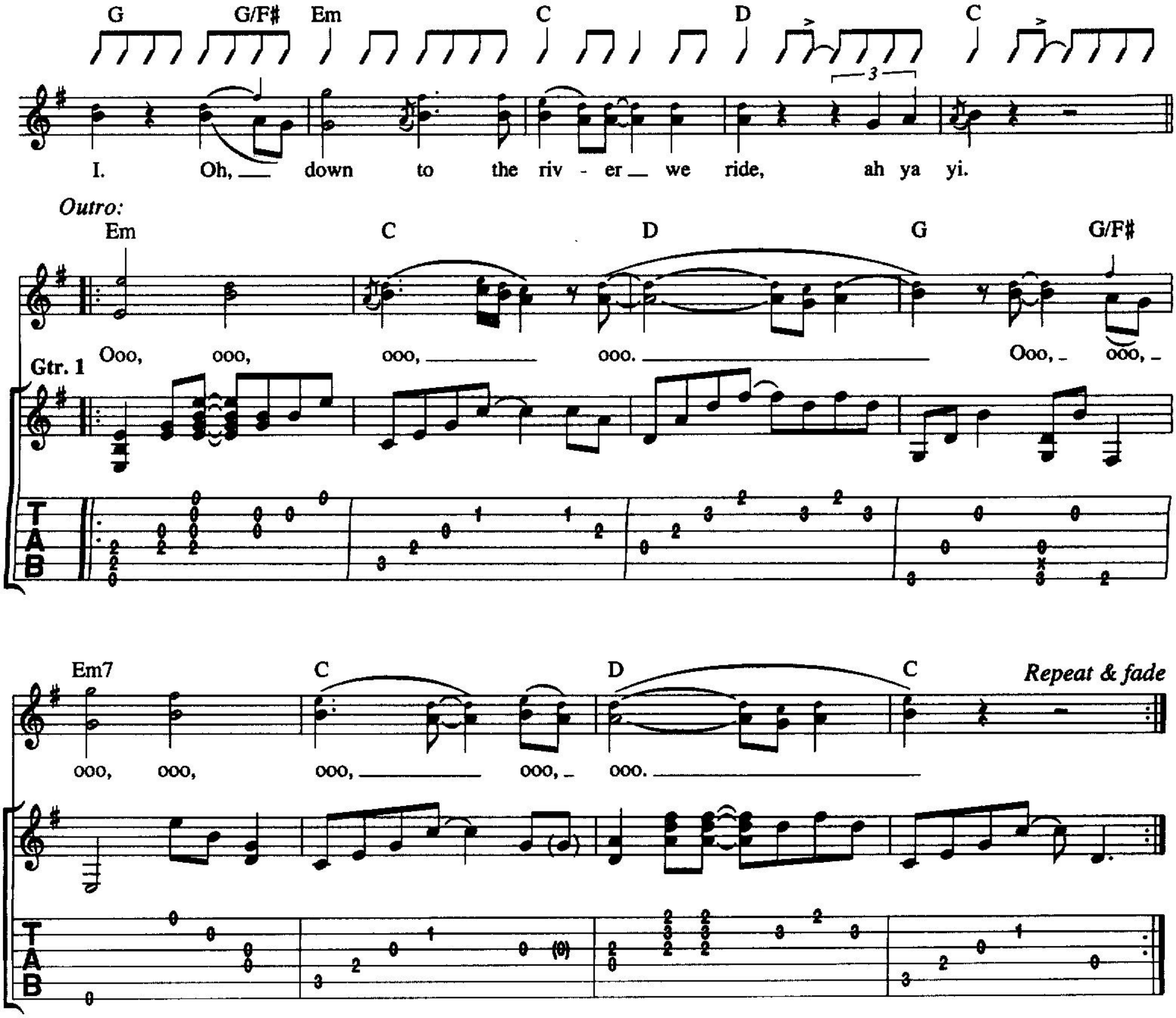

G C G
do like your dad - dy done. __ Me and
C G G/F#
Mar - y, we met in high __ school when she was just sev - en -
Em Am
teen. We'd drive out of this val - ley, __ down to
Chorus:
G C Em
where fields were __ green. We'd go down ____ to the
p
f


C D G G/F#
riv - er, and in - to the riv - er we'd dive. Oh,
Em C D
down to the riv - er we'd ride.
*Verse 2, 3 & 4:
C(9) Em G
2. Then I got Mar - y preg - nant and, man,
3.4. See additional lyrics
*Gtr. 1 ad lib. on Verse 3 a la Verse 2.
D C(9) Em
that was all she wrote. And for my nine-teenth birth-


G C Gsus G G(9) G
day, I got a un - ion card and a wed-din' coat. We
C G D/F#
went down to the court - house, and the judge put it all to
Em Am
rest. No wed-din' day smiles, no walk down the aisle, no
1.3.
To next strain
2.
G C(9) C
flow - ers, no wed - din' dress. 1. That night, we went care. 4. But I re -
(Cont. in slashes)
TAB


Chorus:
Em C D G G/F♯
down ___ to the riv - er, and in - to the riv - er we'd dive. Oh, ___
2. See additional lyrics
Em C D To Coda C(9)
down to the riv - er ___ we did ride. Mmm, ya ya yi.
Harmonica Solo:
Em G D C
Em G C G Gsus G G(9) G
C G G/F♯ Em
Am Asus Am G Csus2 C D.S. al Coda
4. I
Coda
C Em C D
yi. Down ___ to the riv - er, my ba - by ___ and ___



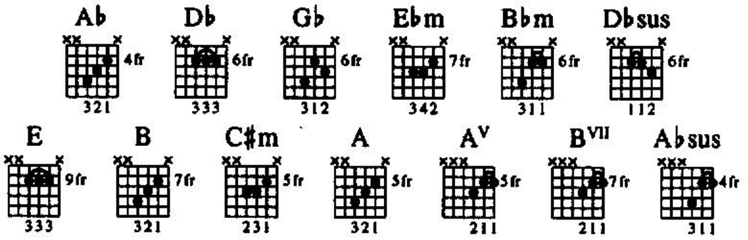
Verse 3:
I got a job working construction for the Johnstown Company,
But lately there ain't been much work on account of the economy.
Now all them things that seemed so important,
Well, mister, they vanished right into the air.
Now I just act like I don't remember.
Mary acts like she don't care.

Verse 4:
But I remember us riding in my brother's car,
Her body tan and wet down at the reservoir.
At night, on them banks, I'd lie awake and pull her close
Just to feel each breath she'd take.
Now those memories come back to haunt me,
They haunt me like a curse.
Is a dream a lie if it don't come true,
Or is it something worse that sends me?
(To Chorus:)

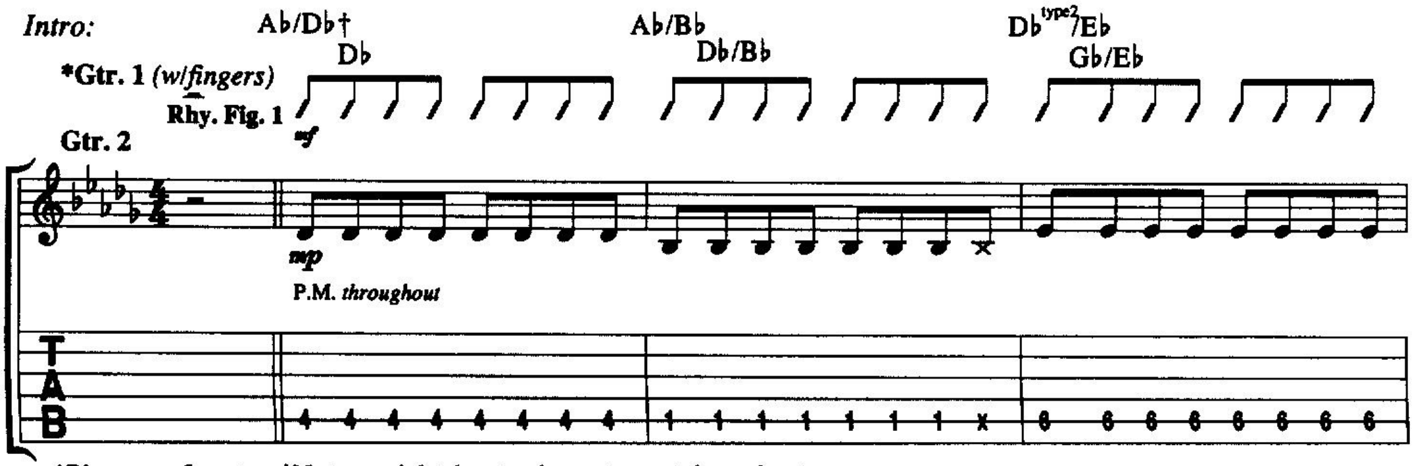
Chorus:
Down to the river, though I know the river is dry,
That sends me down to the river tonight.
(To Coda)

HUNGRY HEART

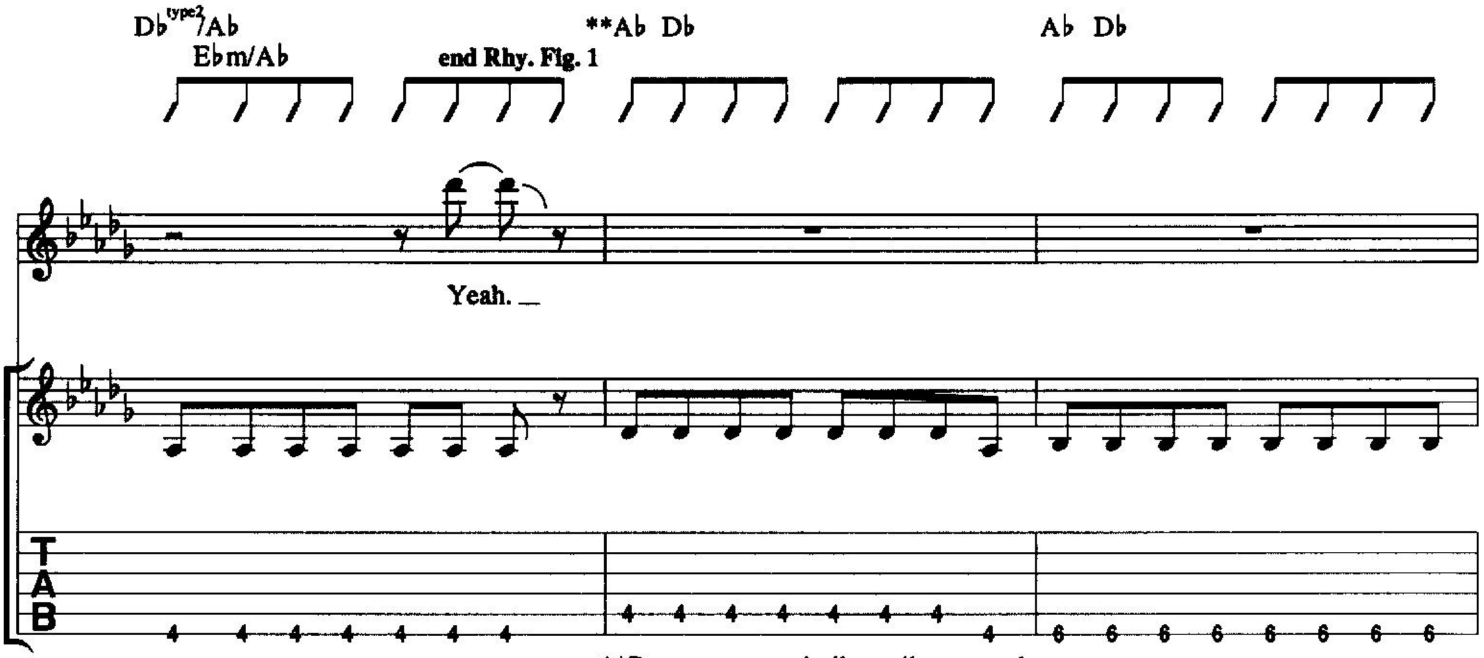
Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



Moderately ♩ = 110



*Piano arr. for gtr. †Note on right denotes bass gtr. part throughout



**Bass gtr. cont. simile until organ solo.

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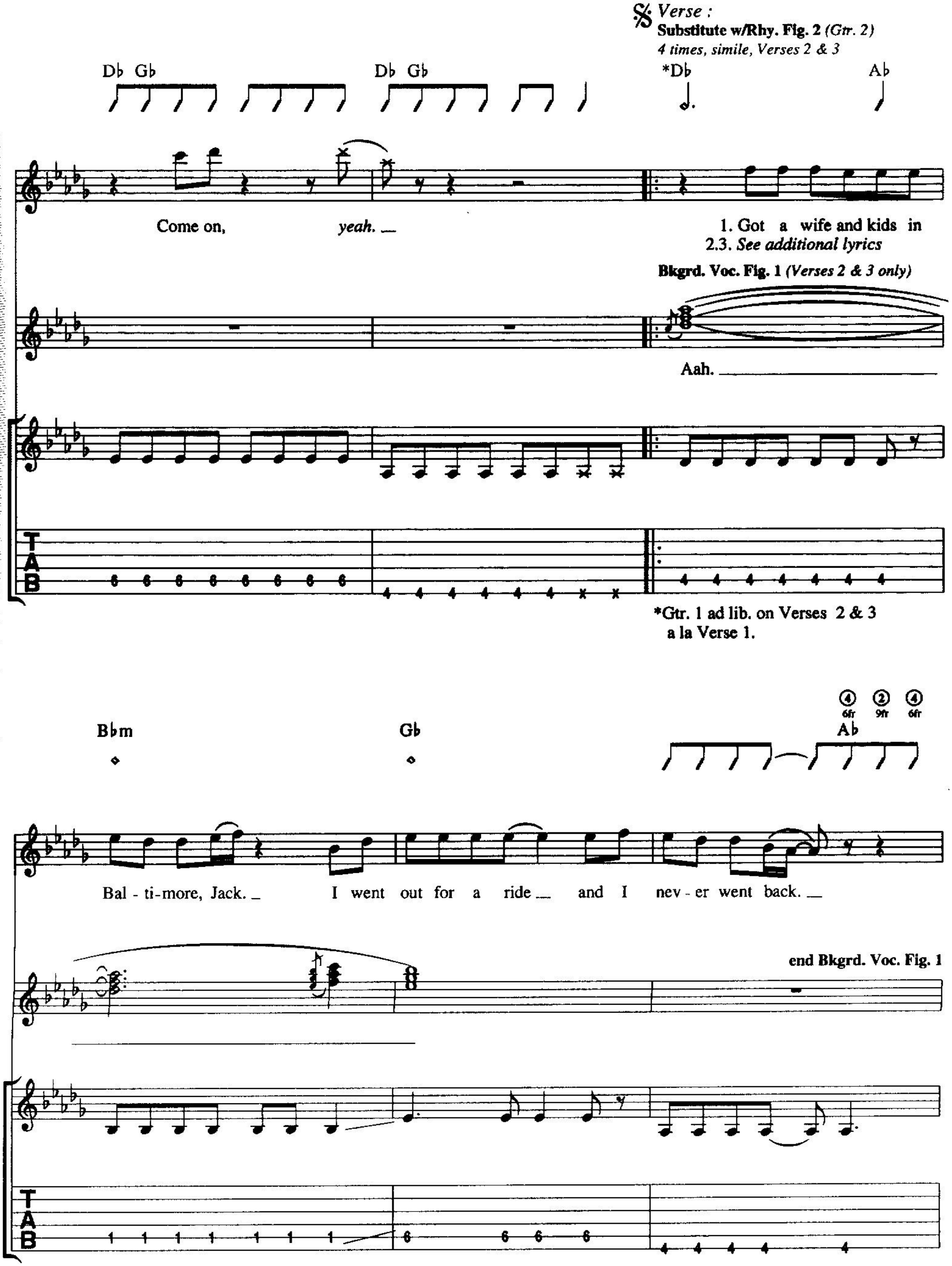
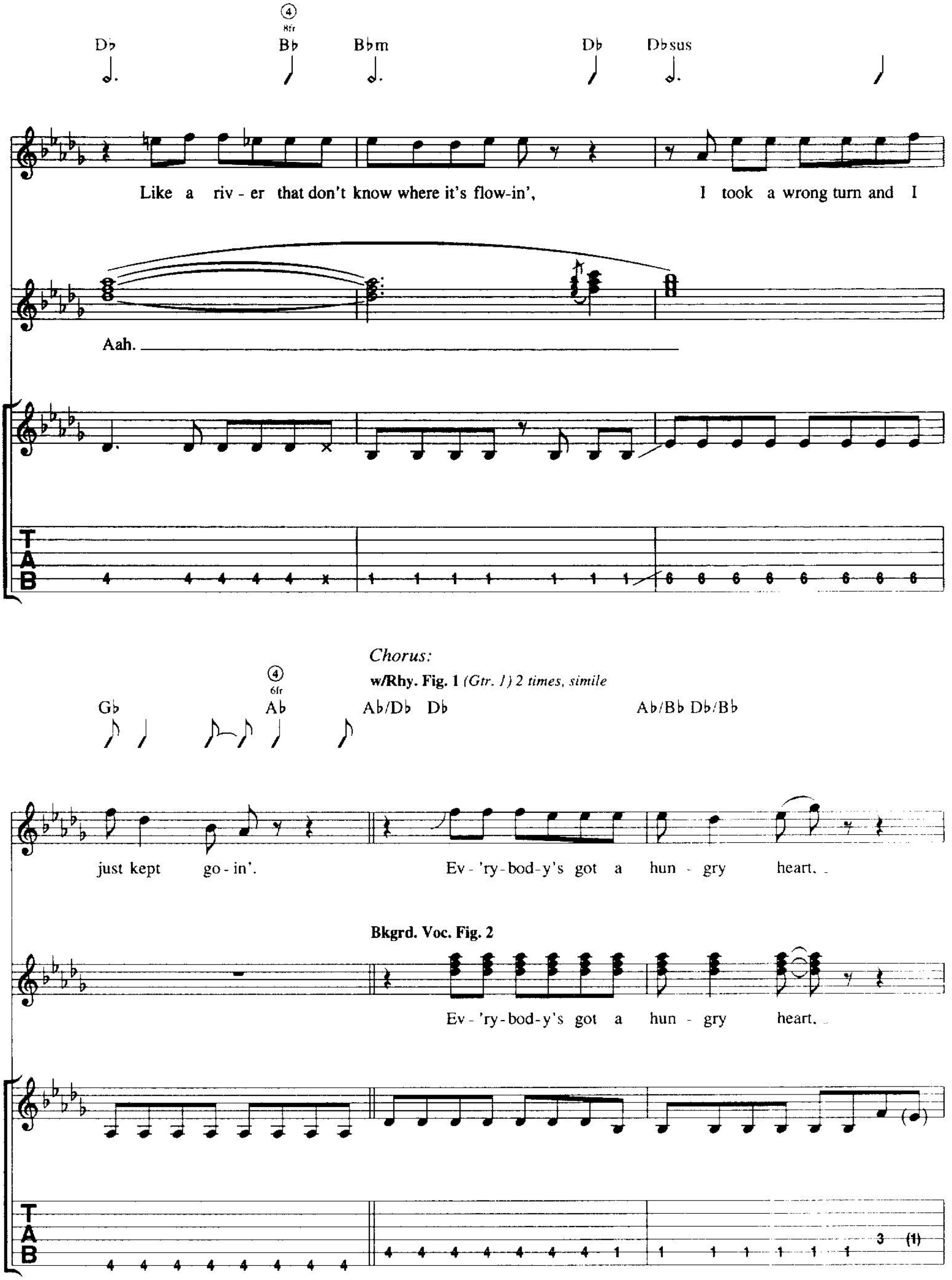
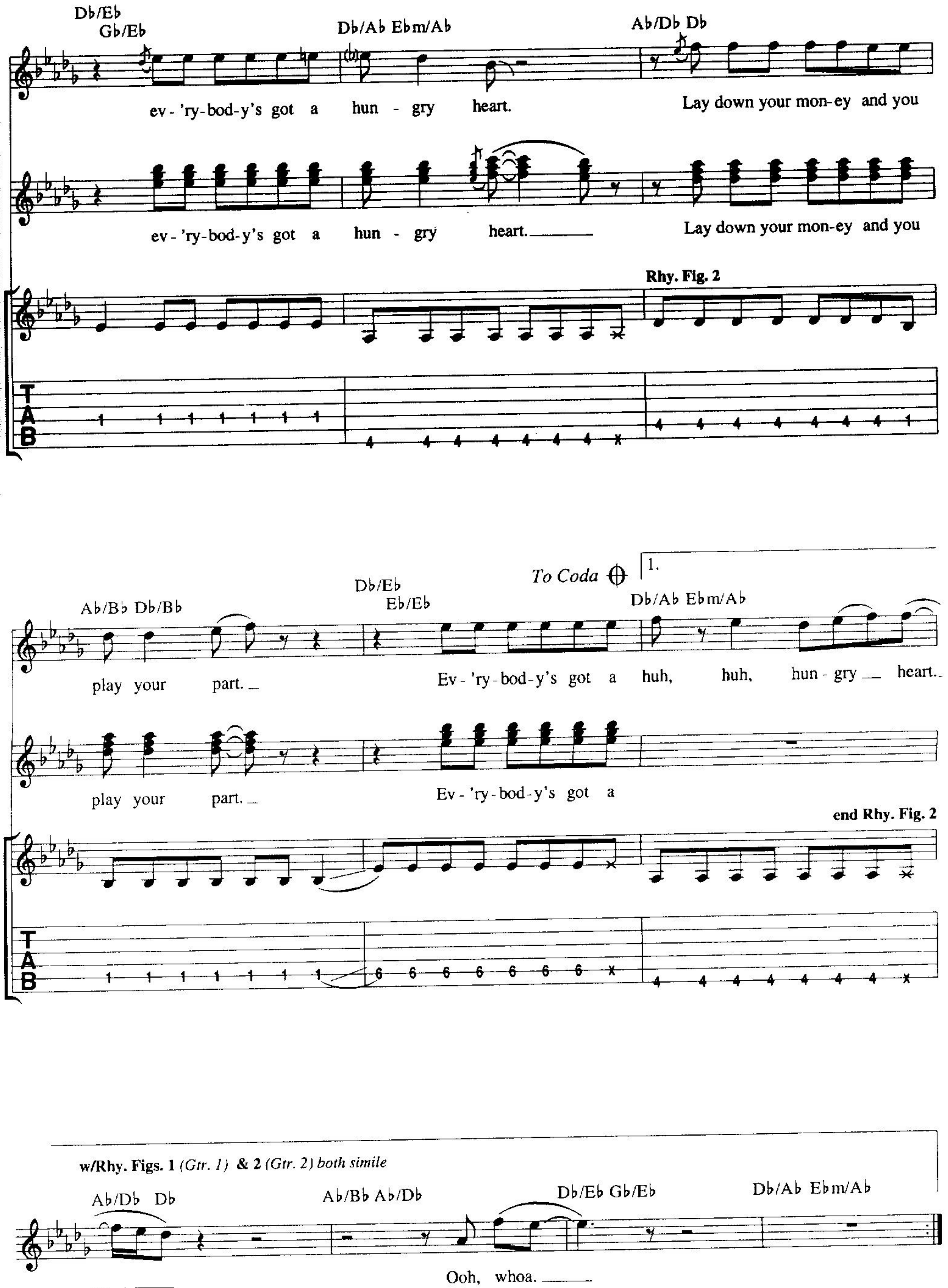
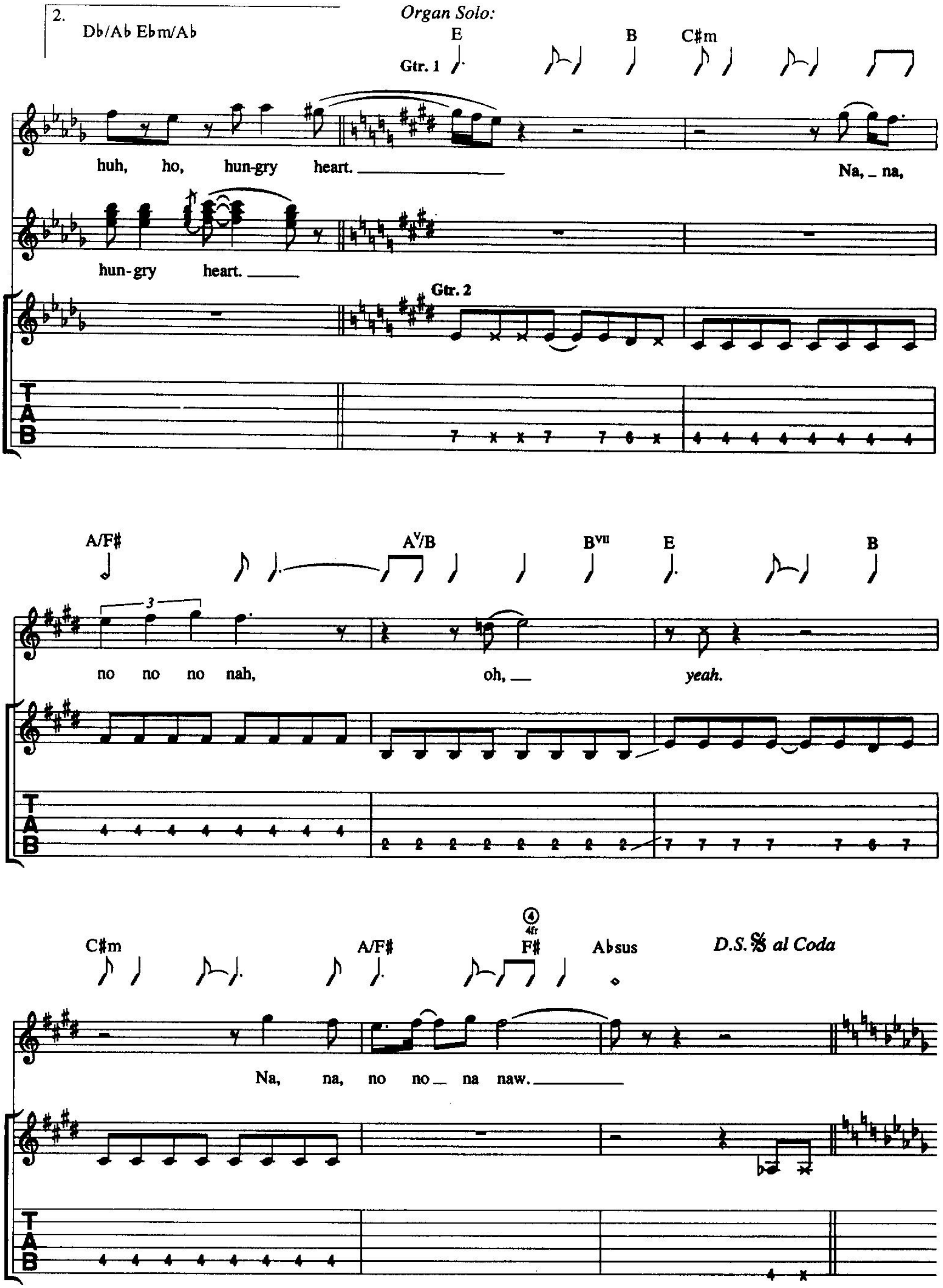
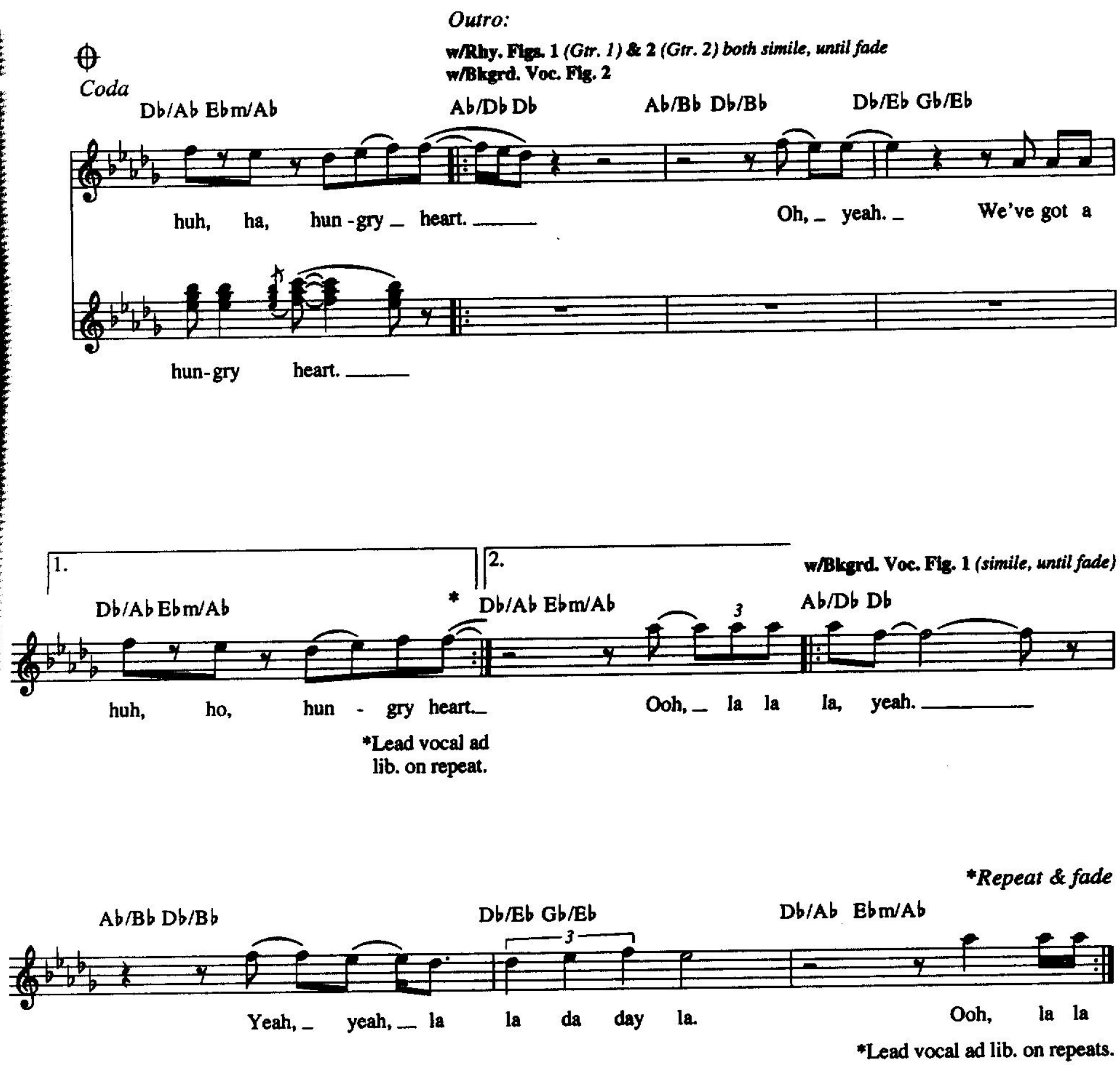


Verse :
Substitute w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 2)
4 times, simile, Verses 2 & 3
Db Gb
Db Gb
*Db
Ab
Come on, yeah.
1. Got a wife and kids in
2.3. See additional lyrics
Bkgrd. Voc. Fig. 1 (Verses 2 & 3 only)
Aah.
*Gtr. 1 ad lib. on Verses 2 & 3
a la Verse 1.
Bbm
Gb
Ab
Bal - ti-more, Jack. I went out for a ride and I nev - er went back.
end Bkgrd. Voc. Fig. 1


D♭
B♭
B♭m
D♭
D♭sus
Like a riv - er that don't know where it's flow-in', I took a wrong turn and I
Aah.
TAB
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times, simile
G♭
A♭
A♭/D♭ D♭
A♭/B♭ D♭/B♭
just kept go - in'. Ev - 'ry-bod-y's got a hun - gry heart.
Bkgrd. Voc. Fig. 2
Ev - 'ry-bod-y's got a hun - gry heart.
TAB


Db/Eb
Gb/Eb
Db/Ab Ebm/Ab
Ab/Db Db
ev - 'ry-bod-y's got a hun - gry heart.
Lay down your mon-ey and you
ev - 'ry-bod-y's got a hun - gry heart.
Lay down your mon-ey and you
Rhy. Fig. 2
T
A
B
To Coda
1.
Ab/Bb Db/Bb
Db/Eb
Eb/Eb
Db/Ab Ebm/Ab
play your part.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a huh, huh, hun - gry heart.
play your part.
Ev - 'ry - bod - y's got a
end Rhy. Fig. 2
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 2 (Gtr. 2) both simile
Ab/Db Db
Ab/Bb Ab/Db
Db/Eb Gb/Eb
Db/Ab Ebm/Ab
Ooh, whoa.


2.
Db/Ab Ebm/Ab
Organ Solo:
E
B
C#m
Gtr. 1
huh, ho, hun-gry heart. Na, na,
hun-gry heart.
Gtr. 2
A/F#
AV/B
BVII
E
B
no no no nah, oh, yeah.
C#m
A/F#
4fr
F#
Absus
D.S. al Coda
Na, na, no no na naw.

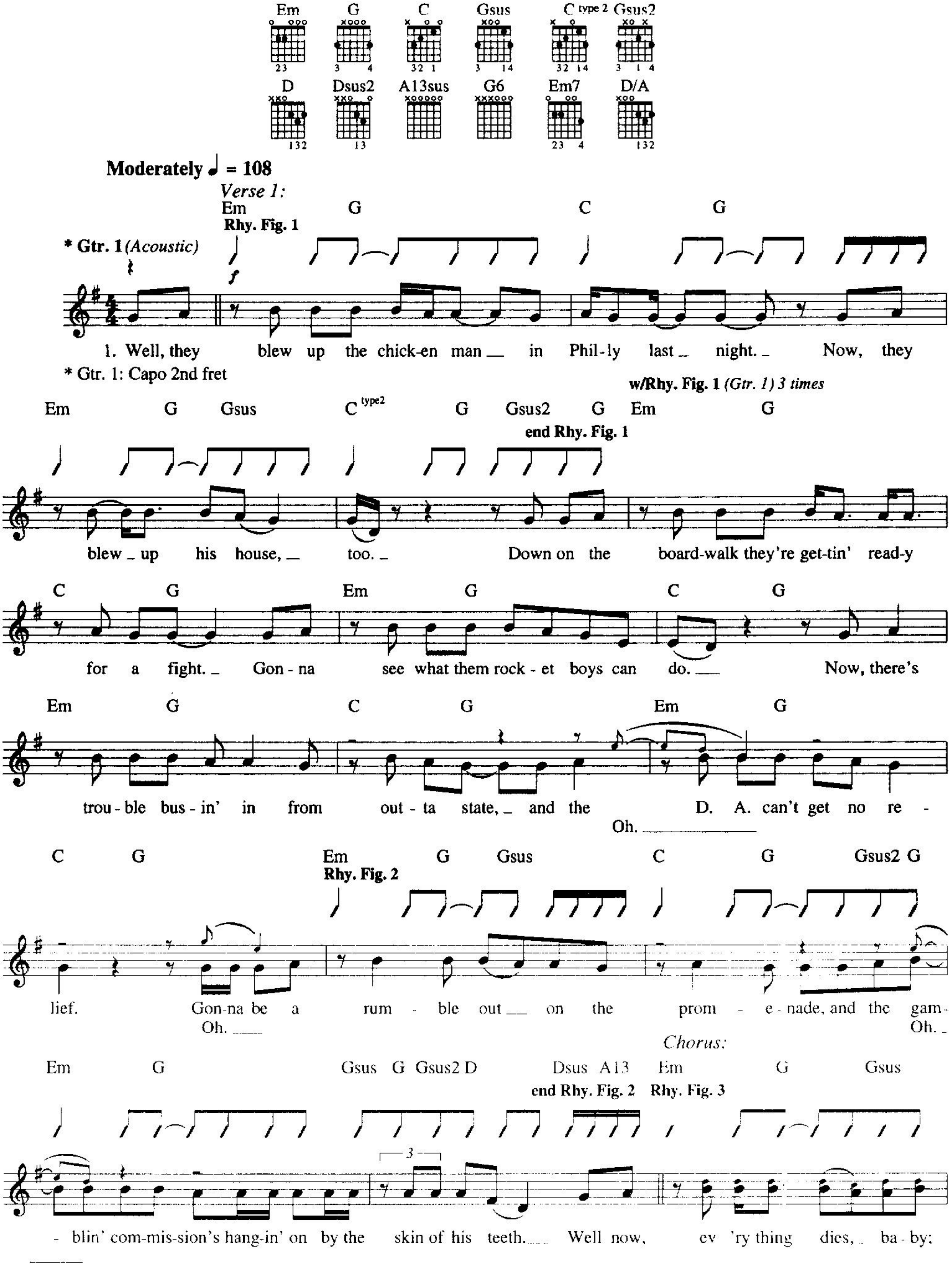


Verse 2:
I met her in a Kingstown bar.
We fell in love.
I knew it had to end.
We took what we had and we ripped it apart.
Now here I am, down in Kingstown again.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
Everybody needs a place to rest,
Everybody wants to have a home.
Don't make no difference what nobody says,
Ain't nobody like to be alone, yeah.
(To Chorus:)

ATLANTIC CITY

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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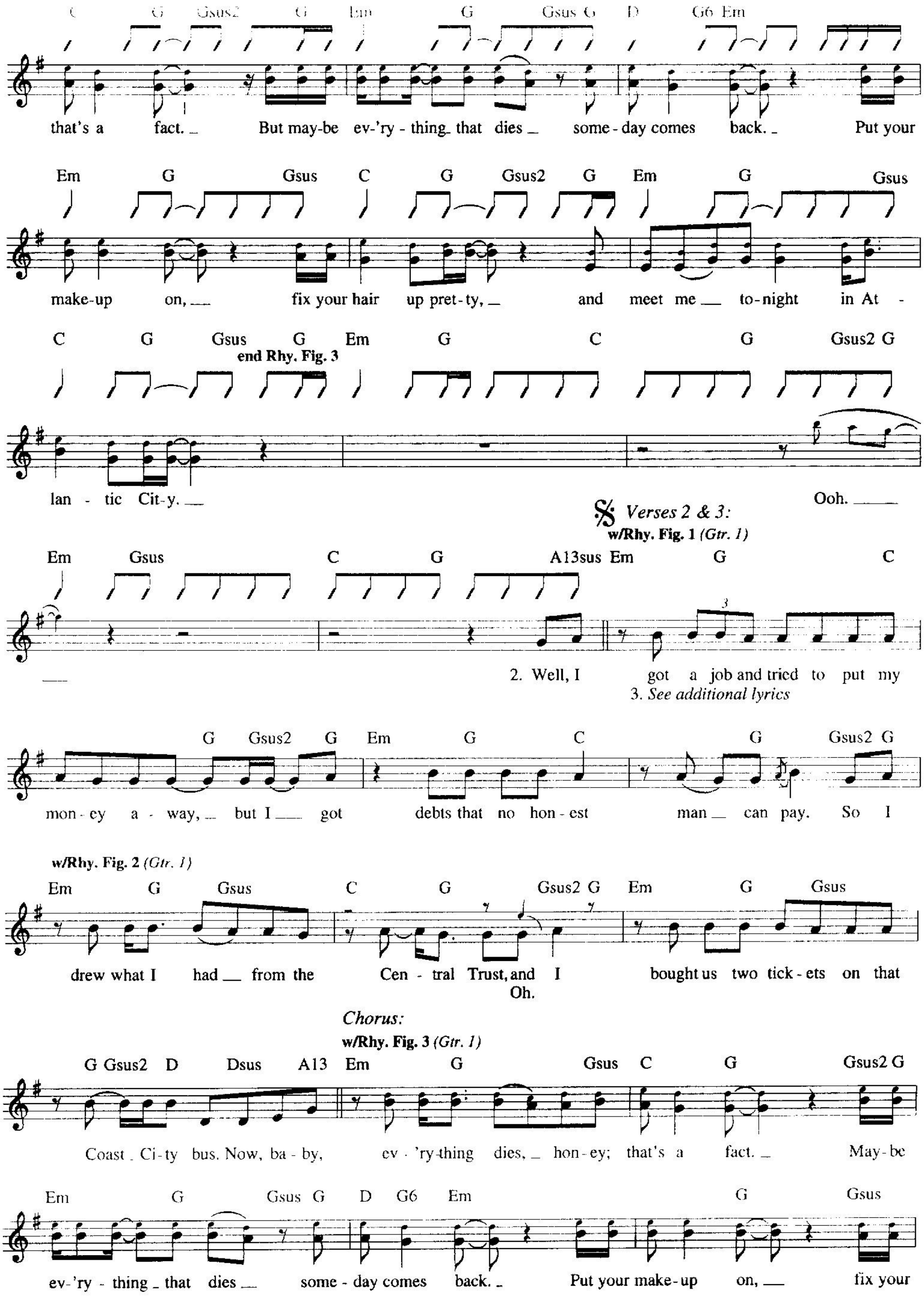
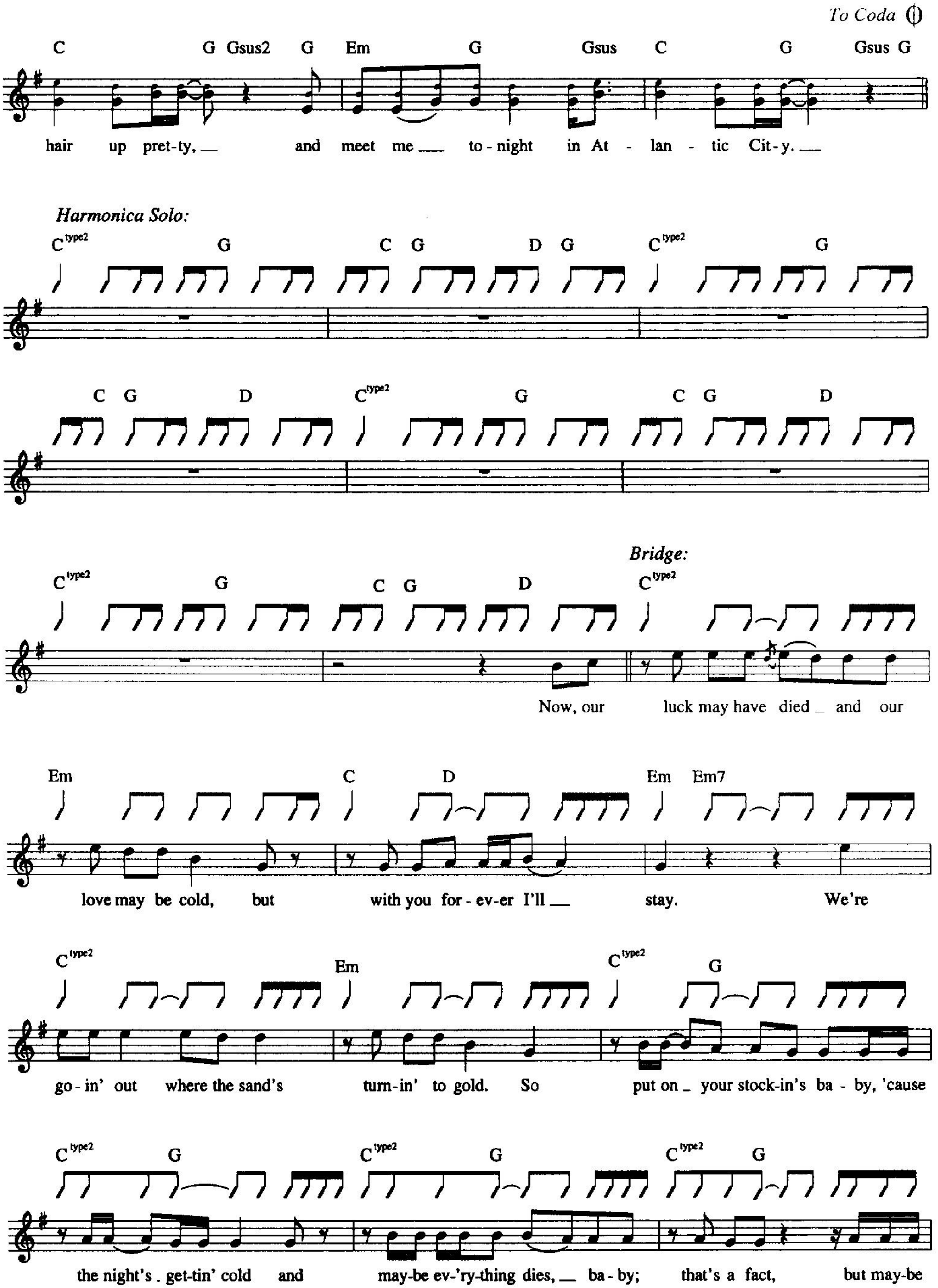
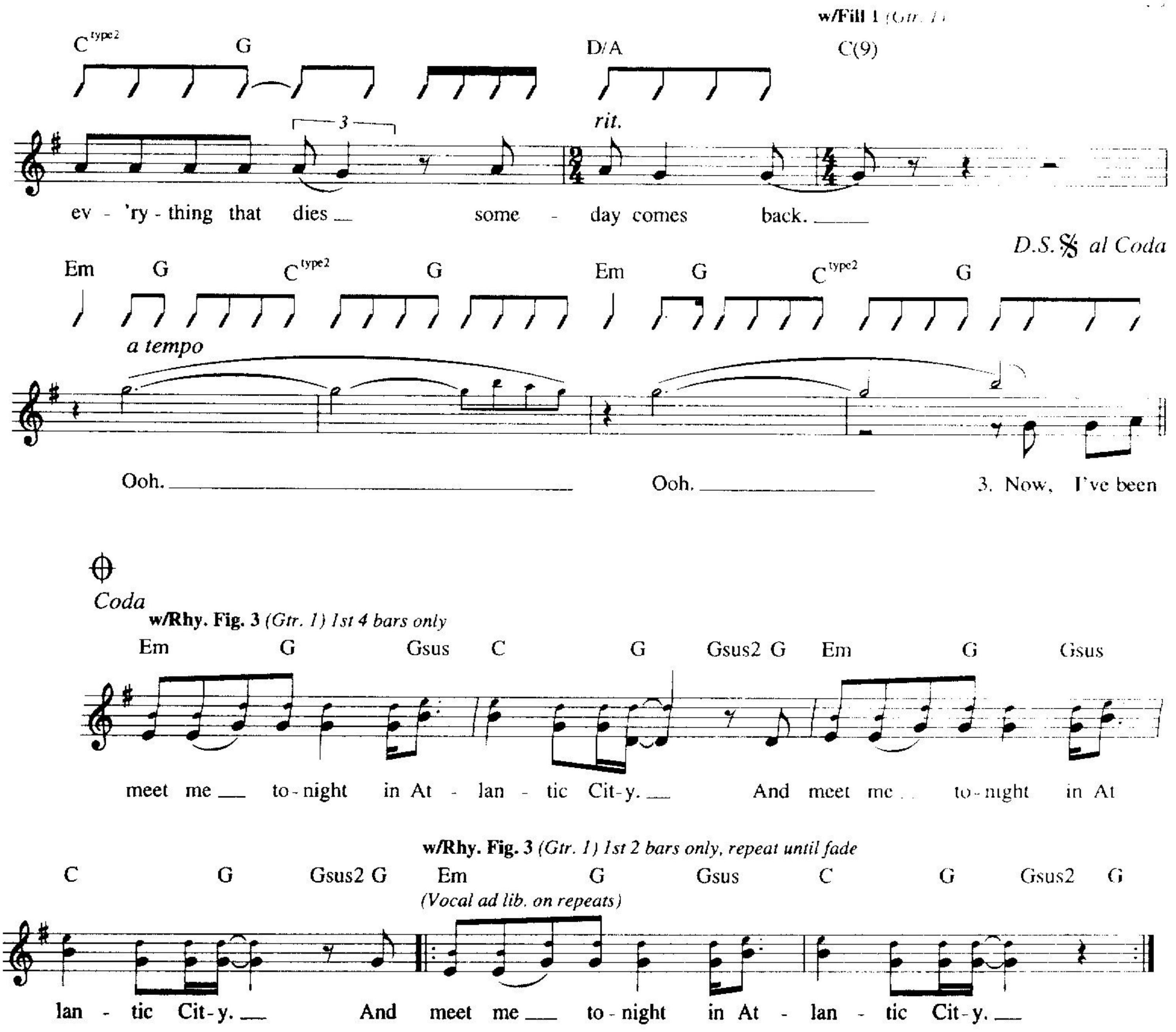
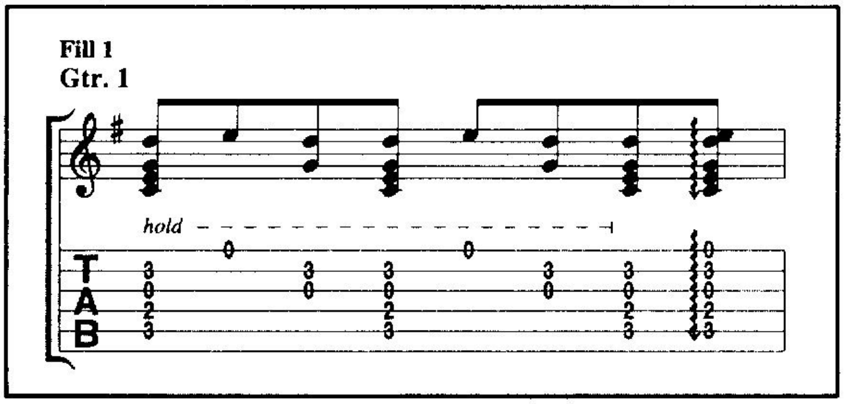

C G Gsus2 G Em G Gsus G D G6 Em
that's a fact. But may-be ev-'ry-thing that dies some-day comes back. Put your
Em G Gsus C G Gsus2 G Em G Gsus
make-up on, fix your hair up pret-ty, and meet me to-night in At-
C G Gsus G Em G C G Gsus2 G
end Rhy. Fig. 3
lan-tic Cit-y. Ooh.
Verses 2 & 3:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)
Em Gsus C G A13sus Em G C
2. Well, I got a job and tried to put my
3. See additional lyrics
G Gsus2 G Em G C G Gsus2 G
mon-ey a-way, but I got debts that no hon-est man can pay. So I
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)
Em G Gsus C G Gsus2 G Em G Gsus
drew what I had from the Cen-tral Trust, and I bought us two tick-ets on that
Oh.
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 (Gtr. 1)
G Gsus2 D Dsus A13 Em G Gsus C G Gsus2 G
Coast Ci-ty bus. Now, ba-by, ev-'ry-thing dies, hon-ey; that's a fact. May-be
Em G Gsus G D G6 Em G Gsus
ev-'ry-thing that dies some-day comes back. Put your make-up on, fix your


To Coda
C G Gsus2 G Em G Gsus C G Gsus G
hair up pret-ty, and meet me to-night in At - lan - tic Cit-y.
Harmonica Solo:
C type2 G C G D G C type2 G
C G D C type2 G C G D
C type2 G C G D
Bridge:
C type2
Now, our luck may have died and our
Em C D Em Em7
love may be cold, but with you for - ev-er I'll stay. We're
C type2 Em C type2 G
go - in' out where the sand's turn-in' to gold. So put on your stock-in's ba - by, 'cause
C type2 G C type2 G C type2 G
the night's get-tin' cold and may-be ev-'ry-thing dies, ba - by; that's a fact, but may-be

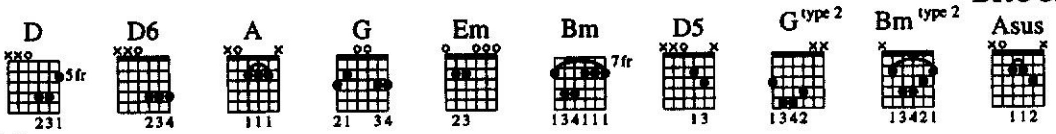


Verse 3:
Now, I've been lookin' for a job, but it's hard to find.
Down here it's just winners and losers, and
Don't get caught on the wrong side of that line.
Well, I'm tired of comin' out on the losin' end,
So, honey, last night I met this guy and I'm
Gonna do a little favor for him.
(To Chorus:)



DANCING IN THE DARK

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

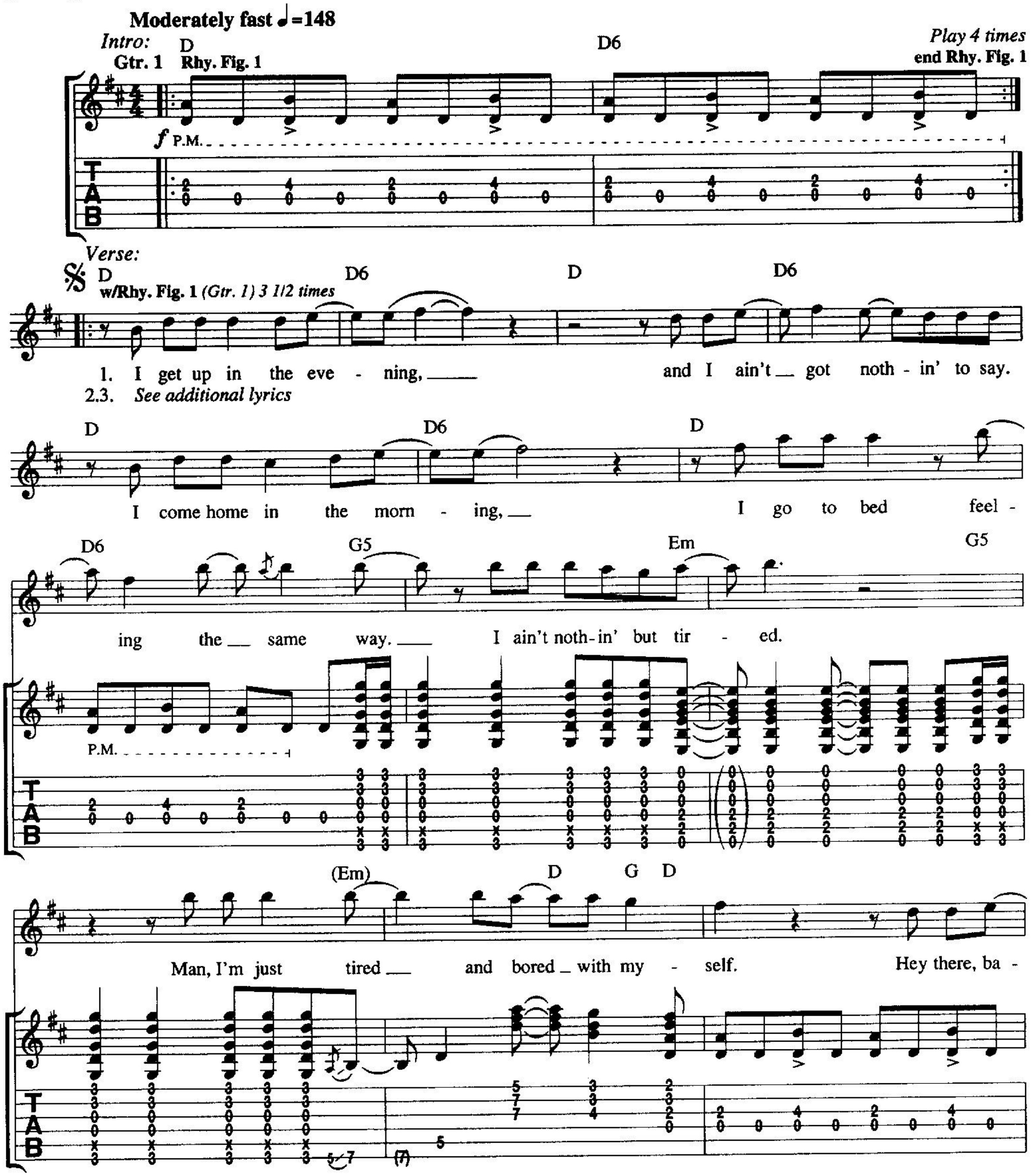


Tune Down 1 1/2 Steps:

⑥-C# ③-E

⑤-F# ②-G#

④-B ①-C#



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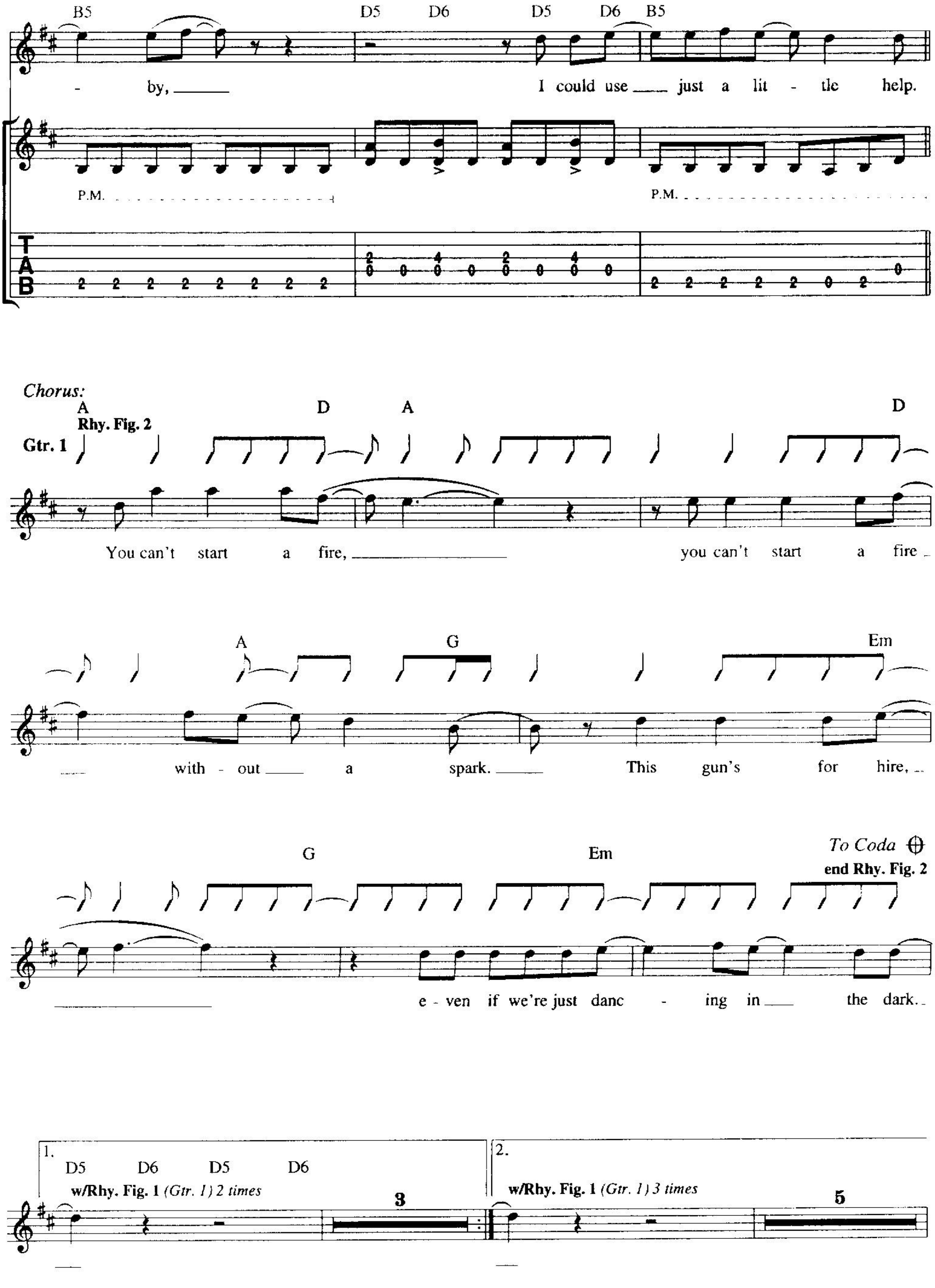
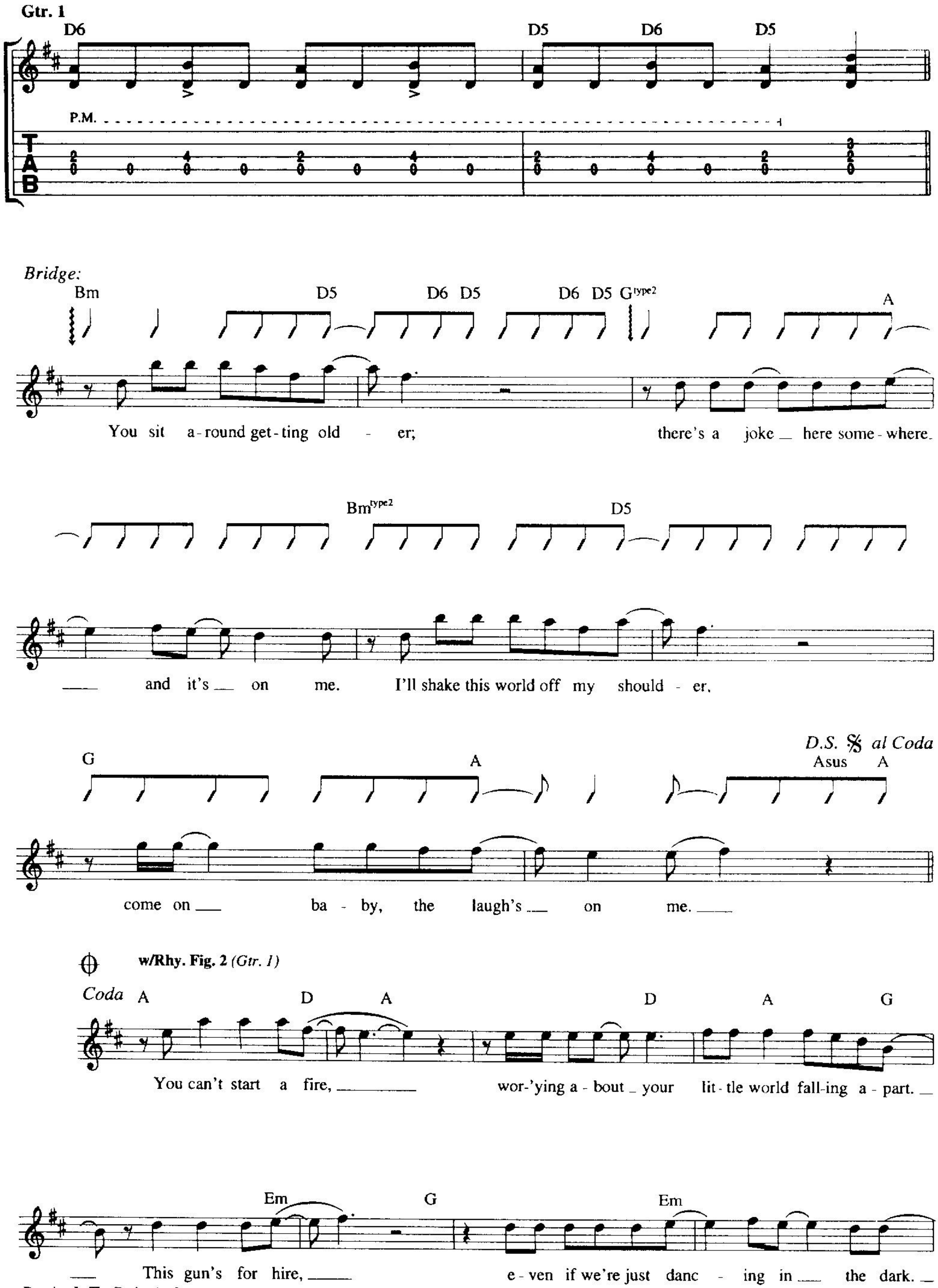
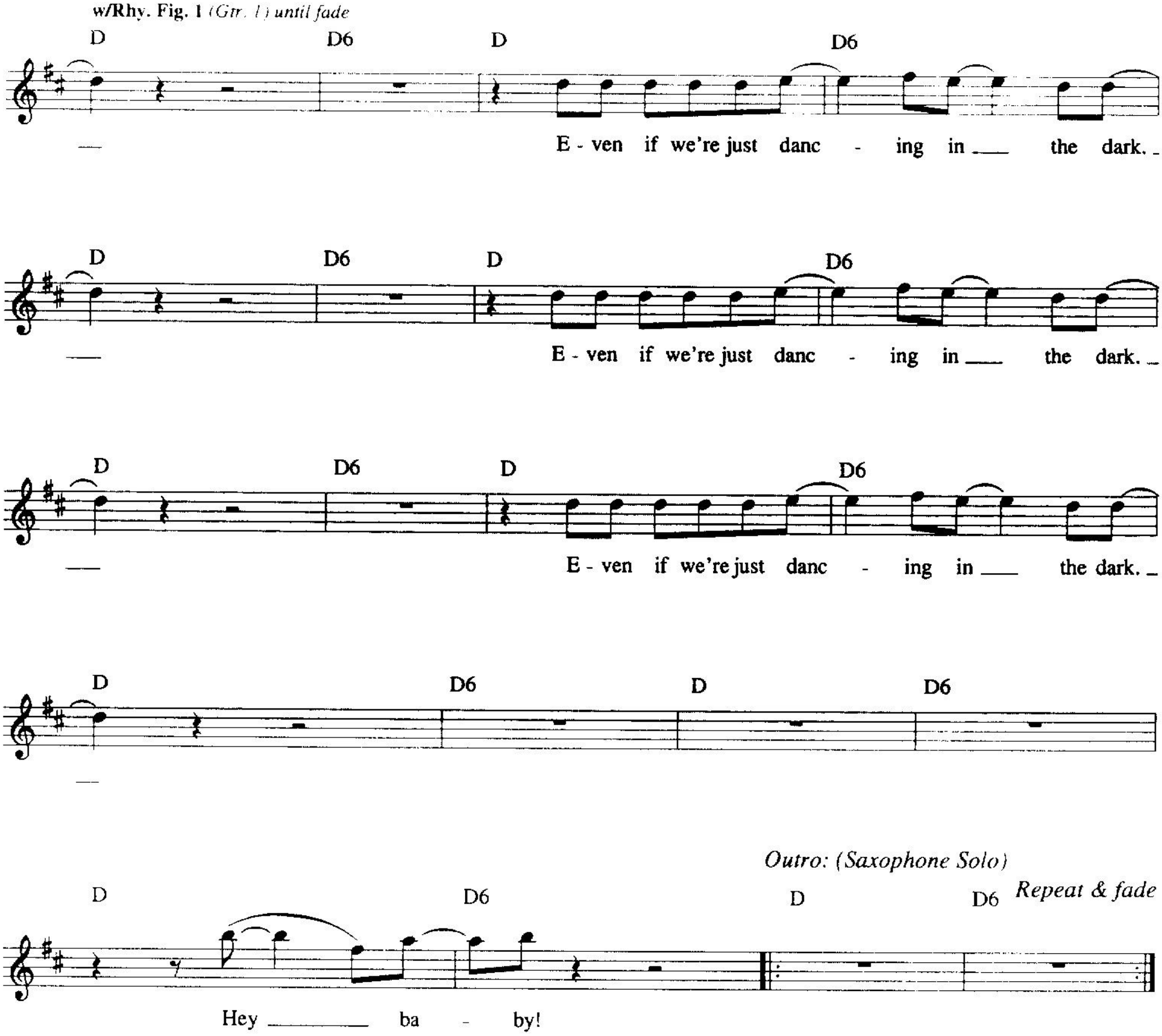

B5 D5 D6 D5 D6 B5
- by, I could use just a lit - tle help.
P.M.
P.M.
T
A
B
Chorus:
A D A D
Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 1
You can't start a fire, you can't start a fire
A G Em
with - out a spark. This gun's for hire,
G Em
To Coda
end Rhy. Fig. 2
e - ven if we're just danc - ing in the dark.
1.
D5 D6 D5 D6
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times
3
2.
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 3 times
5


Gtr. 1
D6
D5 D6 D5
P.M.
T
A
B
Bridge:
Bm D5 D6 D5 D6 D5 Gtype2 A
You sit a-round get-ting old - er; there's a joke __ here some-where
Bmtype2 D5
__ and it's __ on me. I'll shake this world off my should - er,
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
G A Asus A
come on __ ba - by, the laugh's __ on me. __
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)
Coda A D A D A G
You can't start a fire, ______ wor-'ying a - bout _ your lit-tle world fall-ing a - part. _
Em G Em
__ This gun's for hire, _____ e - ven if we're just danc - ing in __ the dark. _

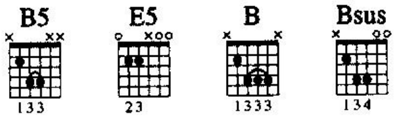


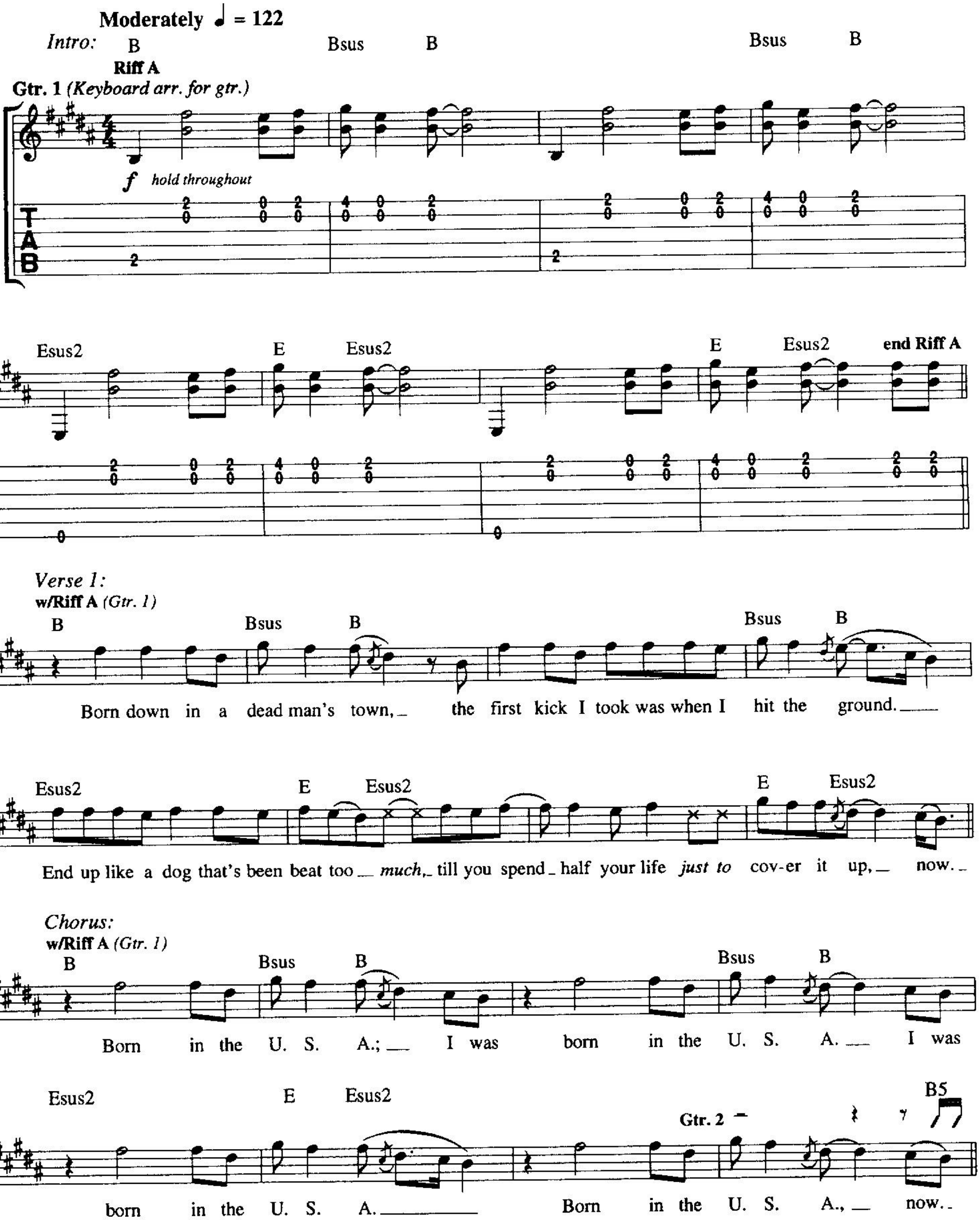
Verse 2:
Messages keep getting clearer;
Radio's on and I'm moving 'round the place.
I check my look in the mirror;
I wanna change my clothes, my hair, my face.
Man, I ain't getting nowhere, just living in a dump like this.
There's something happening somewhere;
Baby, I just know there is.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
Stay on the streets of this town
And they'll be carving you up all right.
They say you gotta stay hungry;
Hey baby, I'm just about starving tonight.
I'm dying for some action;
I'm sick of sitting 'round here trying to write this book.
I need a love reaction;
Come on now, baby, gimme just one look.
You can't start a fire sitting 'round
Crying over a broken heart.
(To Chorus:)

BORN IN THE U.S.A.

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN





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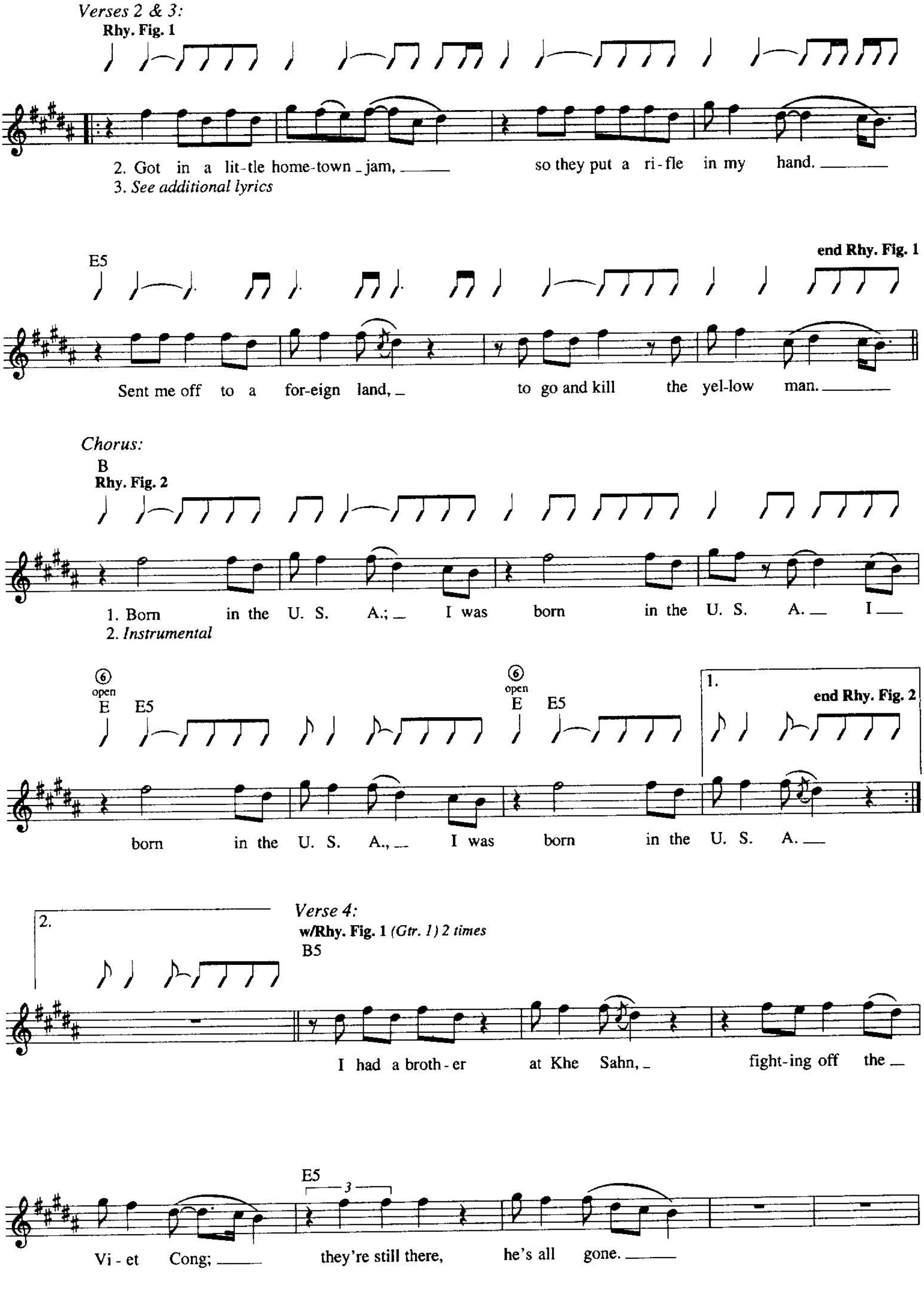
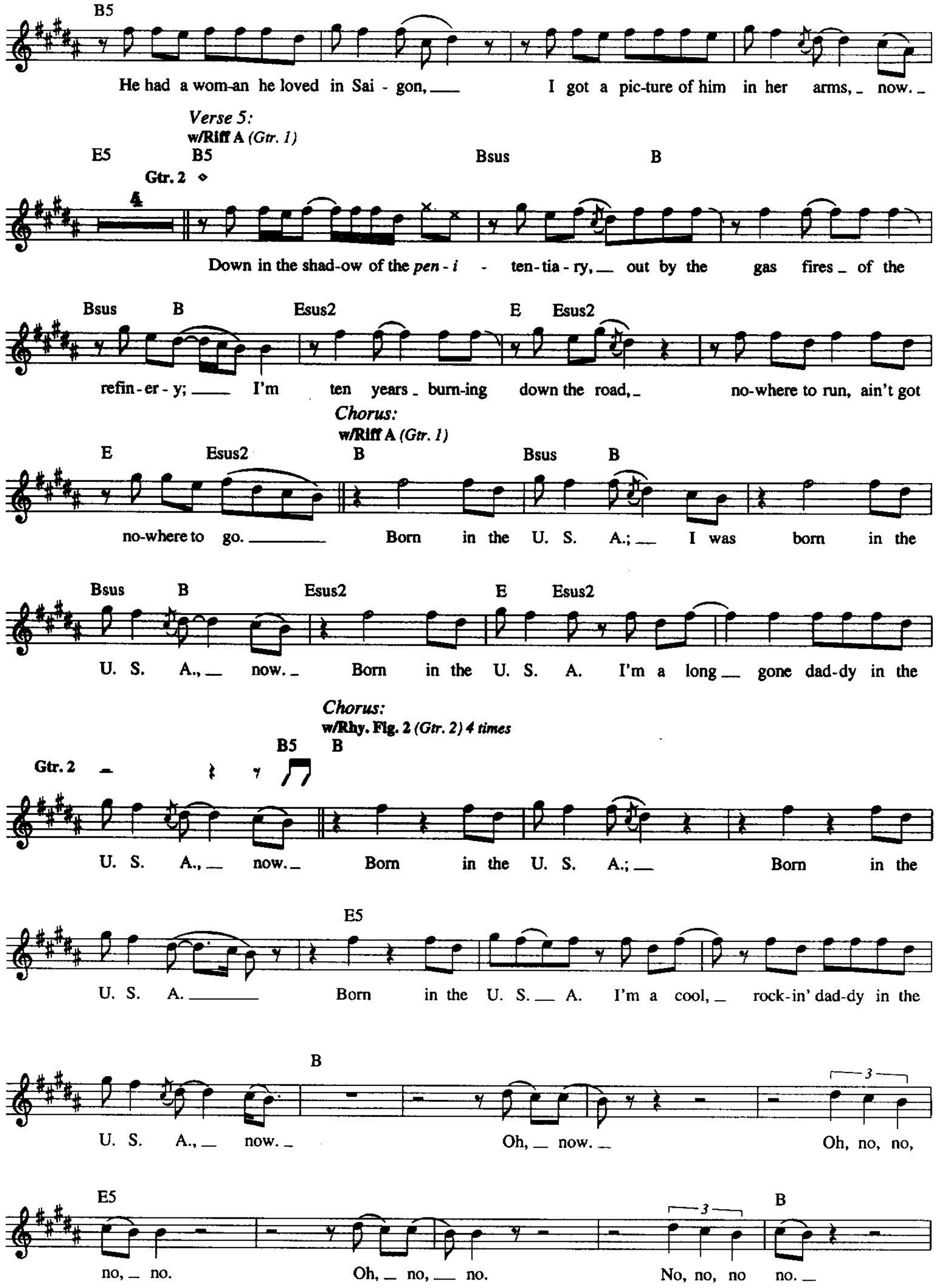
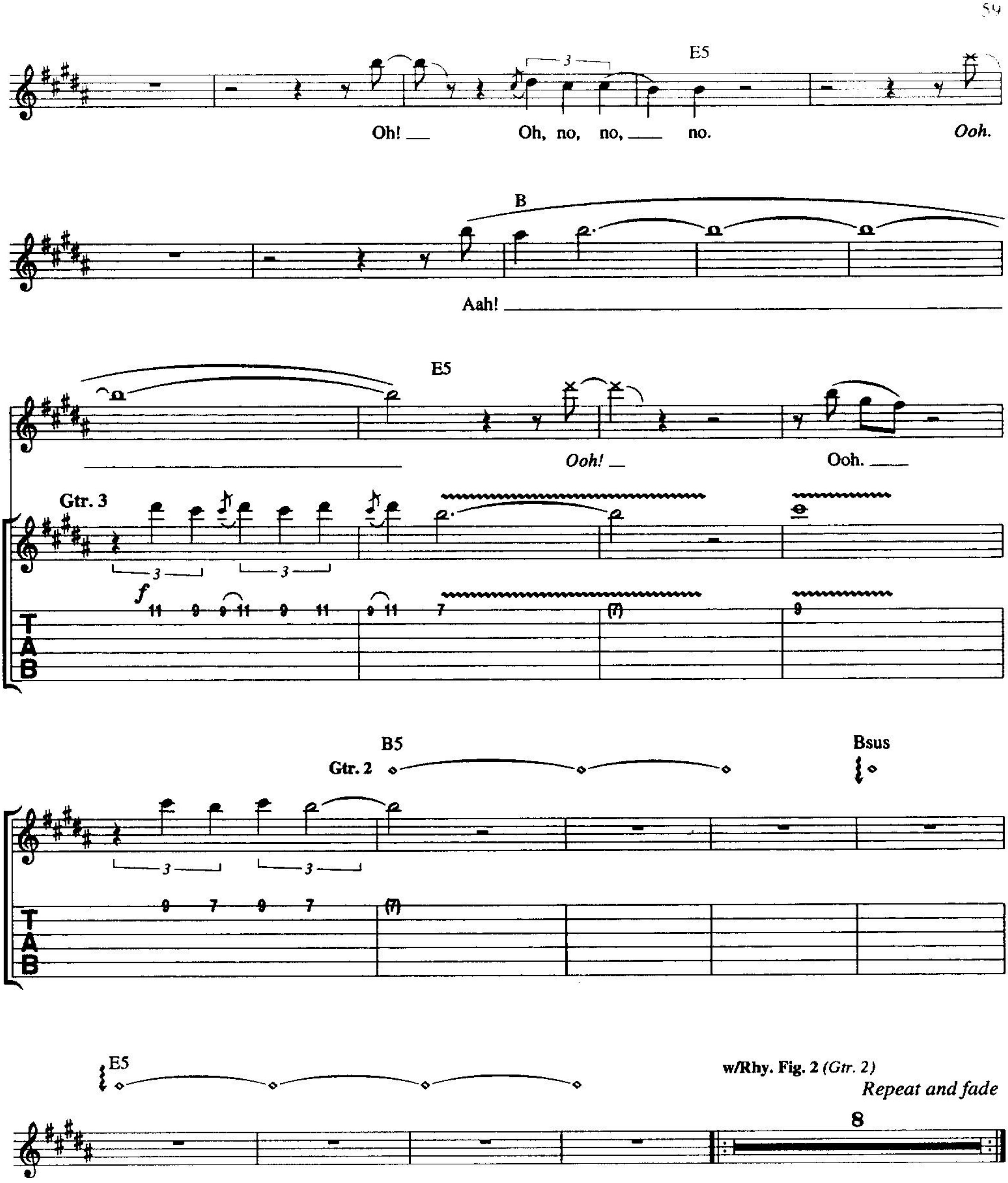

Verses 2 & 3:
Rhy. Fig. 1
2. Got in a lit-tle home-town _ jam, ___ so they put a ri-fle in my hand. ___
3. See additional lyrics
E5
end Rhy. Fig. 1
Sent me off to a for-eign land, _ to go and kill the yel-low man. ___
Chorus:
B
Rhy. Fig. 2
1. Born in the U. S. A.; _ I was born in the U. S. A. _ I _
2. Instrumental
6 open E E5
6 open E E5
1.
end Rhy. Fig. 2
born in the U. S. A., _ I was born in the U. S. A. _
2.
Verse 4:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times
B5
I had a broth-er at Khe Sahn, _ fight-ing off the _
E5
3
Vi-et Cong; ___ they're still there, he's all gone. ___

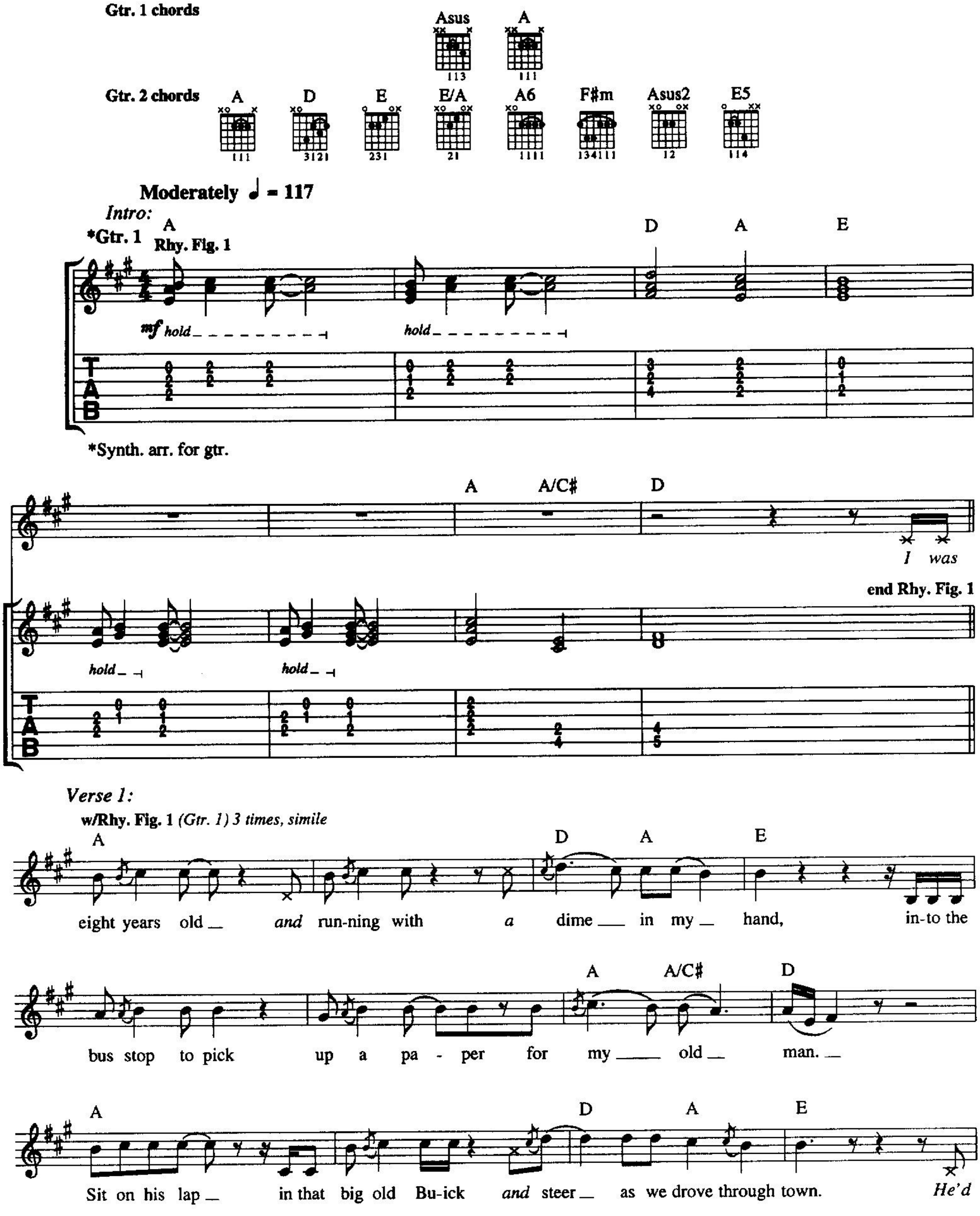

B5
He had a wom-an he loved in Sai - gon, I got a pic-ture of him in her arms, now.
Verse 5:
w/Riff A (Gtr. 1)
E5 B5 Bsus B
Gtr. 2
Down in the shad-ow of the pen - i - ten-tia - ry, out by the gas fires of the
Bsus B Esus2 E Esus2
refin - er - y; I'm ten years burn-ing down the road, no-where to run, ain't got
Chorus:
w/Riff A (Gtr. 1)
E Esus2 B Bsus B
no-where to go. Born in the U. S. A.; I was born in the
Bsus B Esus2 E Esus2
U. S. A., now. Born in the U. S. A. I'm a long gone dad-dy in the
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 2) 4 times
Gtr. 2
B5 B
U. S. A., now. Born in the U. S. A.; Born in the
E5
U. S. A. Born in the U. S. A. I'm a cool, rock-in' dad-dy in the
B
U. S. A., now. Oh, now. Oh, no, no,
E5 B
no, no. Oh, no, no. No, no, no no.



Verse 3:
Come back home to the refinery;
Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me."
Went down to see my V.A. man;
He said, "Son, don't you understand, now?"
(To Chorus:)

MY HOMETOWN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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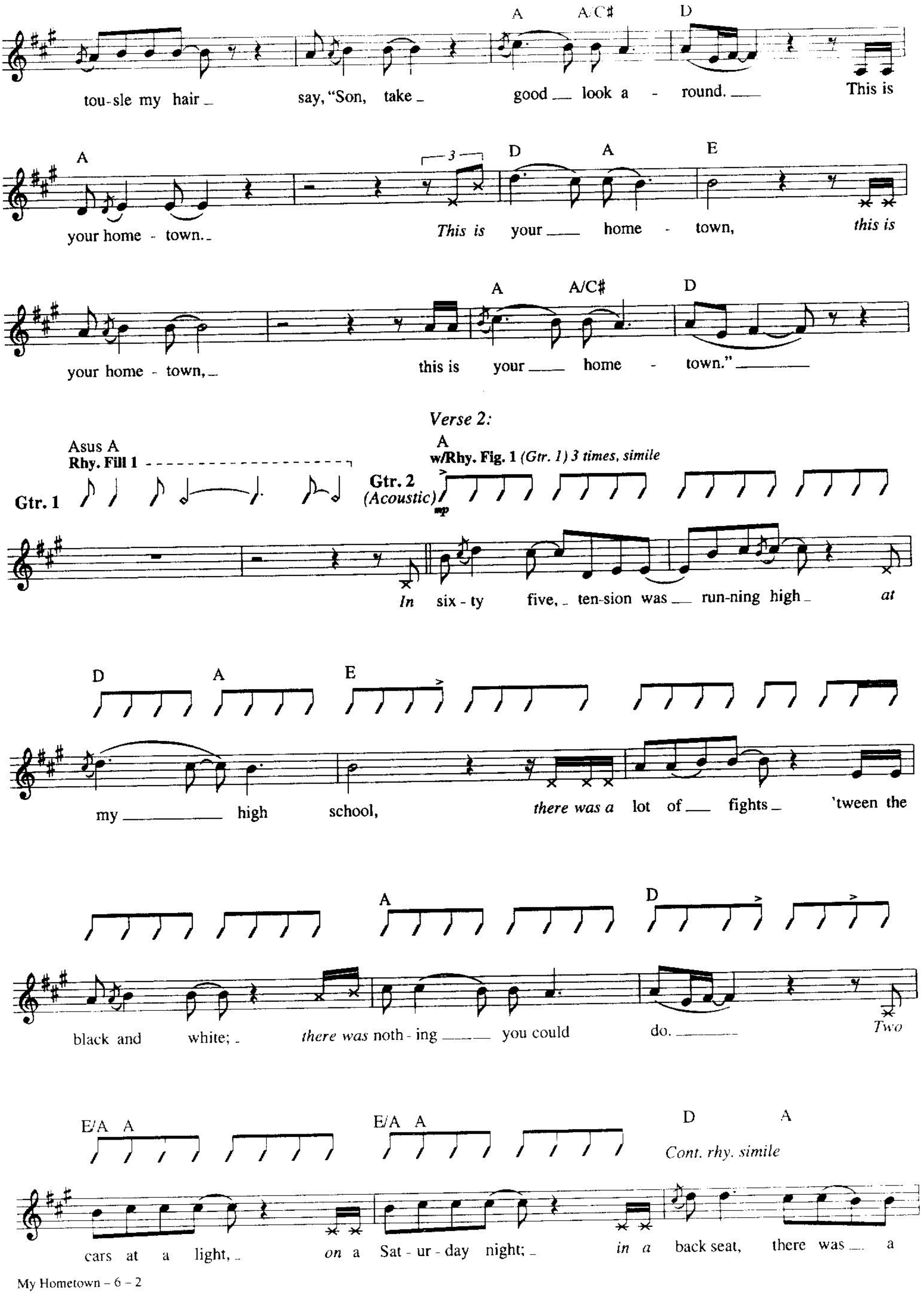
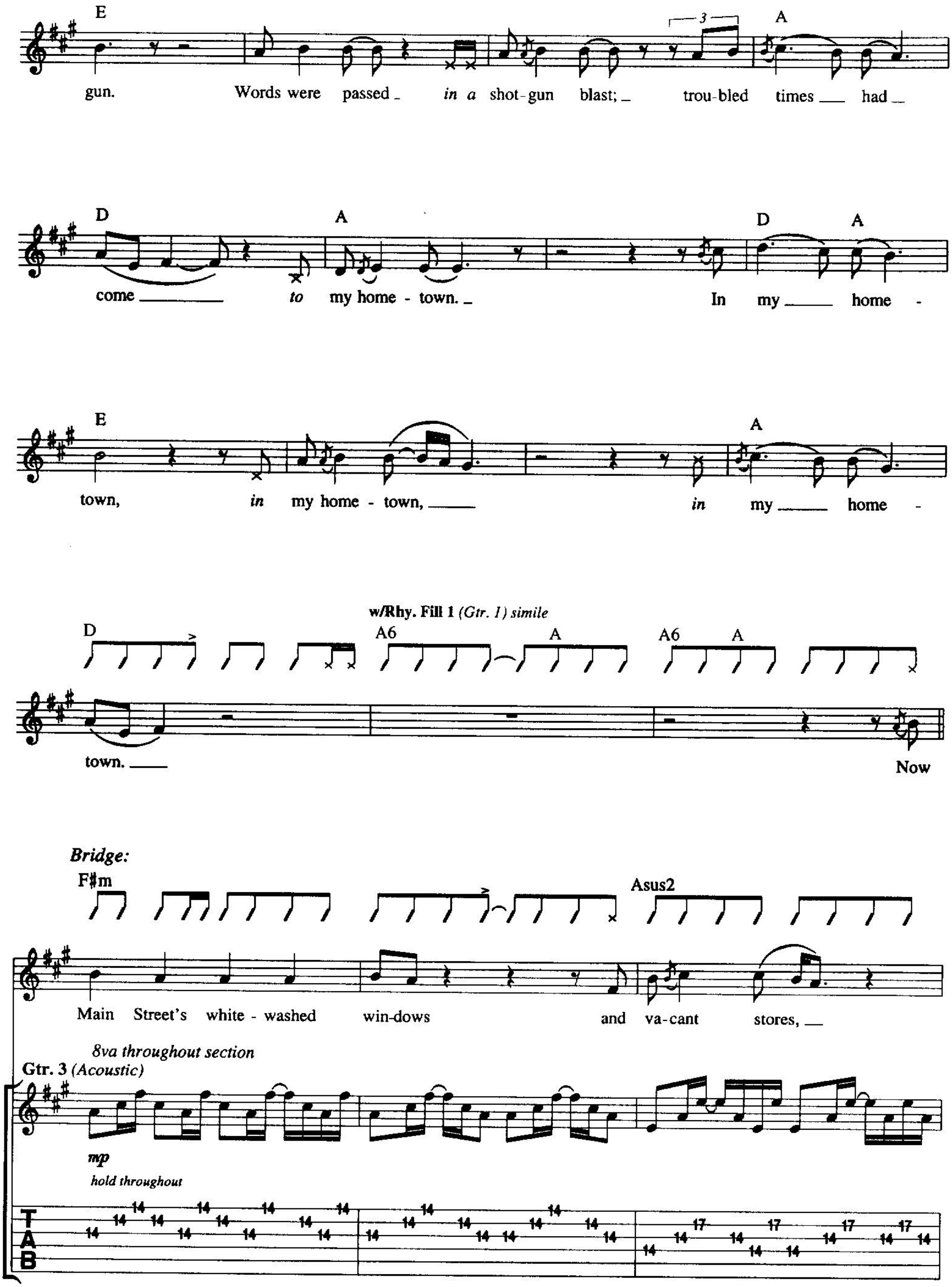
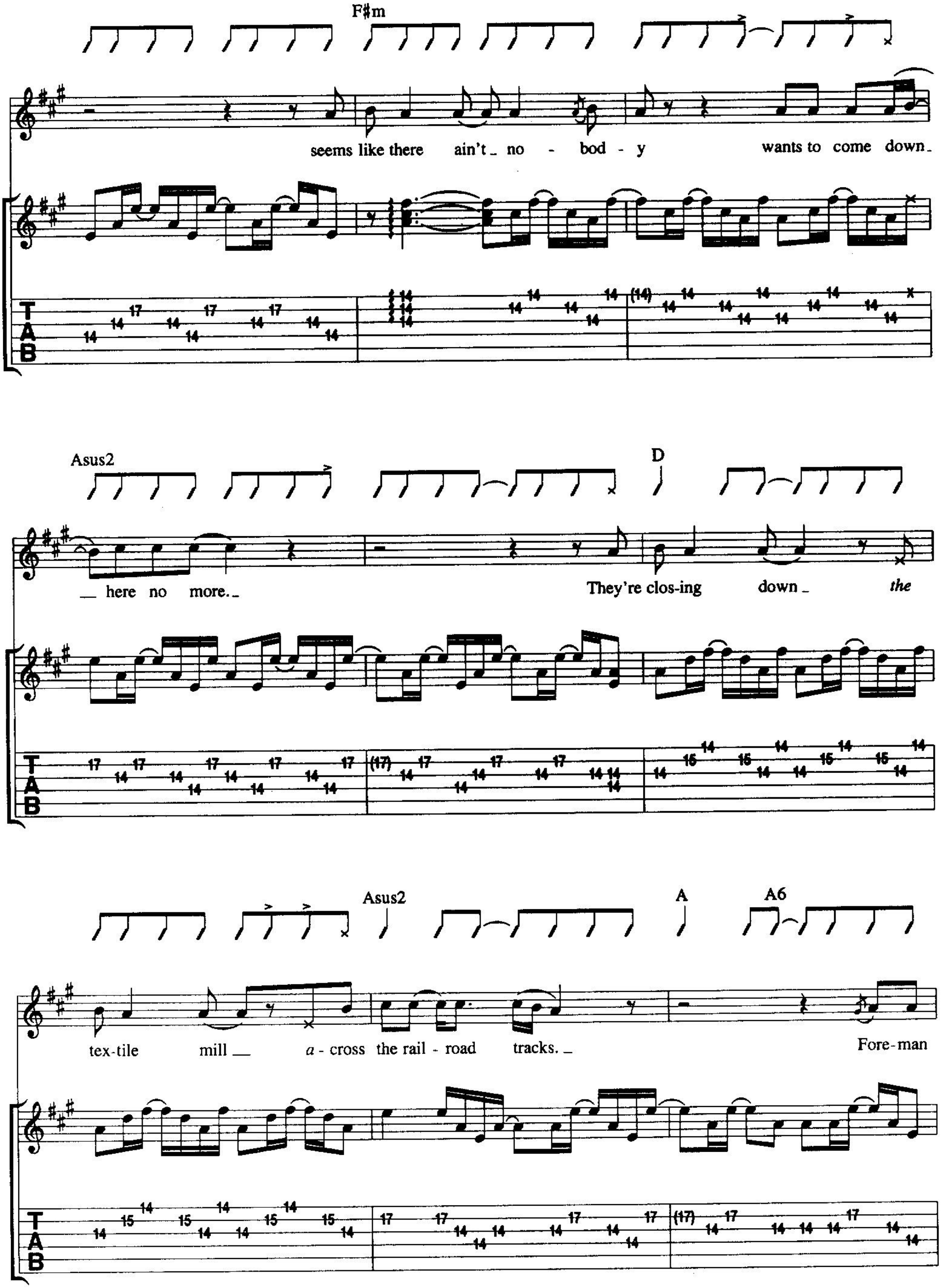
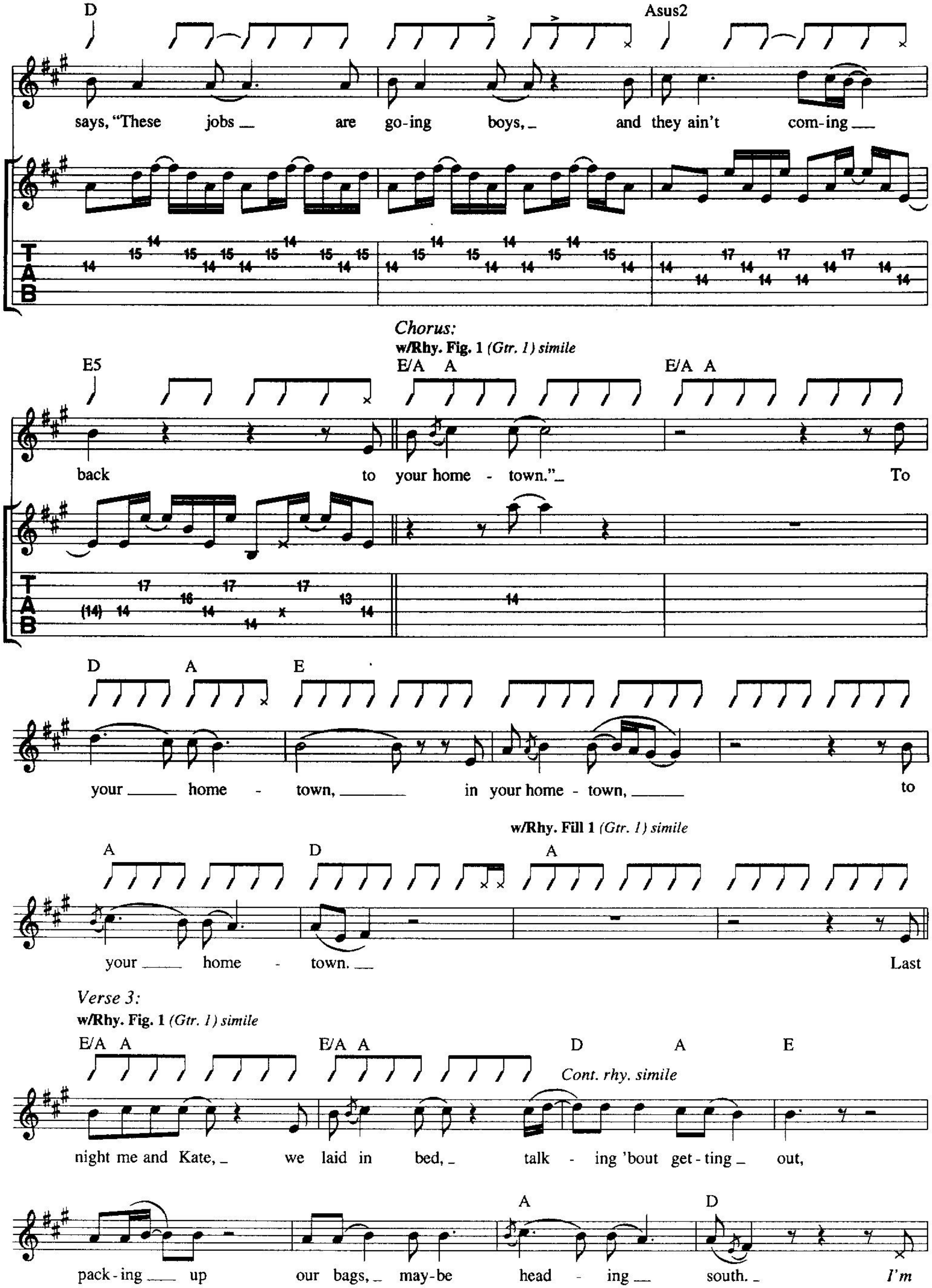
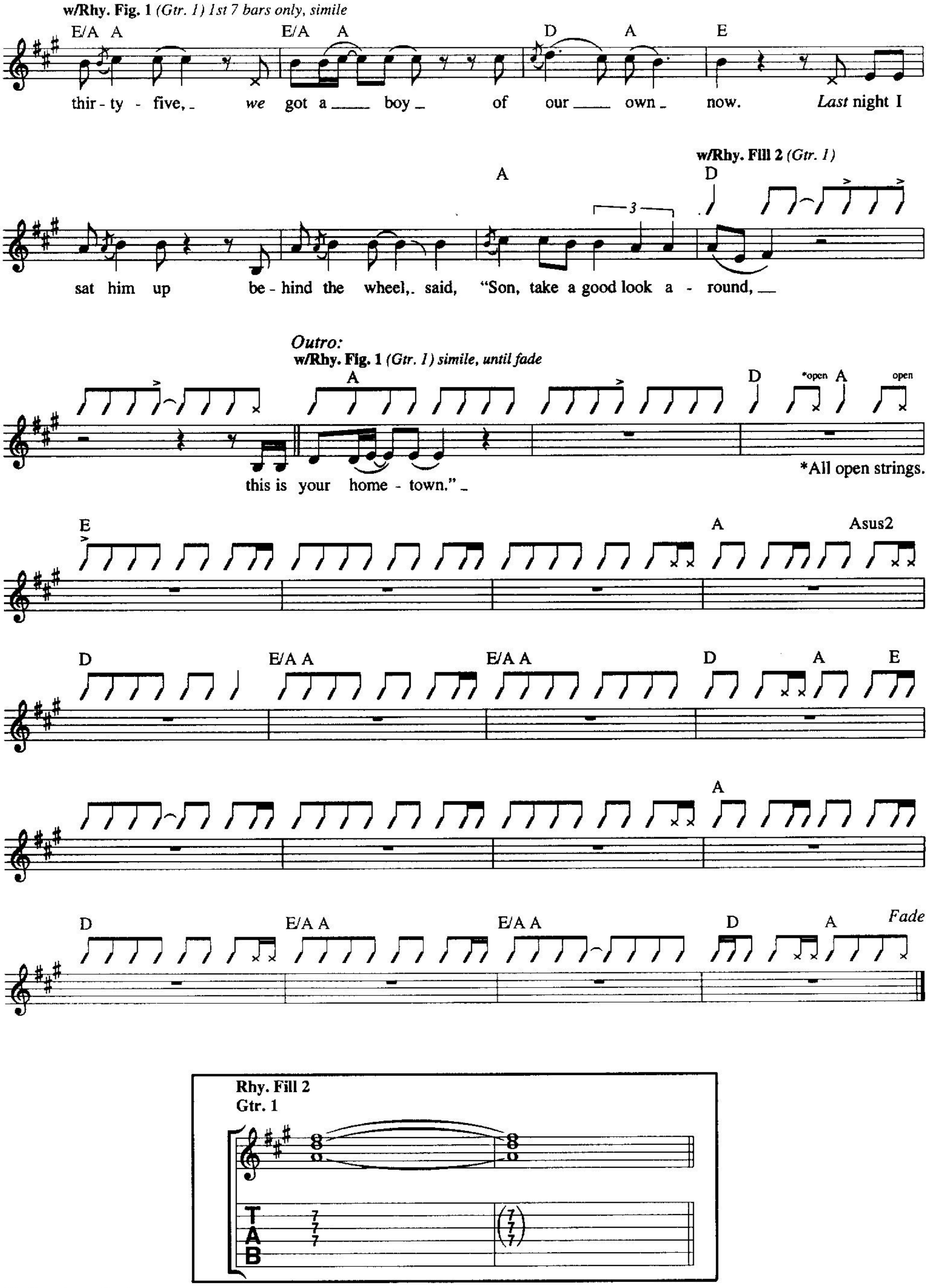

A A/C# D
tou-sle my hair say, "Son, take good look a - round. This is
A D A E
your home - town. This is your home - town, this is
A A/C# D
your home - town, this is your home - town."
Verse 2:
Asus A
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 1
A
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 3 times, simile
Gtr. 2 (Acoustic)
mp
In six-ty five, ten-sion was run-ning high at
D A E
my high school, there was a lot of fights 'tween the
A D
black and white; there was noth-ing you could do. Two
E/A A E/A A D A
Cont. rhy. simile
cars at a light, on a Sat-ur-day night; in a back seat, there was a


E
A
gun. Words were passed in a shot-gun blast; trou-bled times had
D
A
D
A
come to my home-town. In my home-
E
A
town, in my home-town, in my home-
w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 1) simile
D
A6
A
A6
A
town. Now
Bridge:
F♯m
Asus2
Main Street's white-washed win-dows and va-cant stores,
8va throughout section
Gtr. 3 (Acoustic)
mp
hold throughout

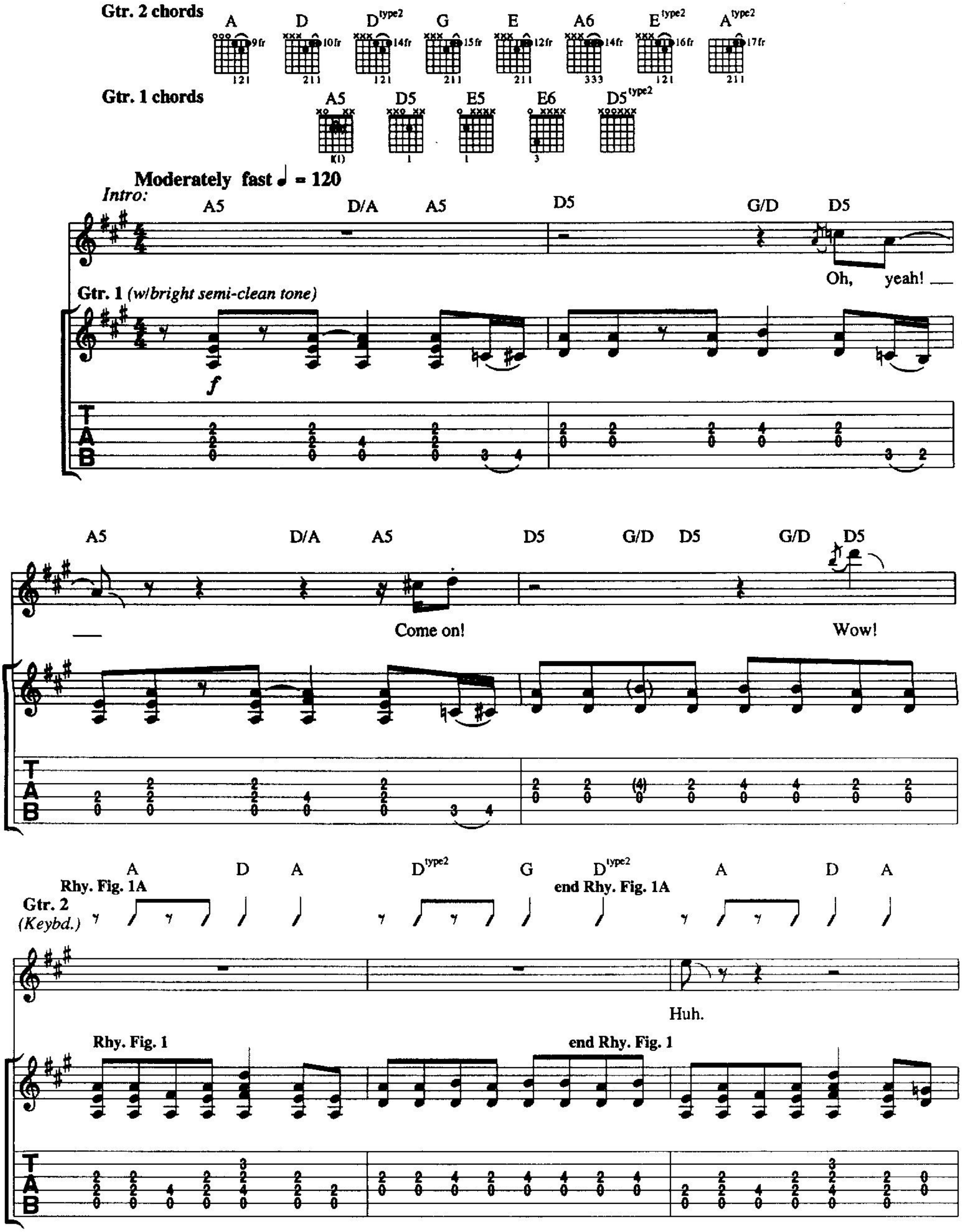

F#m
seems like there ain't no - bod - y wants to come down
Asus2
D
here no more.
They're clos-ing down the
Asus2
A
A6
tex-tile mill a - cross the rail - road tracks.
Fore-man
T
A
B


D
Asus2
says, "These jobs are going boys, and they ain't coming
E5
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) simile
E/A A
E/A A
back to your home - town." To
D A E
your home - town, in your home - town, to
w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 1) simile
A D A
your home - town. Last
Verse 3:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) simile
E/A A
E/A A
D A E
Cont. rhy. simile
night me and Kate, we laid in bed, talk - ing 'bout get - ting out,
A D
pack - ing up our bags, may - be head - ing south. I'm


w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 1st 7 bars only, simile
E/A A E/A A D A E
thir - ty - five, we got a boy of our own now. Last night I
w/Rhy. Fill 2 (Gtr. 1)
A D
sat him up be - hind the wheel,. said, "Son, take a good look a - round,
Outro:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) simile, until fade
A D *open A open
this is your home - town."
*All open strings.
E A Asus2
D E/A A E/A A D A E
A
D E/A A E/A A D A
Fade
Rhy. Fill 2
Gtr. 1
T
A
B
7
7
7
7
7
7

GLORY DAYS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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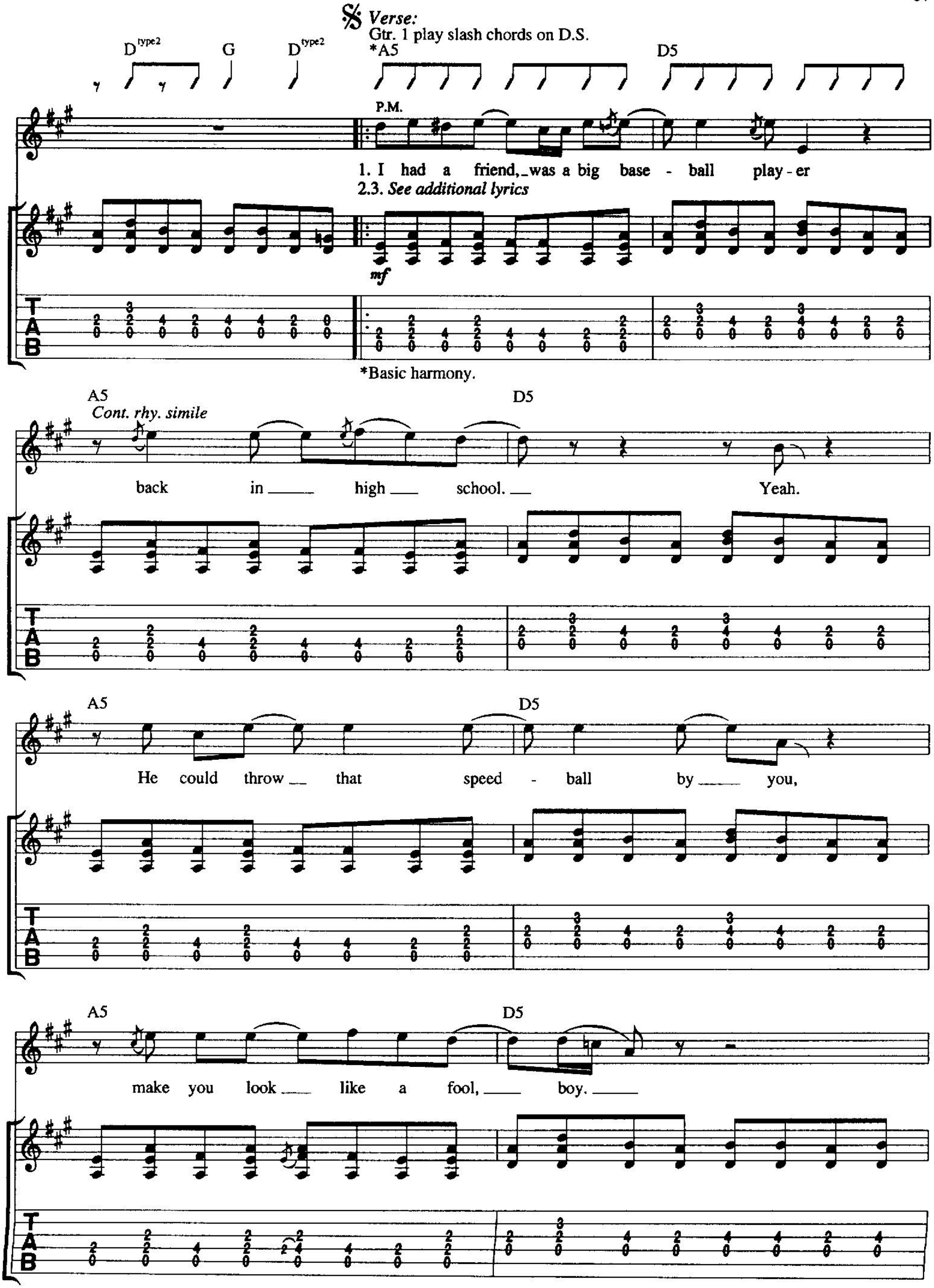
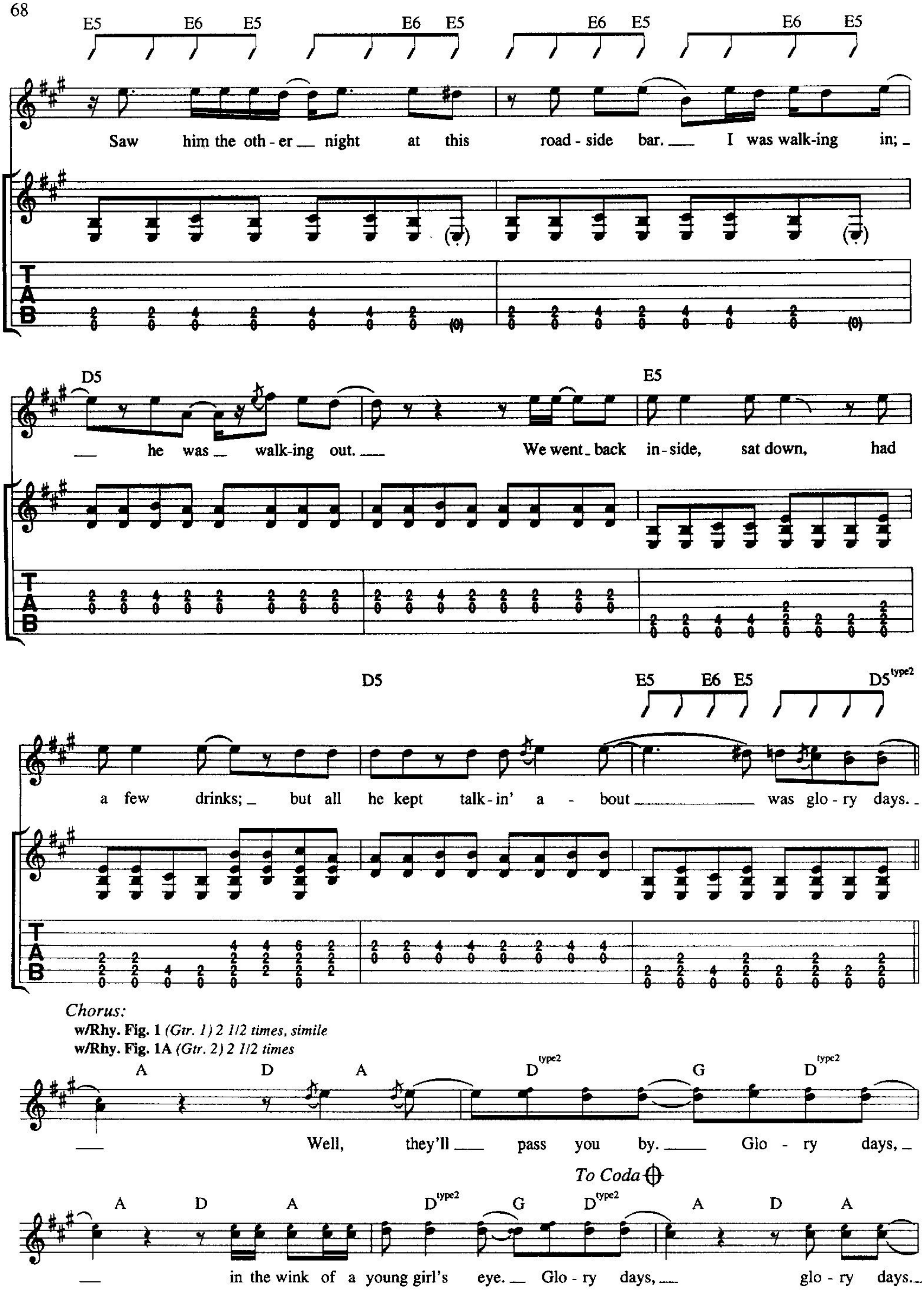
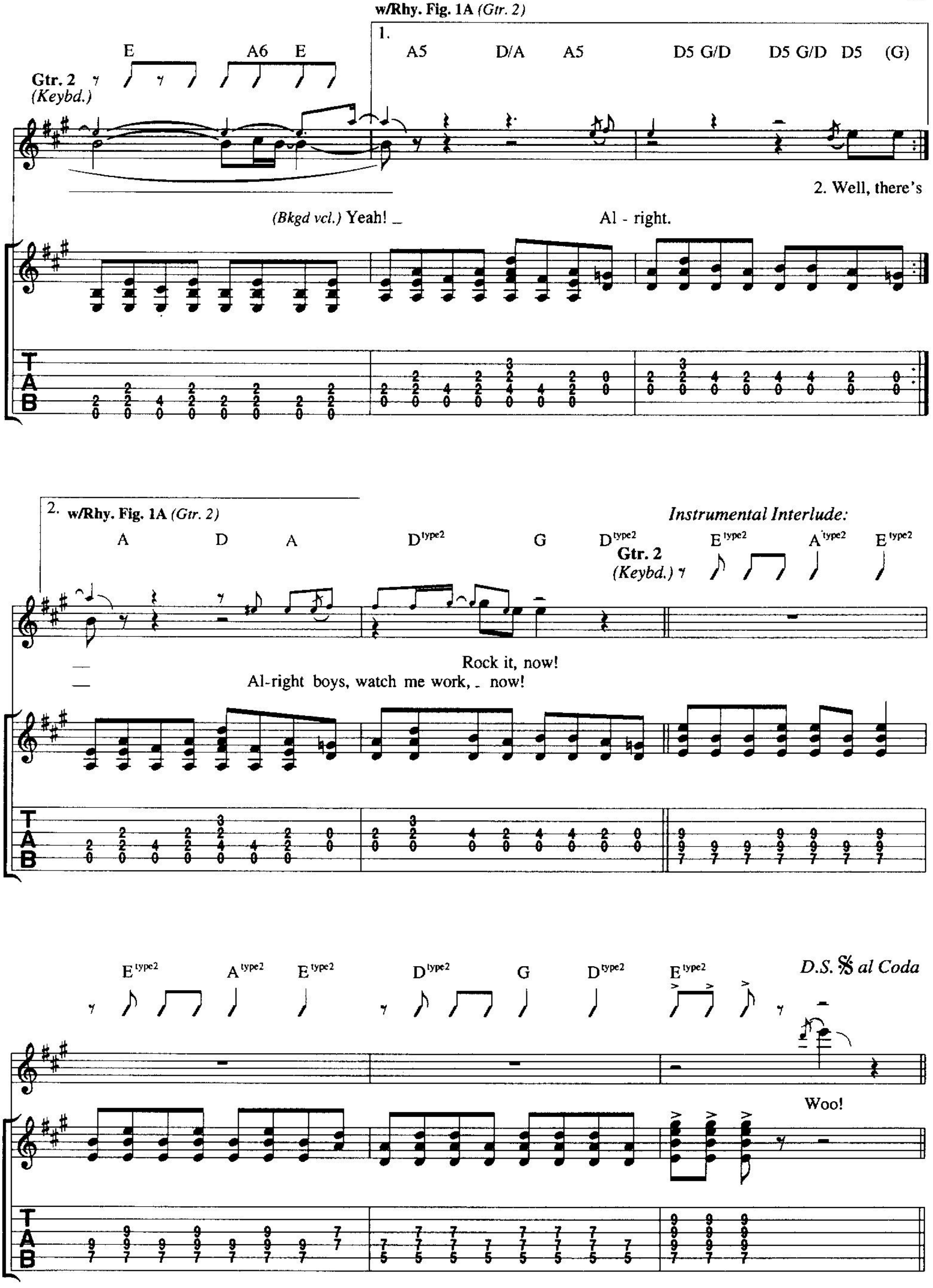
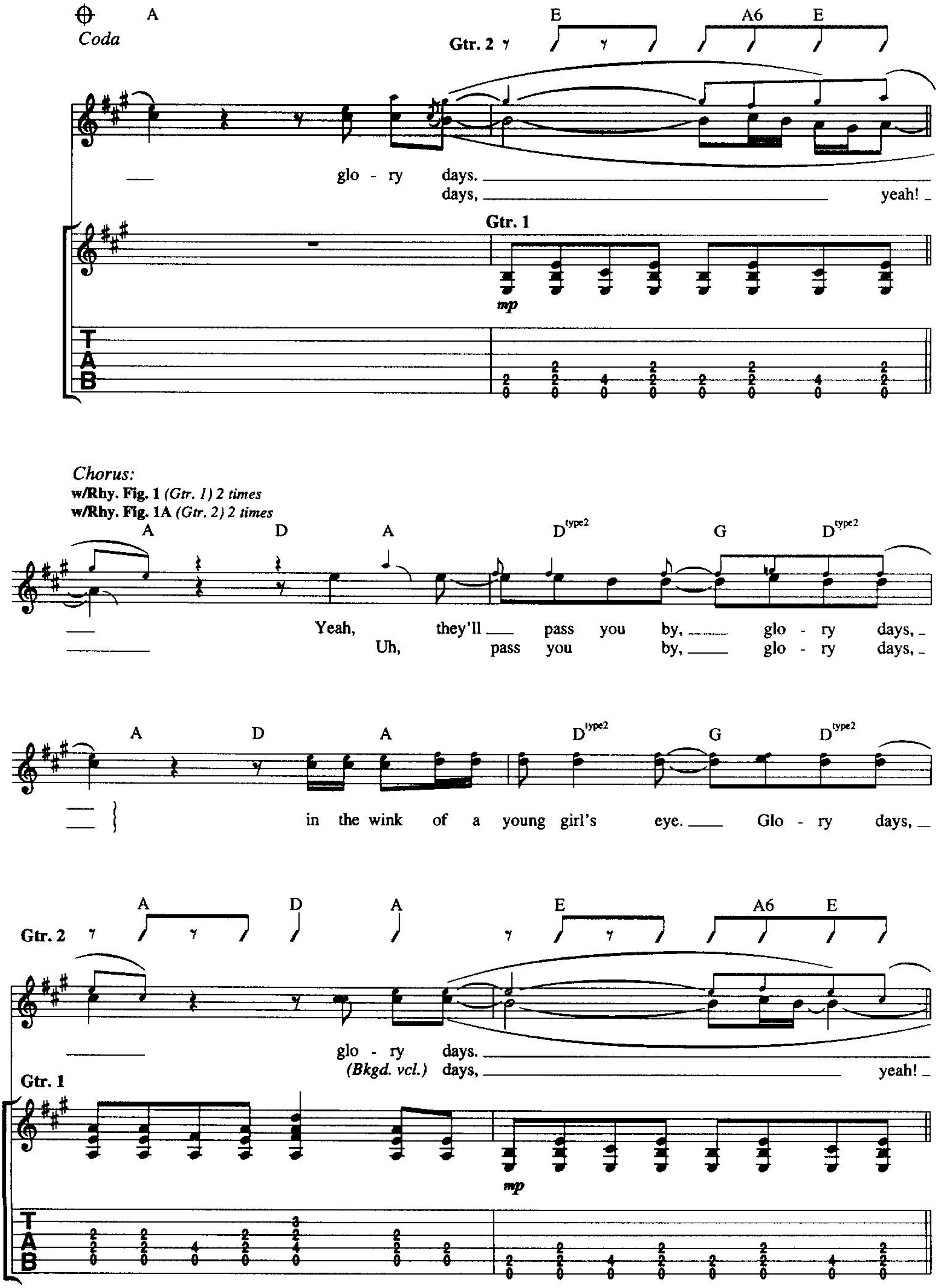
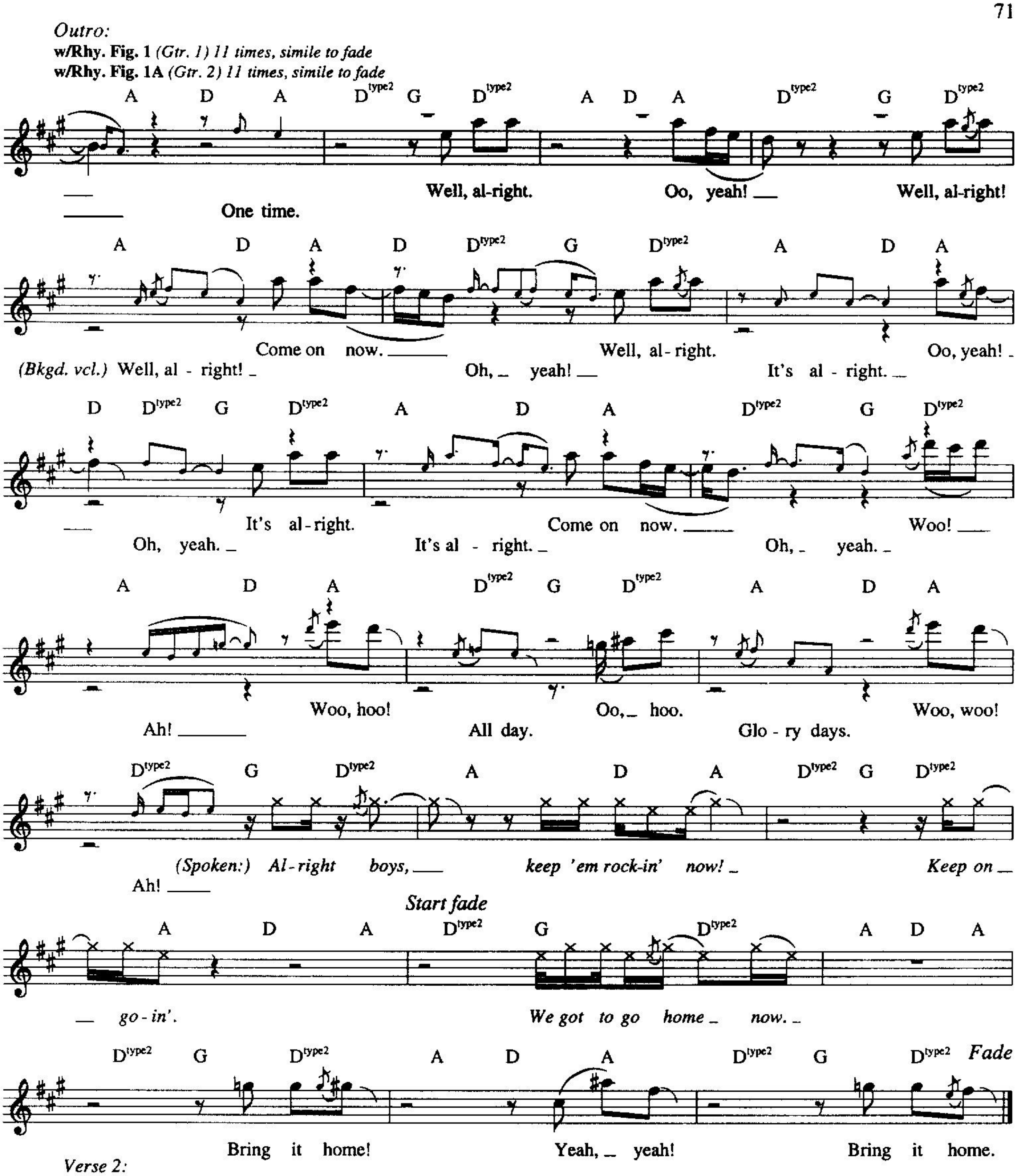

Verse:
Gtr. 1 play slash chords on D.S.
D type2
G
D type2
*A5
D5
P.M.
1. I had a friend, was a big base - ball play - er
2.3. See additional lyrics
mf
*Basic harmony.
A5
Cont. rhy. simile
back in high school.
D5
Yeah.
A5
He could throw that speed - ball
D5
by you,
A5
make you look like a fool,
D5
boy.


E5 E6 E5 E6 E5 E6 E5 E6 E5
Saw him the oth - er night at this road - side bar. I was walk-ing in;
he was walk-ing out.
D5
E5
We went back in-side, sat down, had
a few drinks; but all he kept talk-in' a - bout was glo-ry days.
D5
E5 E6 E5
D5type2
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 1/2 times, simile
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 1/2 times
A D A Dtype2 G Dtype2
Well, they'll pass you by. Glo - ry days,
To Coda
A D A Dtype2 G Dtype2 A D A
in the wink of a young girl's eye. Glo - ry days, glo - ry days.


w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2)
1.
E A6 E
Gtr. 2 (Keybd.)
A5 D/A A5 D5 G/D D5 G/D D5 (G)
2. Well, there's
(Bkgd vcl.) Yeah! Al - right.
2. w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2)
A D A D type2 G D type2
Instrumental Interlude:
Gtr. 2 (Keybd.)
E type2 A type2 E type2
Rock it, now!
Al-right boys, watch me work, now!
E type2 A type2 E type2 D type2 G D type2 E type2
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
Woo!


Coda
A
E
A6 E
Gtr. 2
glo - ry days.
days, yeah!
Gtr. 1
mp
T
A
B
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
A D A D type2 G D type2
Yeah, they'll pass you by, glo - ry days,
Uh, pass you by, glo - ry days,
A D A D type2 G D type2
in the wink of a young girl's eye. Glo - ry days,
A D A E A6 E
Gtr. 2
glo - ry days.
(Bkgd. vcl.) days, yeah!
Gtr. 1
mp
T
A
B

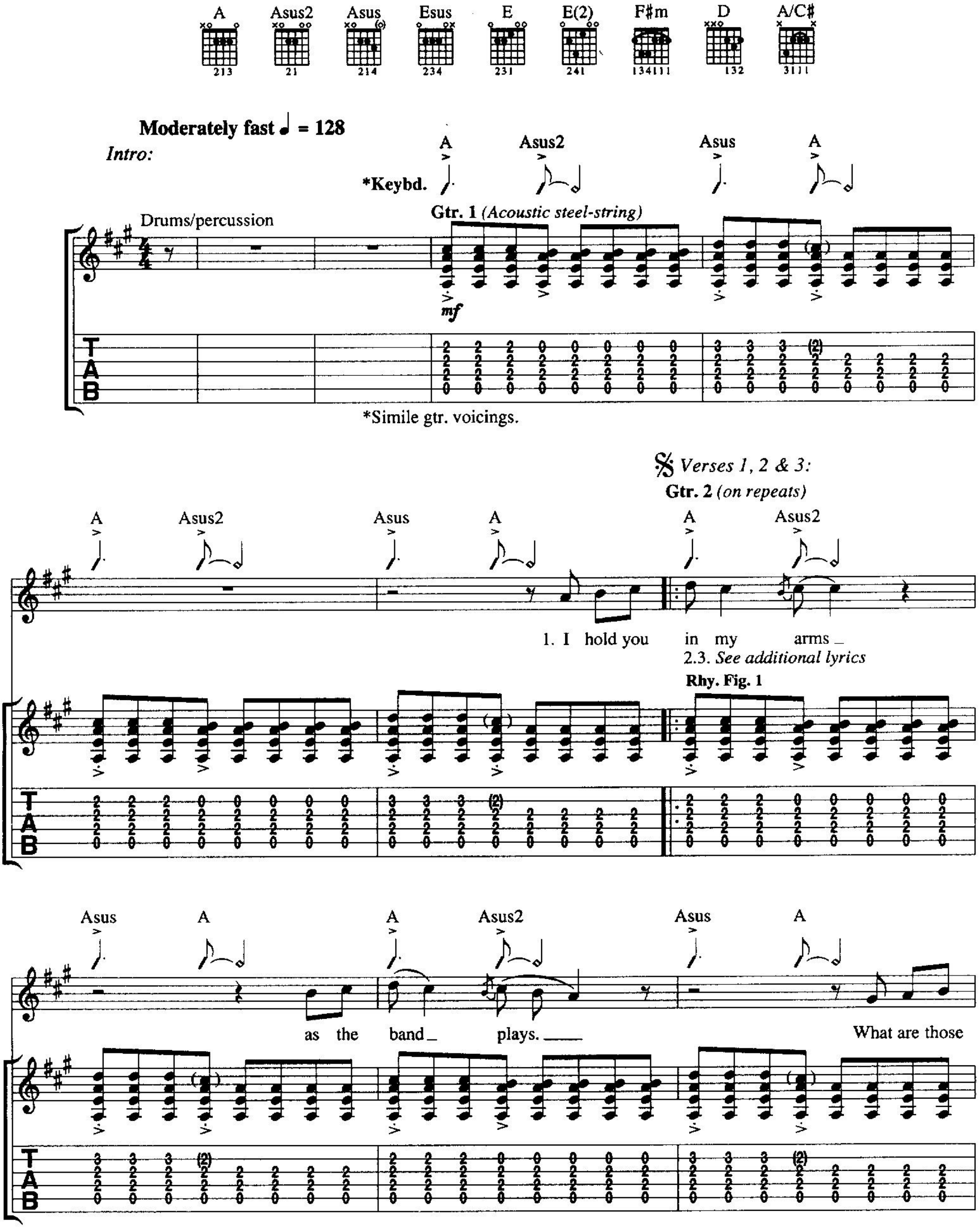


Verse 2:
Well, there's a girl that lives up the block; back in school, she could turn all the boys' heads.
Sometimes on a Friday, I'll stop by and have a few drinks, after she put her kids to bed.
Her and her husband Bobby, well, they split up; I guess it's two years gone by now.
We just sit around talkin' 'bout the old times; she says when she feels like crying she starts laughin' thinkin' 'bout...
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
Think I'm going down to the well tonight and I'm gonna drink till I get my fill.
And I hope when I get old I don't sit around thinking about it, but I probably will.
Yeah, just sitting back trying to recapture a little of the glory of,
But time slips away and leaves you with nothing, mister, but boring stories of...
(To Chorus:)

BRILLIANT DISGUISE

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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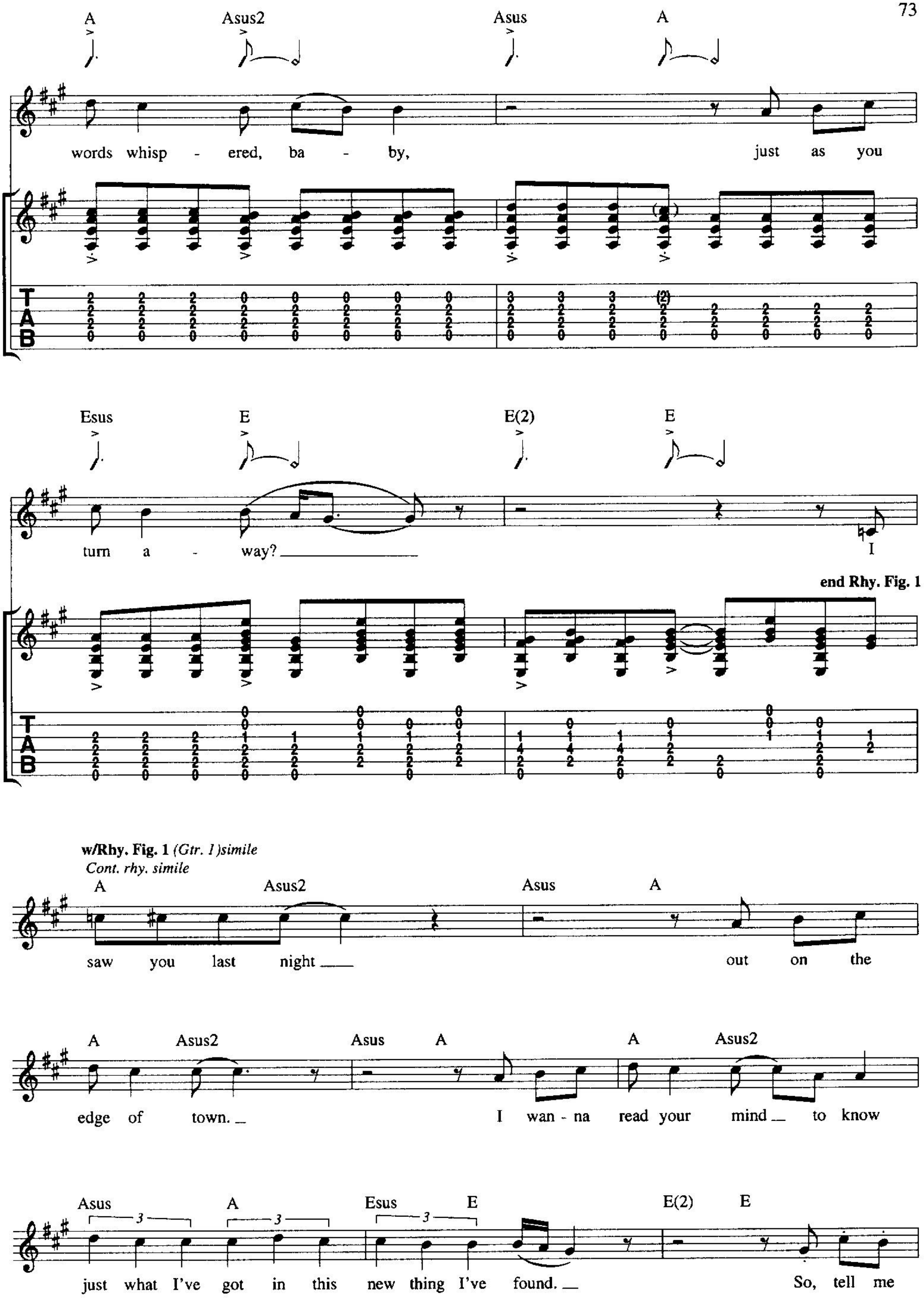
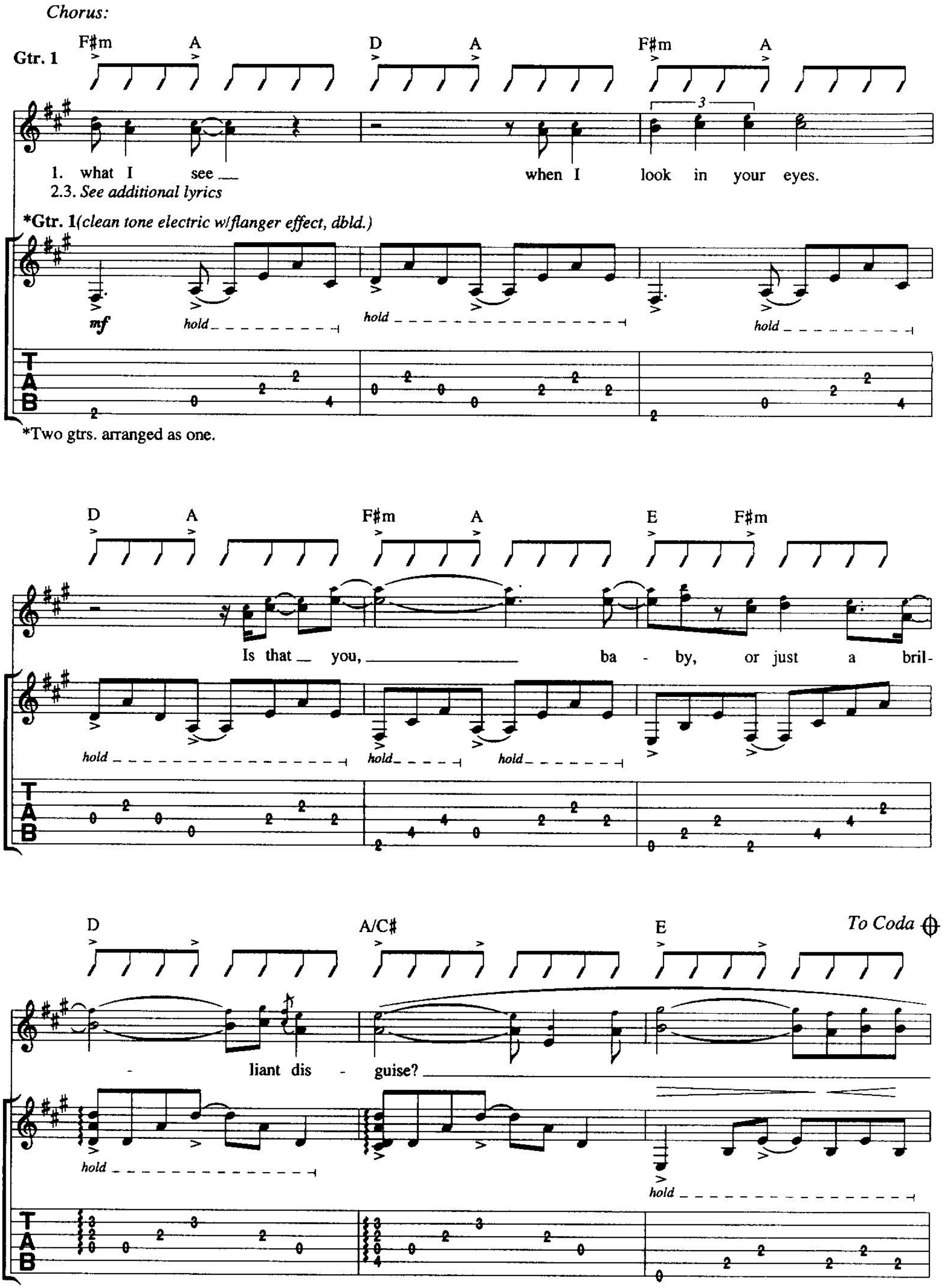
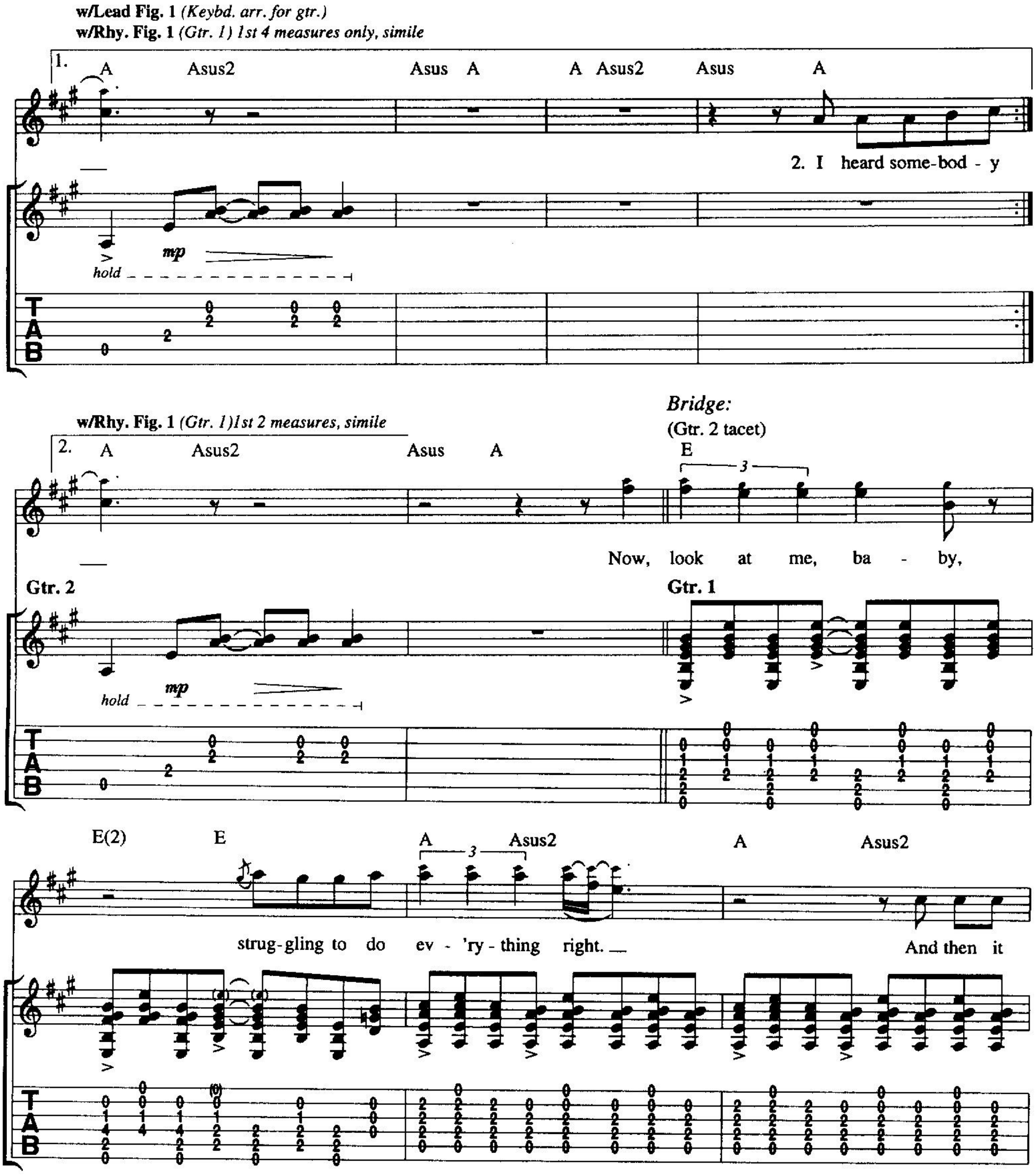
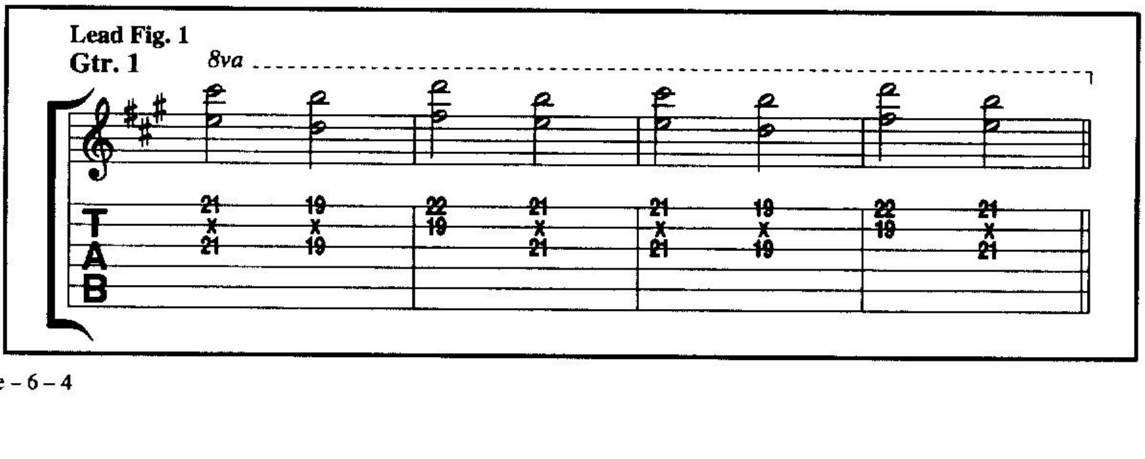
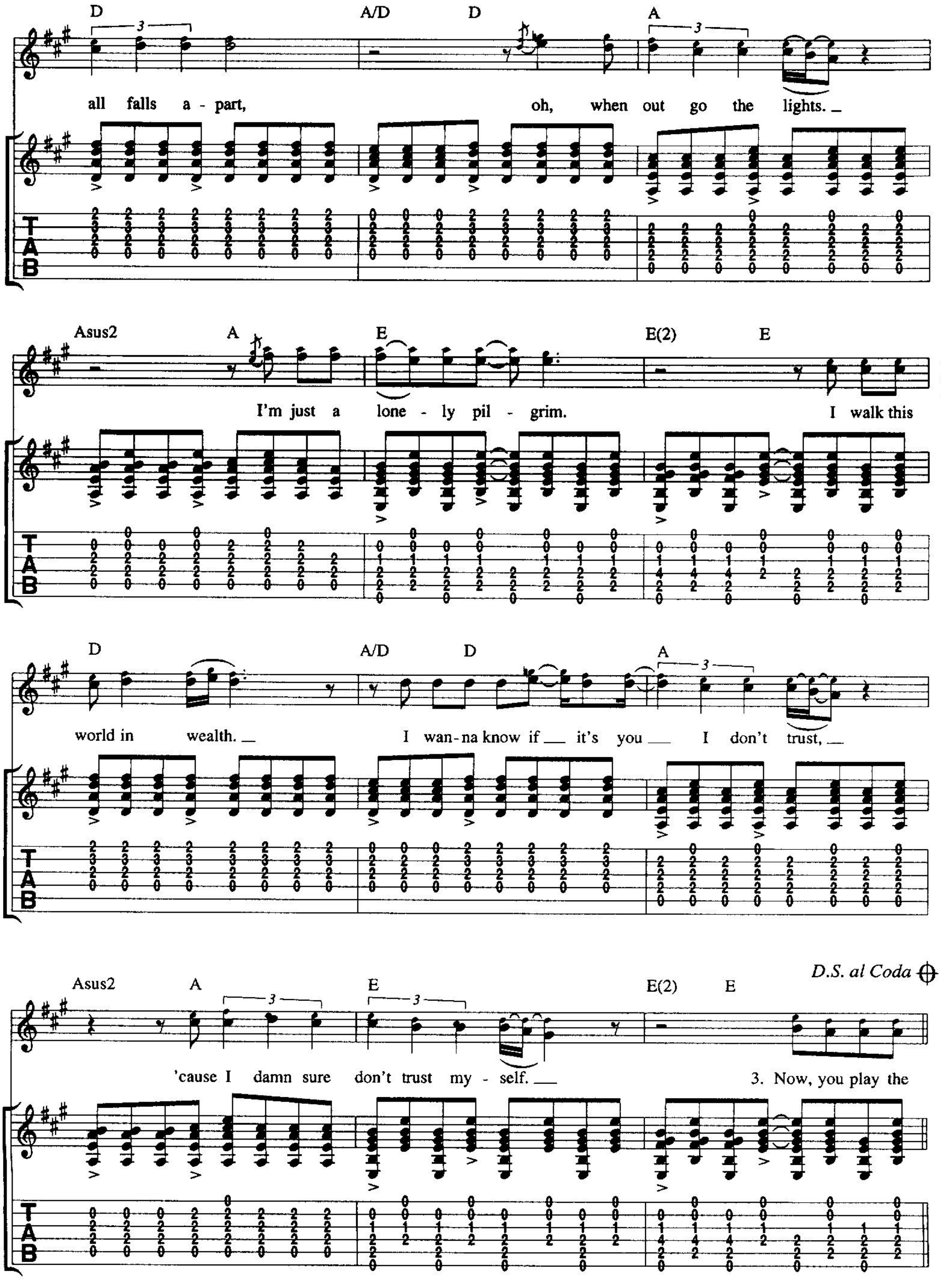
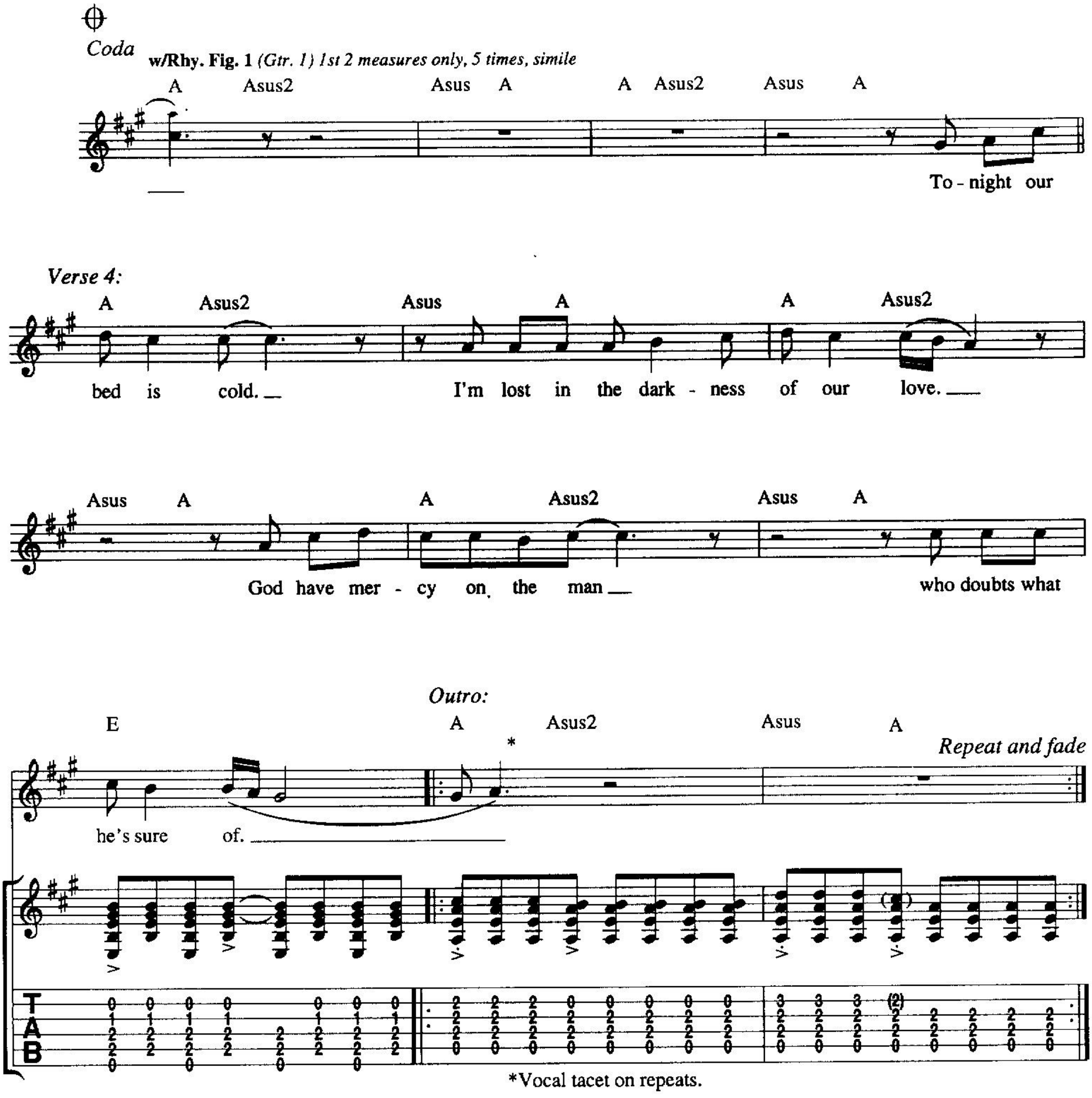

A Asus2 Asus A
words whisp - ered, ba - by, just as you
Esus E E(2) E
turn a - way?
I
end Rhy. Fig. 1
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)simile
Cont. rhy. simile
A Asus2 Asus A
saw you last night out on the
A Asus2 Asus A A Asus2
edge of town. I wan - na read your mind to know
Asus A Esus E E(2) E
just what I've got in this new thing I've found. So, tell me


Chorus:
Gtr. 1
F♯m A D A F♯m A
1. what I see when I look in your eyes.
2.3. See additional lyrics
*Gtr. 1(clean tone electric w/flanger effect, dbld.)
mf
hold
*Two gtrs. arranged as one.
D A F♯m A E F♯m
Is that you, baby, or just a bril-
D A/C♯ E
To Coda
liant dis - guise?


w/Lead Fig. 1 (Keybd. arr. for gtr.)
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 1st 4 measures only, simile
1.
A Asus2 Asus A A Asus2 Asus A
2. I heard some-bod - y
mp
hold
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1)1st 2 measures, simile
2. A Asus2 Asus A
Bridge:
(Gtr. 2 tacet)
E
Now, look at me, ba - by,
Gtr. 2
Gtr. 1
mp
hold
E(2) E A Asus2 A Asus2
strug-gling to do ev - 'ry - thing right. And then it


Lead Fig. 1
Gtr. 1
8va


D A/D D A
all falls a - part, oh, when out go the lights. _
Asus2 A E E(2) E
I'm just a lone - ly pil - grim. I walk this
D A/D D A
world in wealth. _ I wan-na know if _ it's you _ I don't trust, _
D.S. al Coda
Asus2 A E E(2) E
'cause I damn sure don't trust my - self. _ 3. Now, you play the



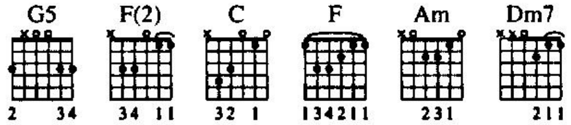
Verse 2:
I heard somebody call your name
From underneath our willow.
I saw something tucked in shame
Underneath your pillow.
Well, I've tried so hard, baby,
But I just can't see
What a woman like you
Is doing with me.

Chorus 2:
So, tell me who I see
When I look in your eyes?
Is that you, baby,
Or just a brilliant diguise?
(To Bridge:)

Verse 3:
Now, you play the loving woman,
I'll play the faithful man.
But don't look too close
Into the palm of my hand.
We stood at the altar.
The gypsy swore our future was right.
But come the wee, wee hours,
Well, maybe, baby, the gypsy lied.

Chorus 3:
So, when you look hard and look twice,
Is that me, baby,
Or just a brilliant disguise?
(To Coda:)

HUMAN TOUCH



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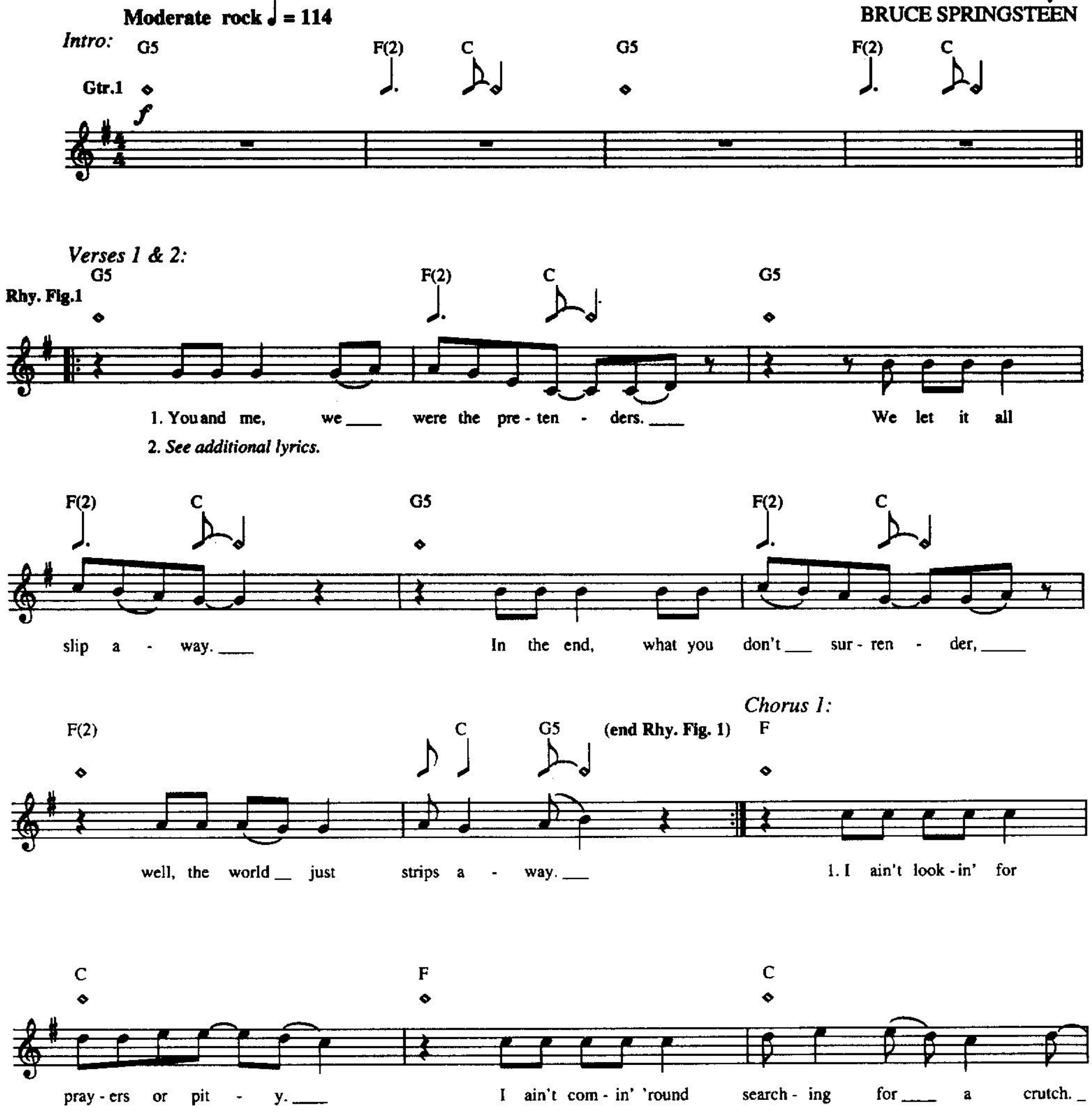

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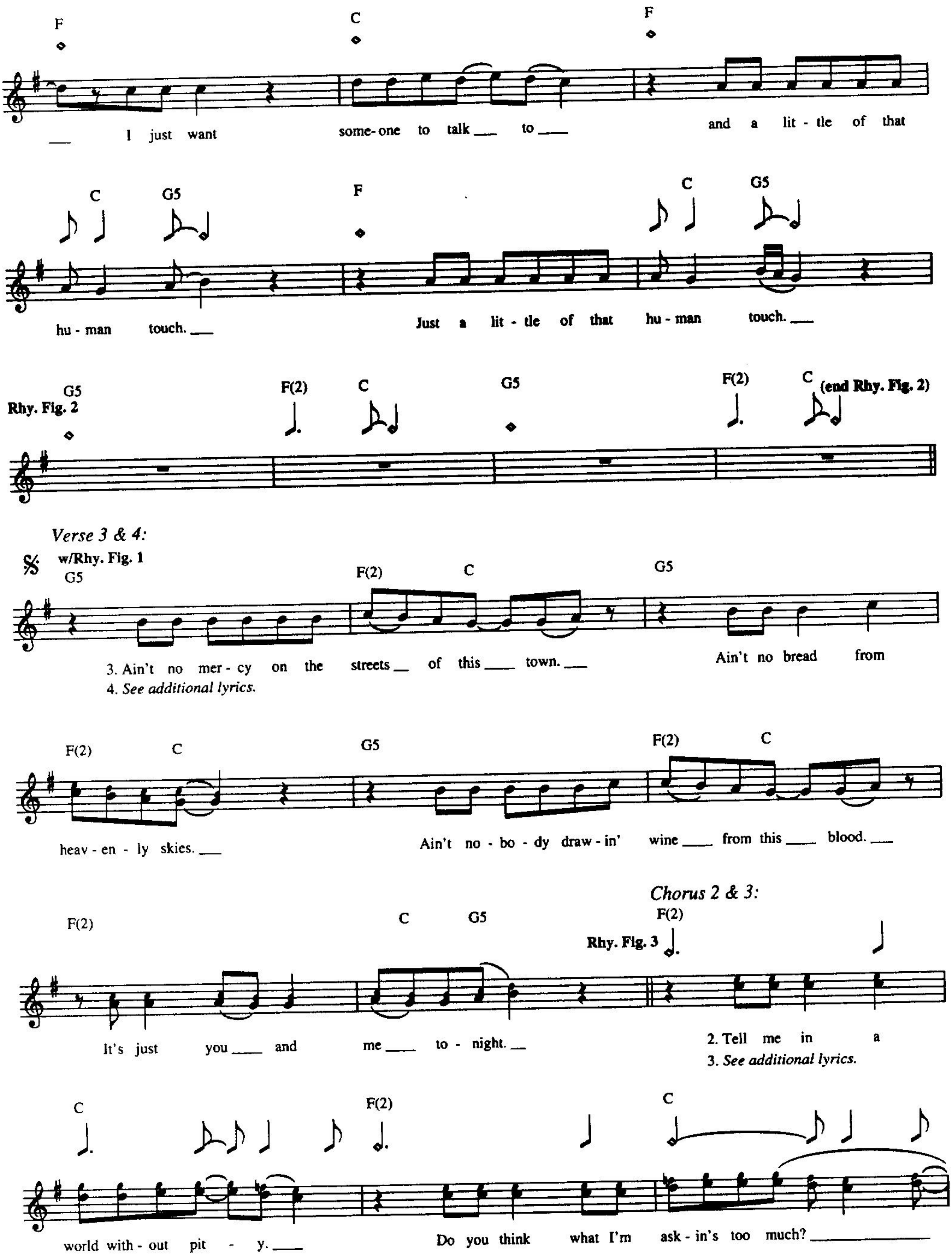
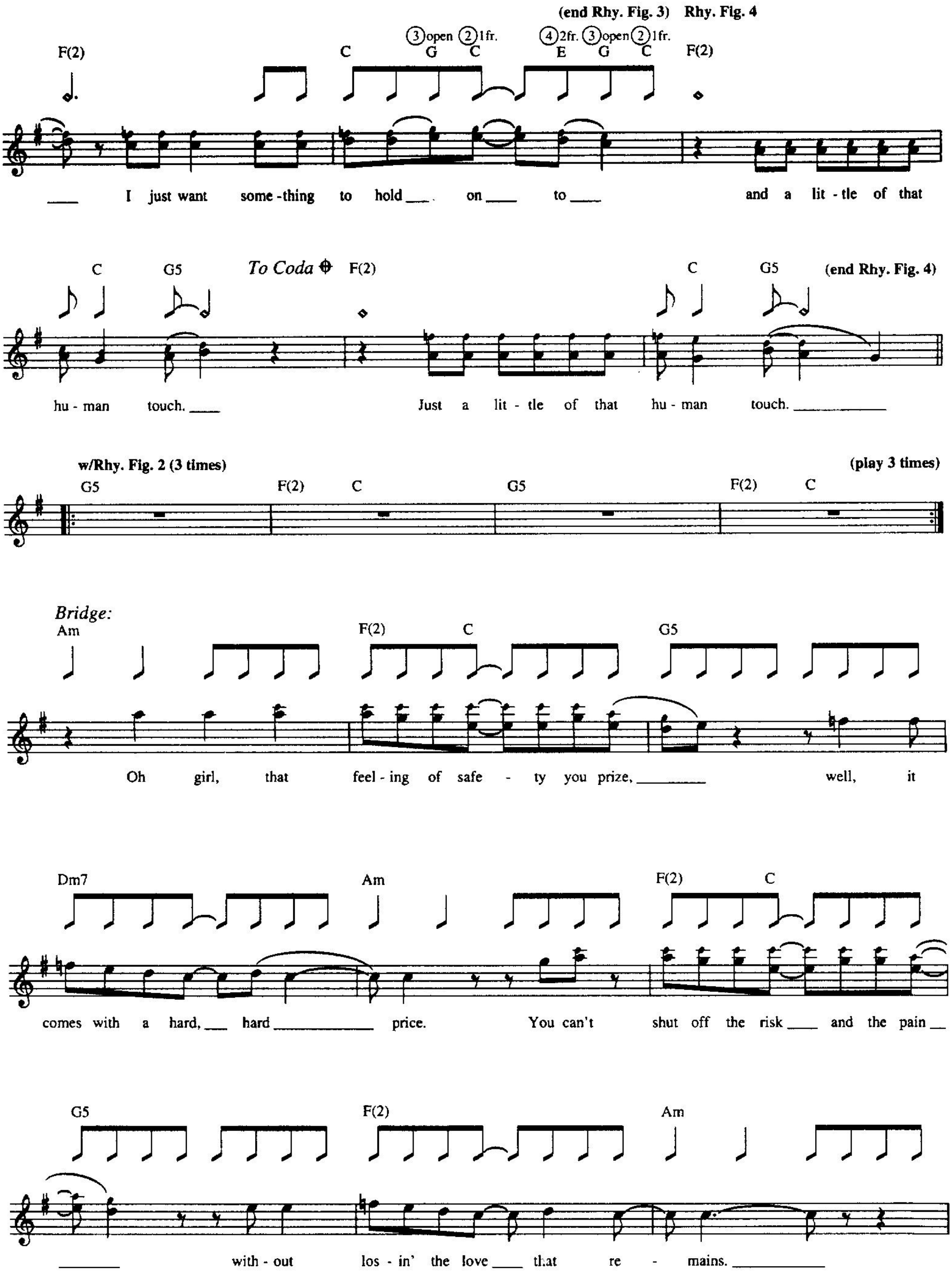
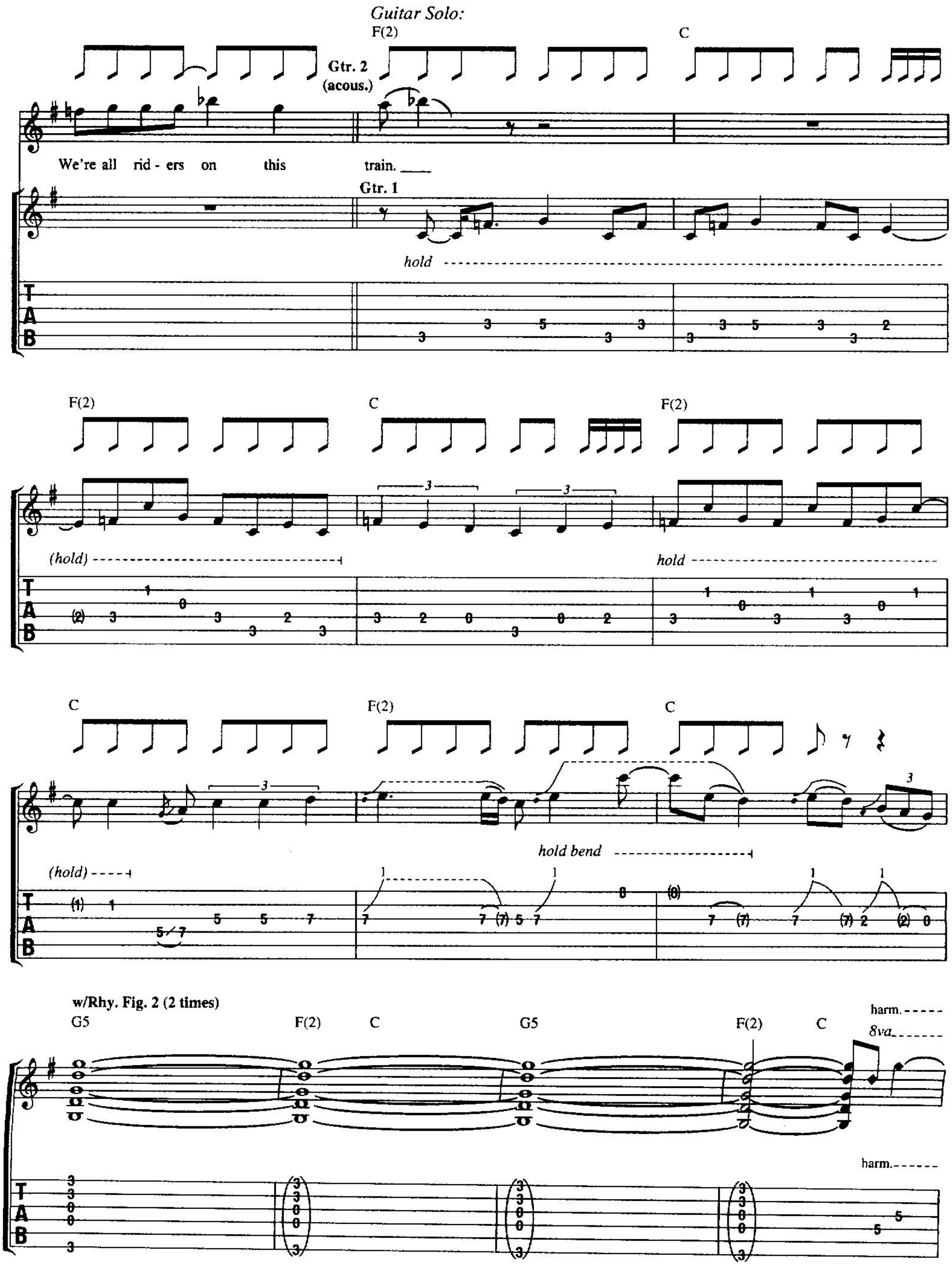
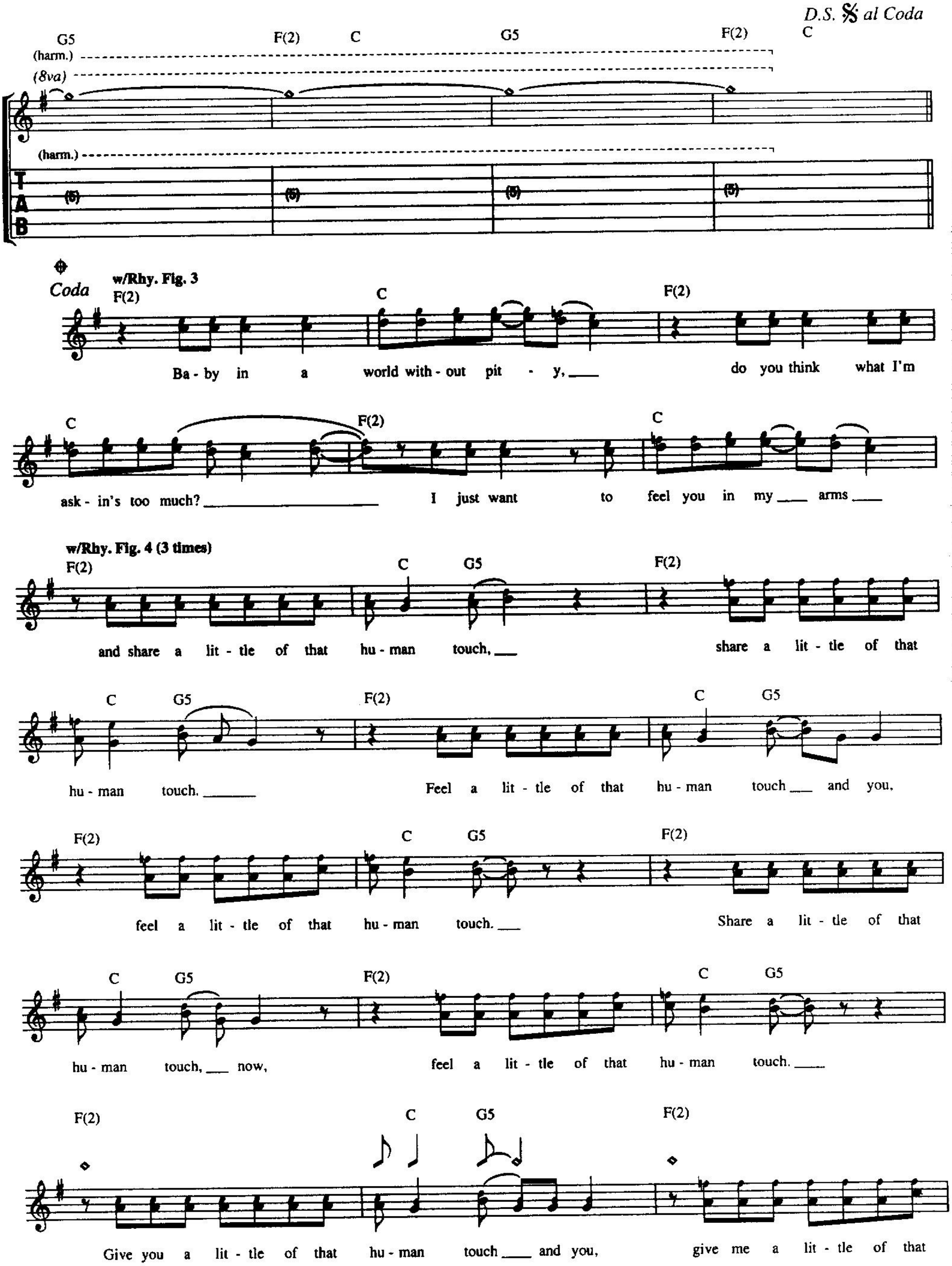
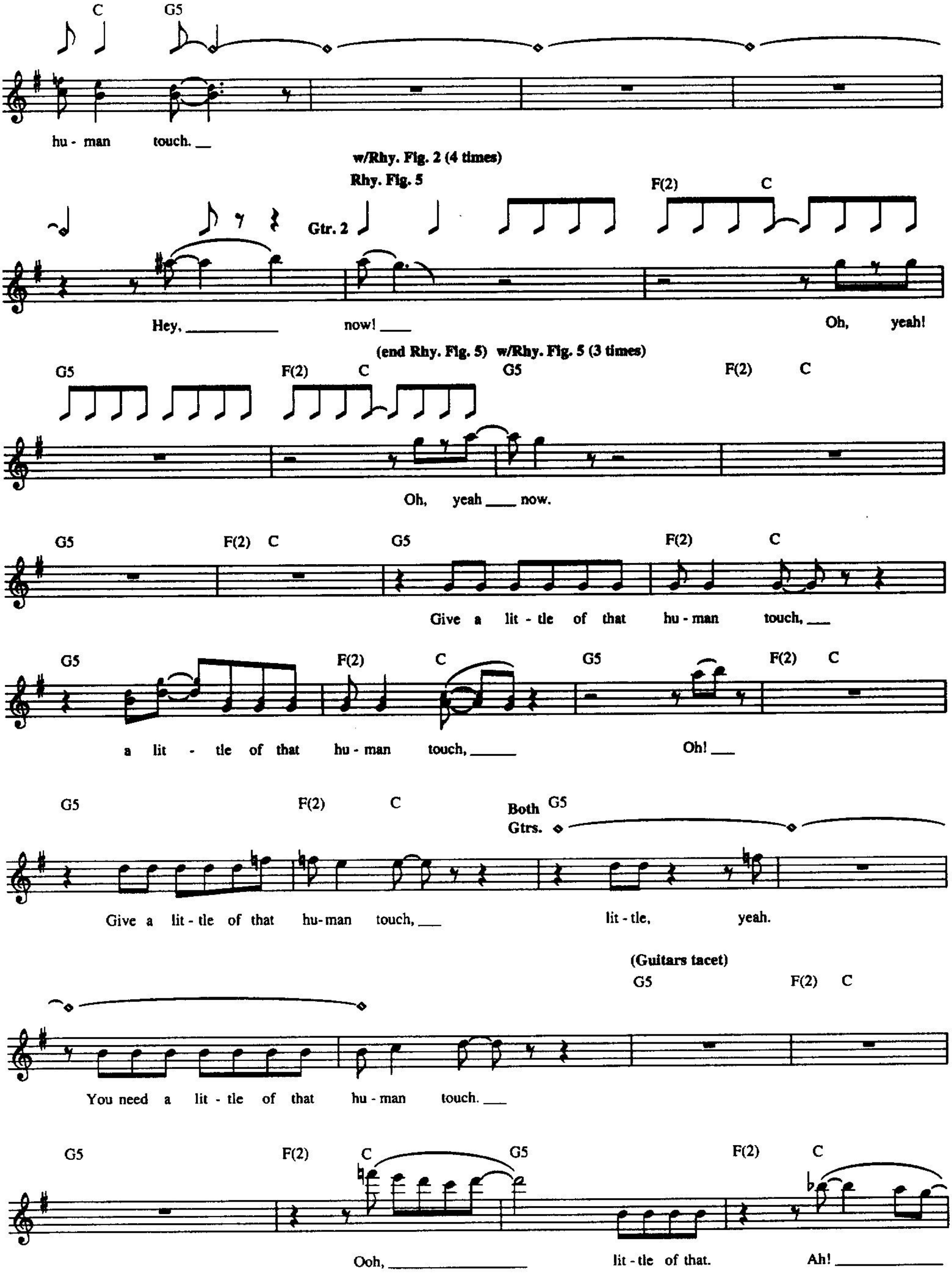


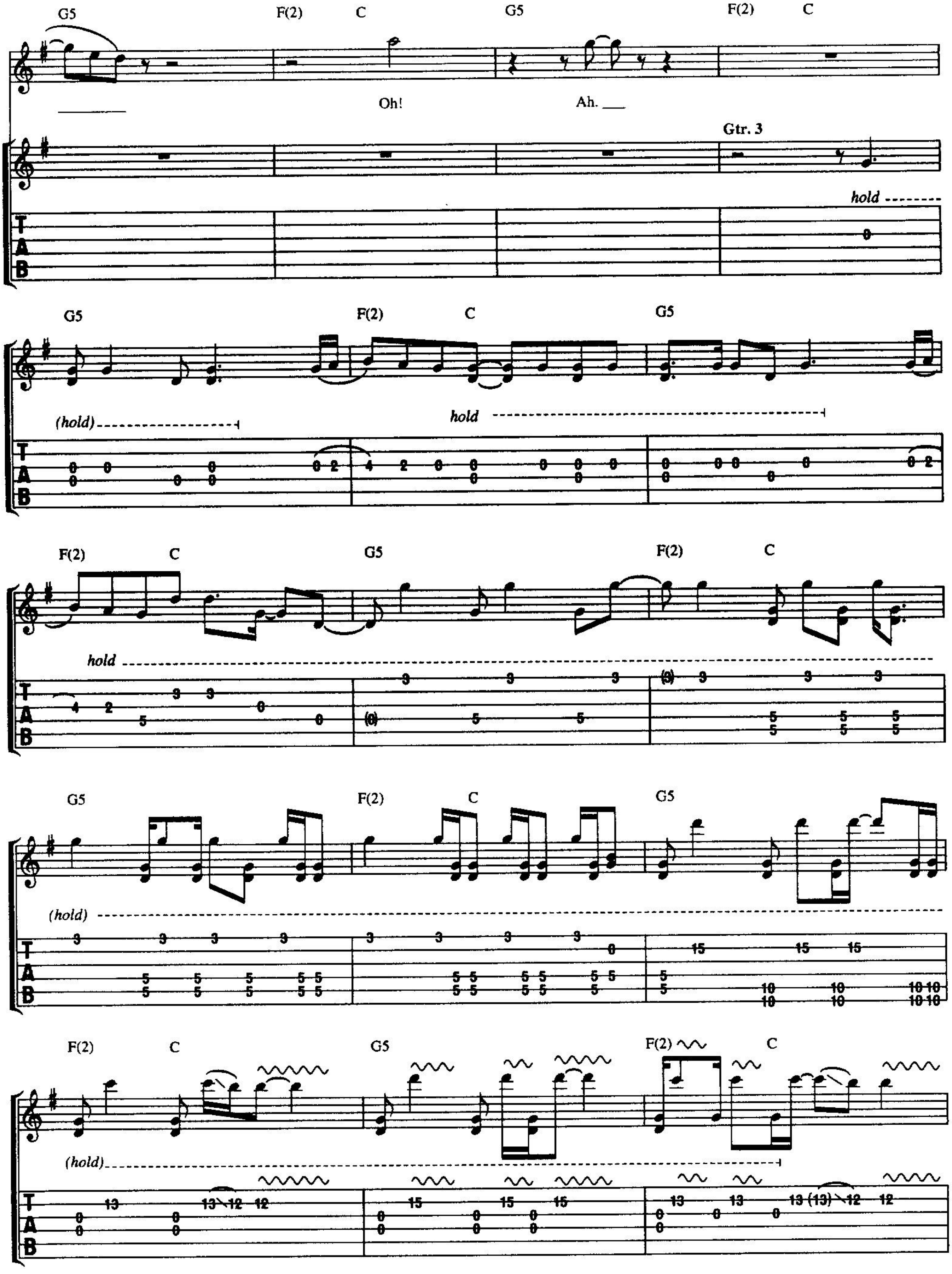
F C F
I just want some-one to talk to and a lit - tle of that
C G5 F C G5
hu - man touch. Just a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
Rhy. Fig. 2
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C (end Rhy. Fig. 2)
Verse 3 & 4:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1
G5 F(2) C G5
3. Ain't no mer - cy on the streets of this town. Ain't no bread from
4. See additional lyrics.
F(2) C G5 F(2) C
heav - en - ly skies. Ain't no - bo - dy draw - in' wine from this blood.
F(2) C G5
It's just you and me to - night.
Chorus 2 & 3:
Rhy. Fig. 3
F(2)
2. Tell me in a
3. See additional lyrics.
C F(2) C
world with - out pit - y. Do you think what I'm ask - in's too much?

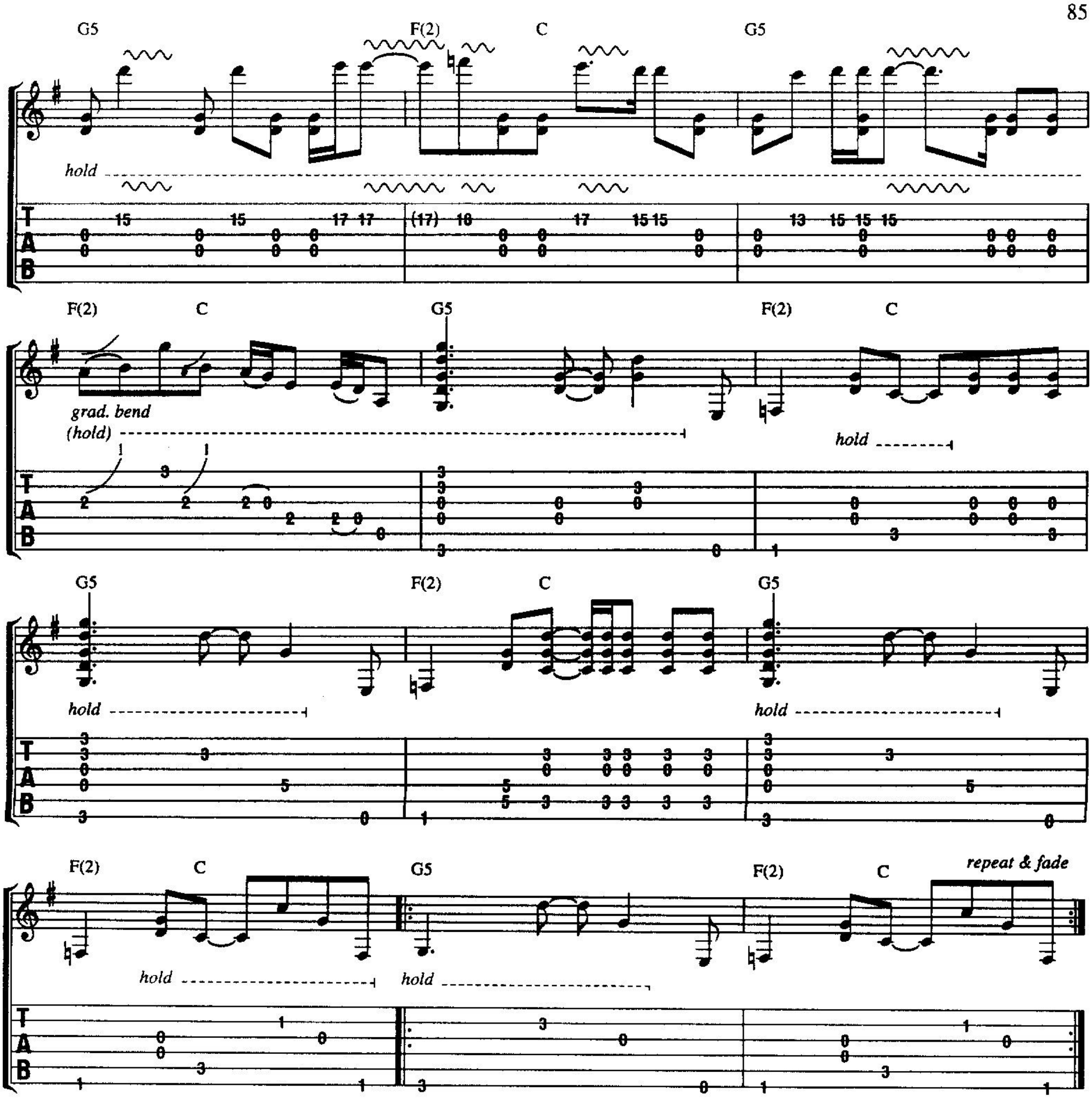

(end Rhy. Fig. 3) Rhy. Fig. 4
3 open 2 1fr.
4 2fr. 3 open 2 1fr.
F(2) C G C E G C F(2)
I just want some-thing to hold on to and a lit - tle of that
C G5 To Coda F(2) C G5 (end Rhy. Fig. 4)
hu - man touch. Just a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (3 times)
(play 3 times)
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
Bridge:
Am F(2) C G5
Oh girl, that feel - ing of safe - ty you prize, well, it
Dm7 Am F(2) C
comes with a hard, hard price. You can't shut off the risk and the pain
G5 F(2) Am
with - out los - in' the love that re - mains.


Guitar Solo:
F(2)
C
Gtr. 2
(acous.)
We're all rid - ers on this train.
Gtr. 1
hold
F(2)
C
F(2)
(hold)
hold
C
F(2)
C
(hold)
hold bend
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (2 times)
G5
F(2)
C
G5
F(2)
C
harm.
8va
harm.


D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
(harm.)
(8va)
(harm.)
T A B
(5) (5) (5) (5)
Coda
w/Rhy. Fig. 3
F(2) C F(2)
Ba - by in a world with - out pit - y, do you think what I'm
C F(2) C
ask - in's too much? I just want to feel you in my arms
w/Rhy. Fig. 4 (3 times)
F(2) C G5 F(2)
and share a lit - tle of that hu - man touch, share a lit - tle of that
C G5 F(2) C G5
hu - man touch. Feel a lit - tle of that hu - man touch and you,
F(2) C G5 F(2)
feel a lit - tle of that hu - man touch. Share a lit - tle of that
C G5 F(2) C G5
hu - man touch, now, feel a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
F(2) C G5 F(2)
Give you a lit - tle of that hu - man touch and you, give me a lit - tle of that


C G5
hu - man touch.
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (4 times)
Rhy. Fig. 5
Gtr. 2
F(2) C
Hey, now! Oh, yeah!
(end Rhy. Fig. 5) w/Rhy. Fig. 5 (3 times)
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
Oh, yeah now.
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
Give a lit - tle of that hu - man touch,
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
a lit - tle of that hu - man touch, Oh!
G5 F(2) C
Both Gtrs. G5
Give a lit - tle of that hu - man touch, lit - tle, yeah.
(Guitars tacet)
G5 F(2) C
You need a lit - tle of that hu - man touch.
G5 F(2) C G5 F(2) C
Ooh, lit - tle of that. Ah!


G5
F(2)
C
G5
F(2)
C
Oh!
Ah.
Gtr. 3
hold
T
A
B
G5
F(2)
C
G5
(hold)
hold
F(2)
C
G5
F(2)
C
hold
G5
F(2)
C
G5
(hold)
F(2)
C
G5
F(2)
C
(hold)

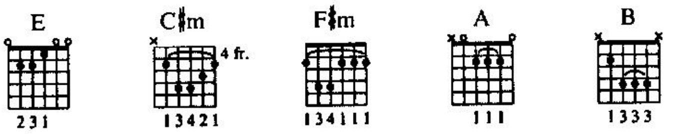


Verse 2:
Girl, ain't no kindness in the face of strangers.
Ain't gonna find no miracles here.
Well, you can wait on your blessings, my darlin',
But I got a deal for you right here.
(To Chorus 1)

Verse 4:
So you been broken and you been hurt.
Well, show me someboby who ain't.
Yeah, I know I ain't nobody's bargain,
But hell, a little touch up and a little paint...

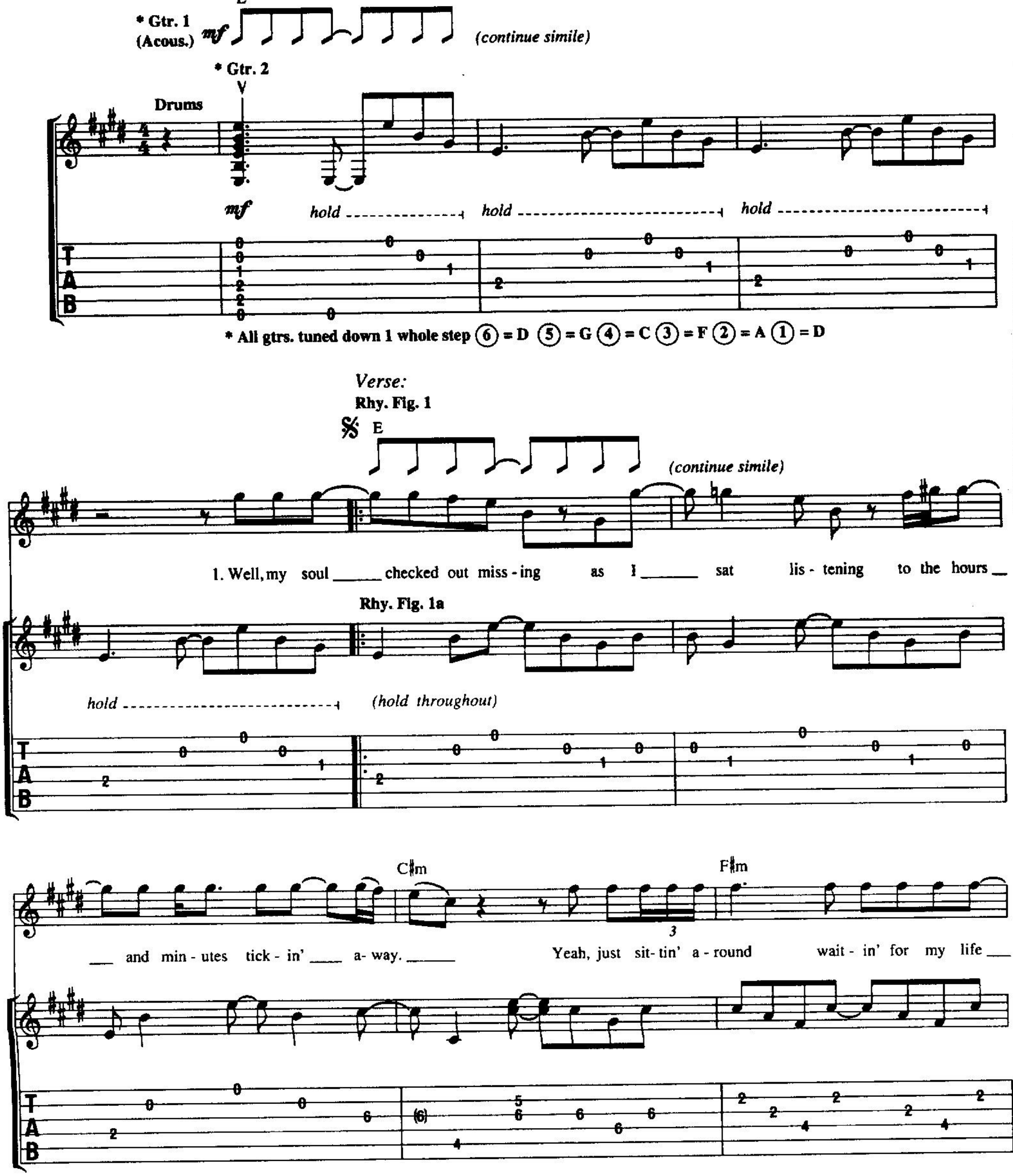
Chorus 3:
You might need somethin' to hold on to
When all the answers, they don't amount to much.
Somebody that you can just talk to
And a little of that human touch.

BETTER DAYS



Moderate rock ♩ = 120

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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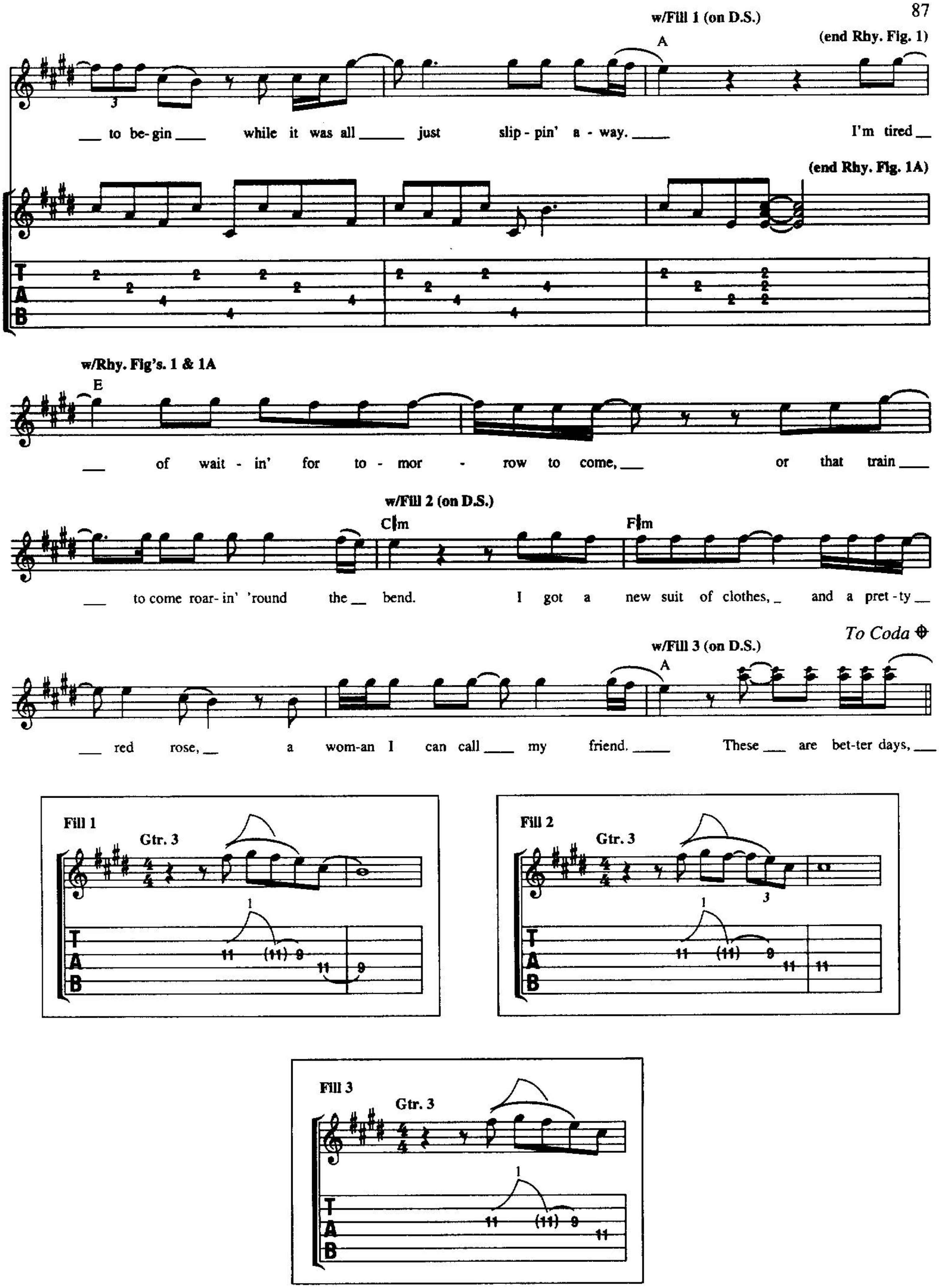
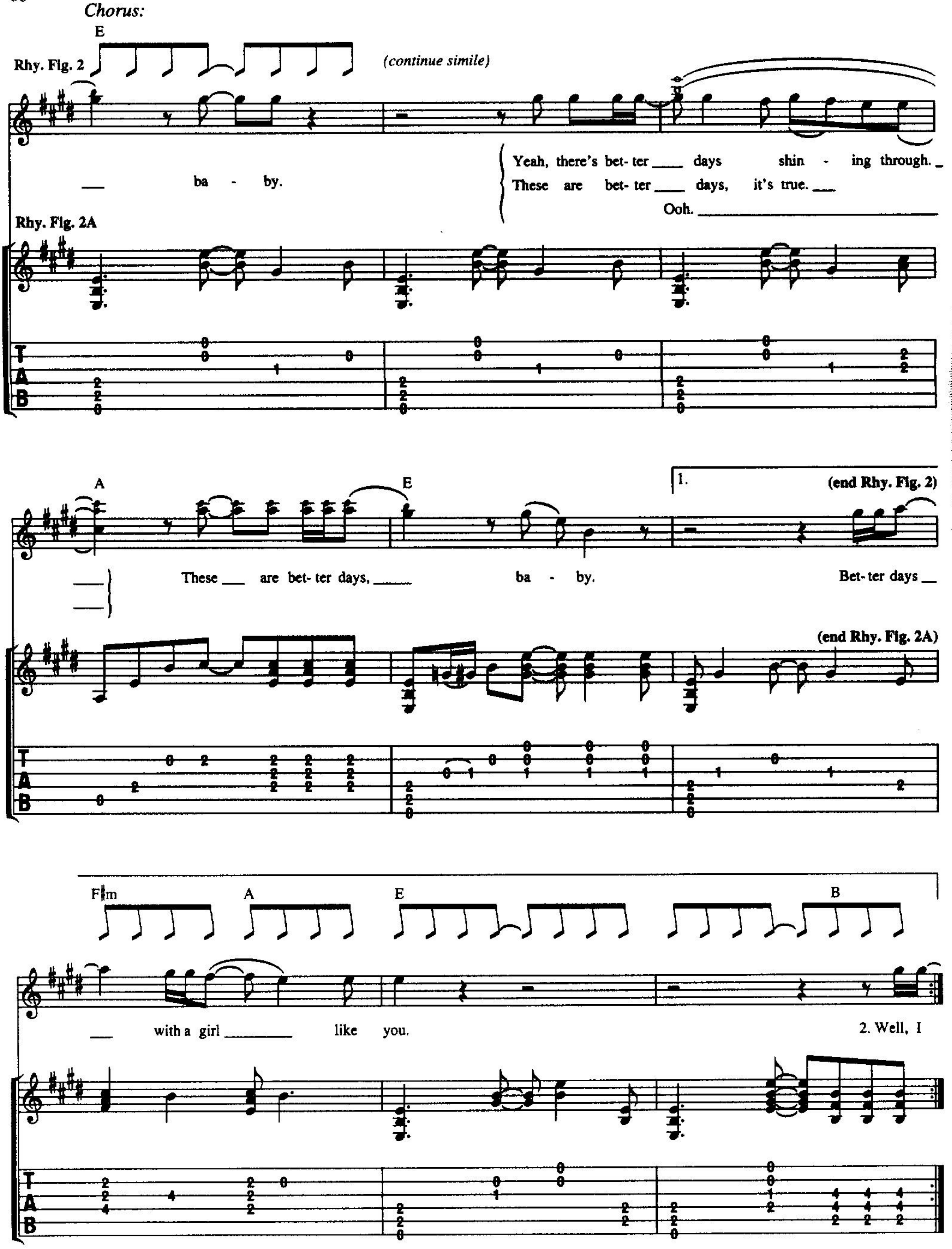
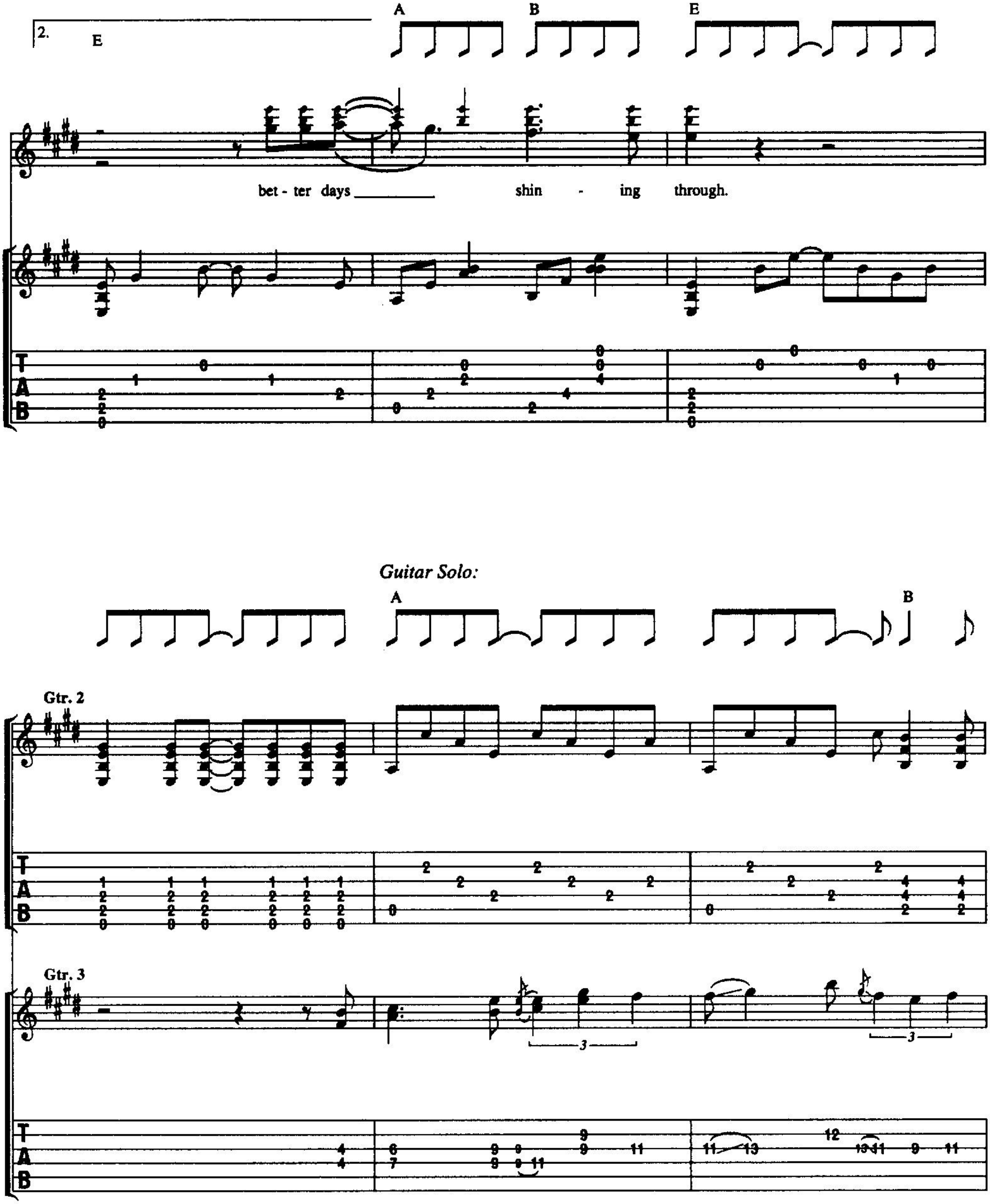
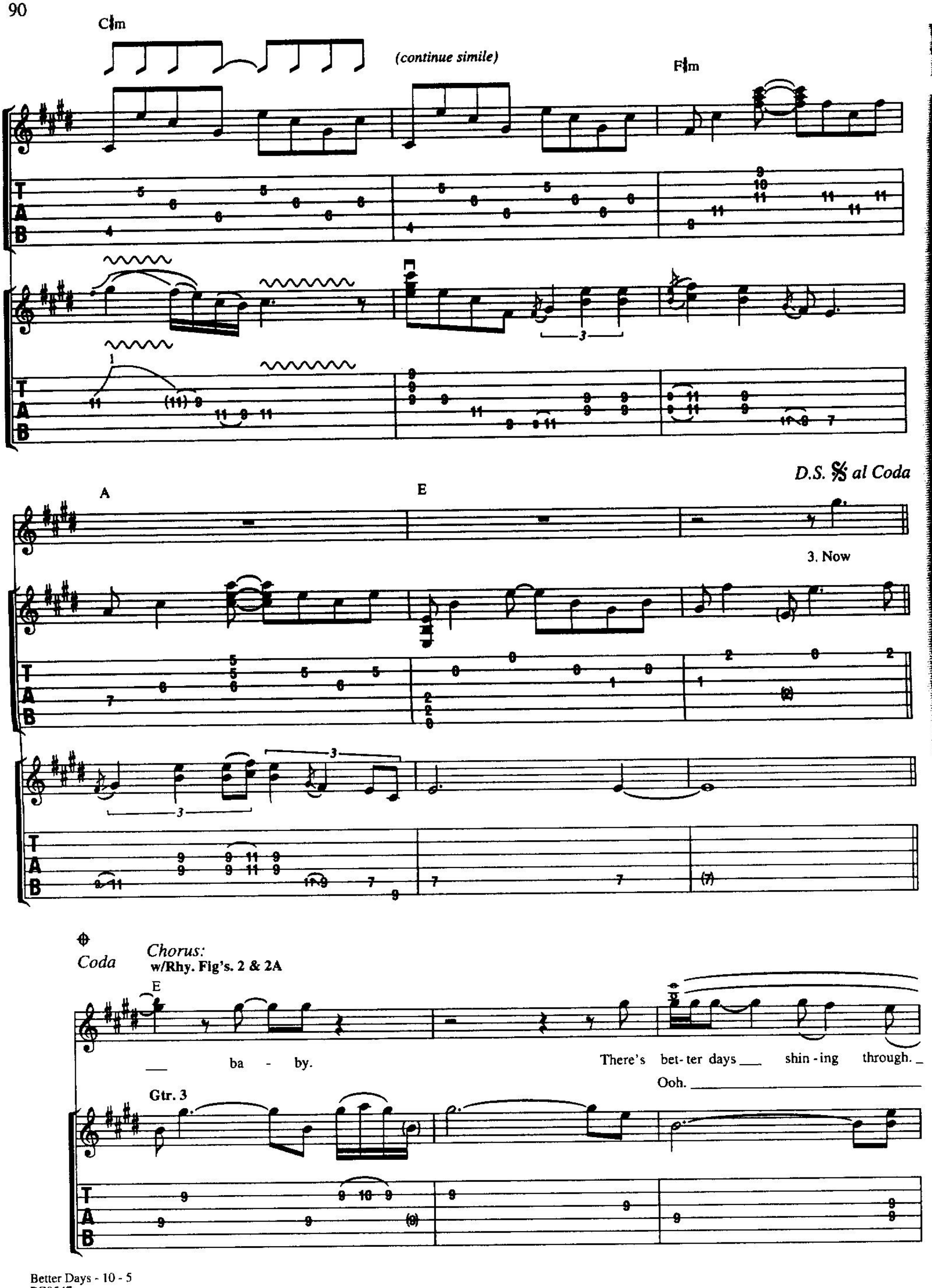
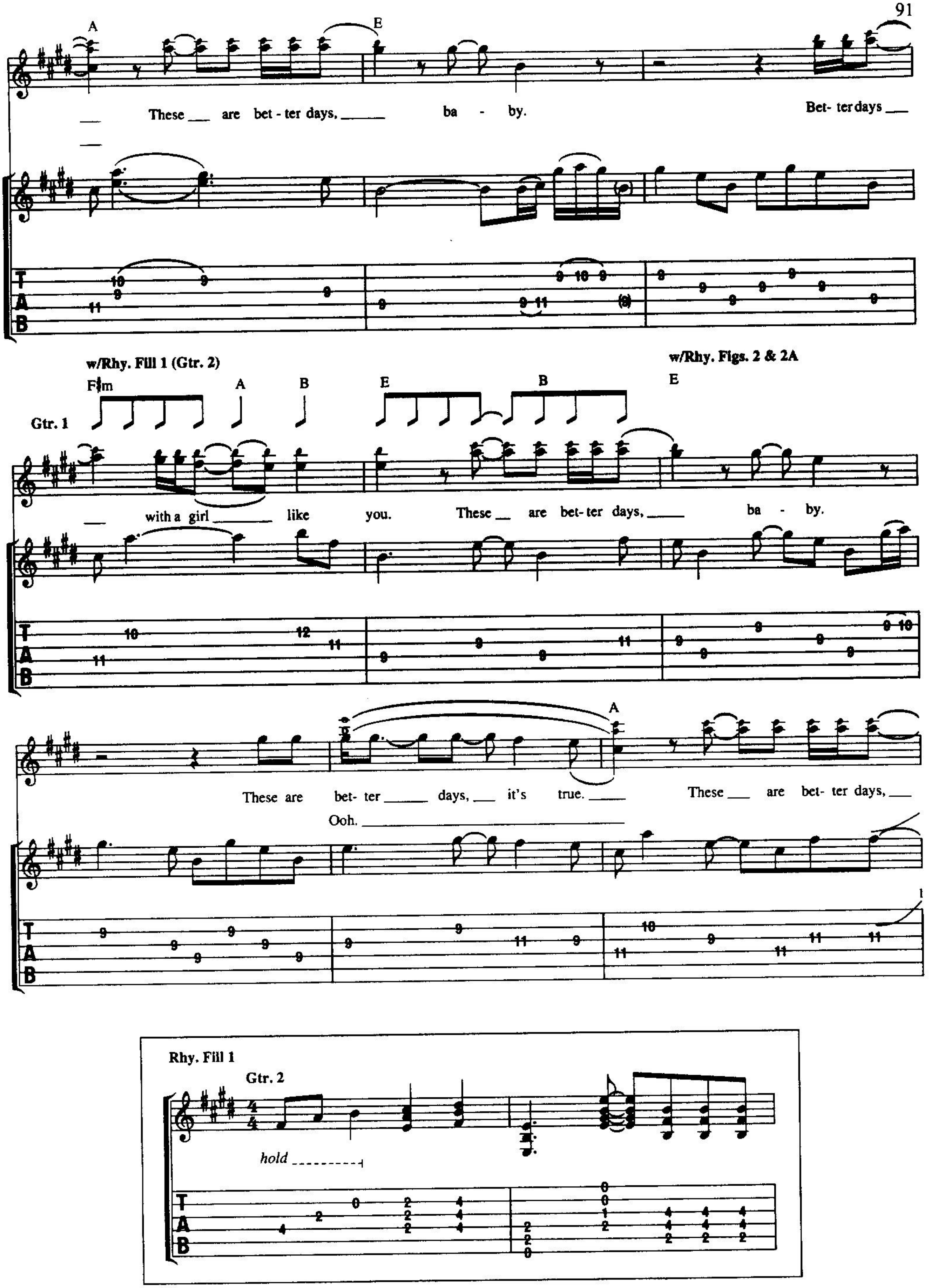
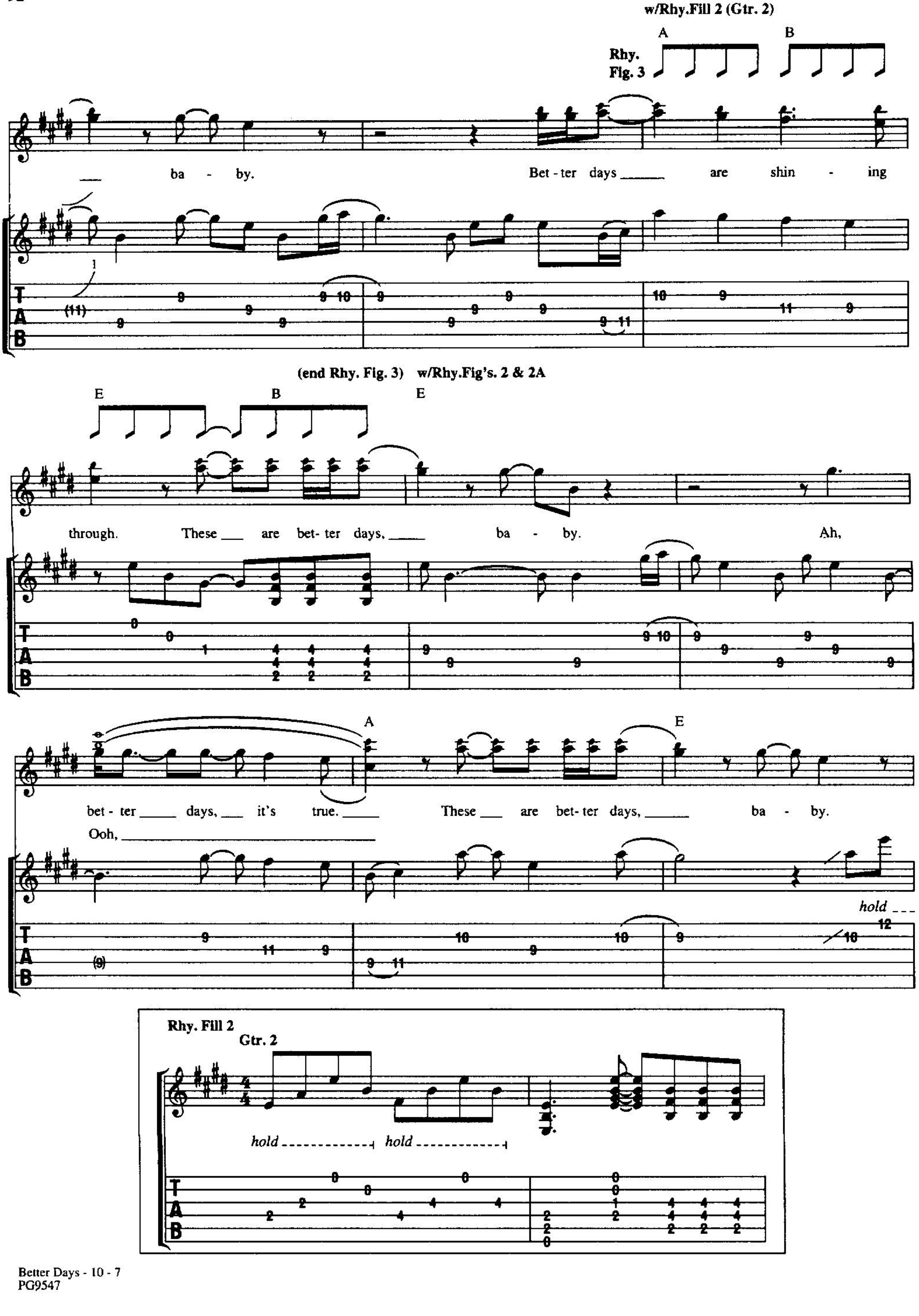

w/Fill 1 (on D.S.)
A
(end Rhy. Fig. 1)
to be-gin while it was all just slip-pin' a-way. I'm tired
(end Rhy. Fig. 1A)
T
A
B
w/Rhy. Fig's. 1 & 1A
E
of wait-in' for to-mor-row to come, or that train
w/Fill 2 (on D.S.)
C♯m
F♯m
to come roar-in' 'round the bend. I got a new suit of clothes, and a pret-ty
To Coda
w/Fill 3 (on D.S.)
A
red rose, a wom-an I can call my friend. These are bet-ter days,
Fill 1
Gtr. 3
Fill 2
Gtr. 3
Fill 3
Gtr. 3


Chorus:
E
Rhy. Fig. 2
(continue simile)
ba - by.
Yeah, there's bet- ter days shin - ing through.
These are bet- ter days, it's true.
Ooh.
Rhy. Fig. 2A
A
E
1.
(end Rhy. Fig. 2)
These are bet- ter days, ba - by.
Bet- ter days
(end Rhy. Fig. 2A)
F♯m
A
E
B
with a girl like you.
2. Well, I

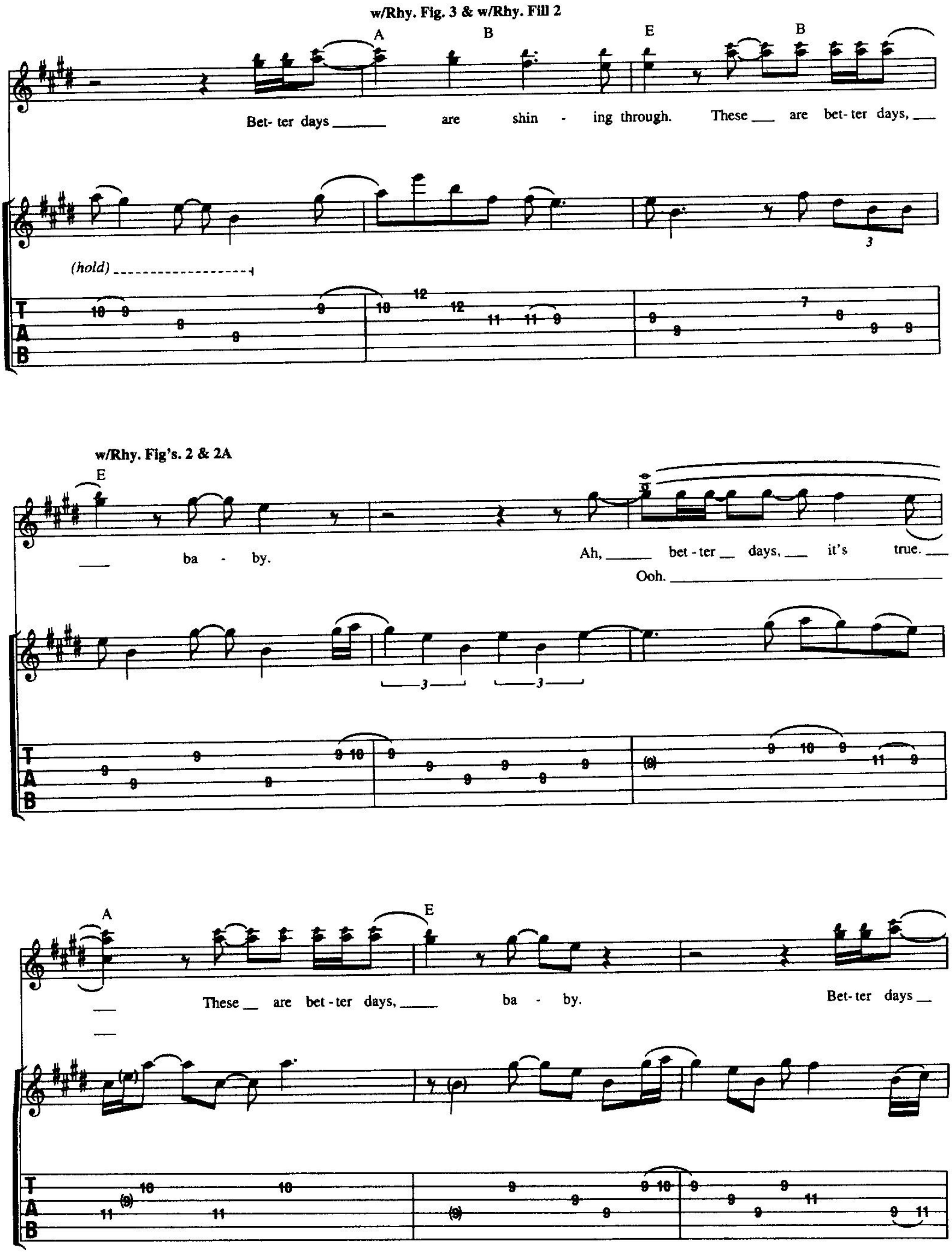

2.
E
A
B
E
bet - ter days
shin - ing through.
Guitar Solo:
A
B
Gtr. 2
Gtr. 3

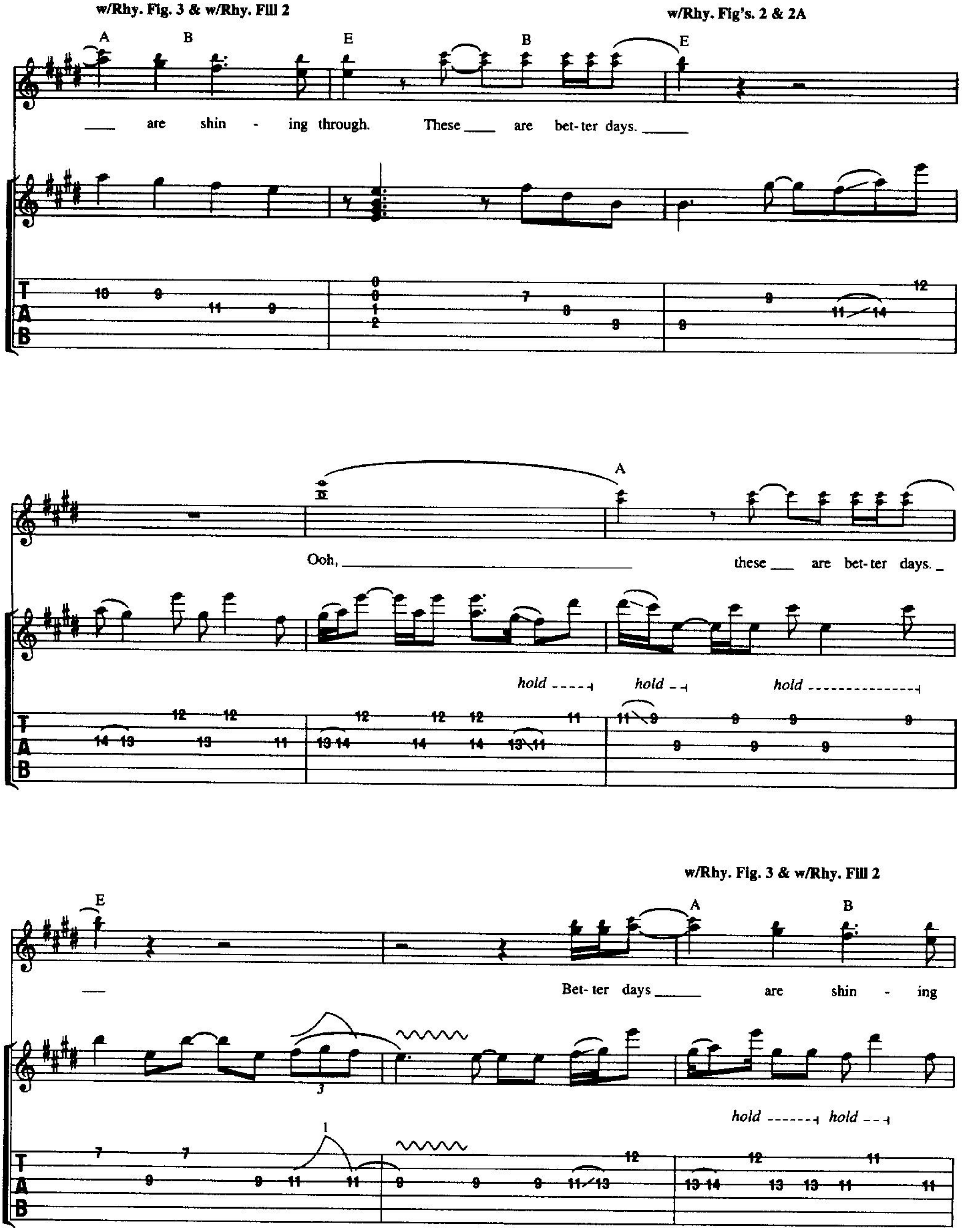

C♯m
(continue simile)
F♯m
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
A
E
3. Now
Coda
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Fig's. 2 & 2A
E
ba - by.
There's bet- ter days shin - ing through.
Ooh.
Gtr. 3

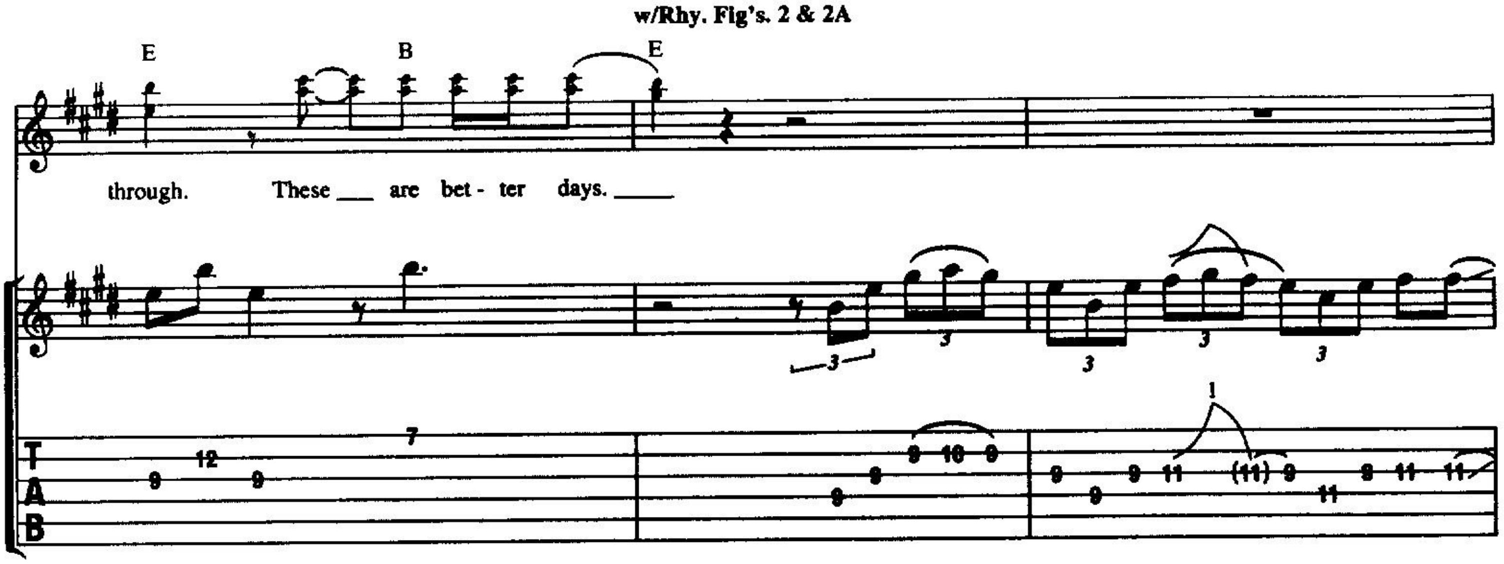

A
E
These are bet - ter days, ba - by.
Bet - ter days
w/Rhy. Fill 1 (Gtr. 2)
F♯m
A
B
E
B
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 & 2A
E
Gtr. 1
with a girl like you. These are bet - ter days, ba - by.
A
These are bet - ter days, it's true. These are bet - ter days,
Ooh.
Rhy. Fill 1
Gtr. 2
hold
T
A
B

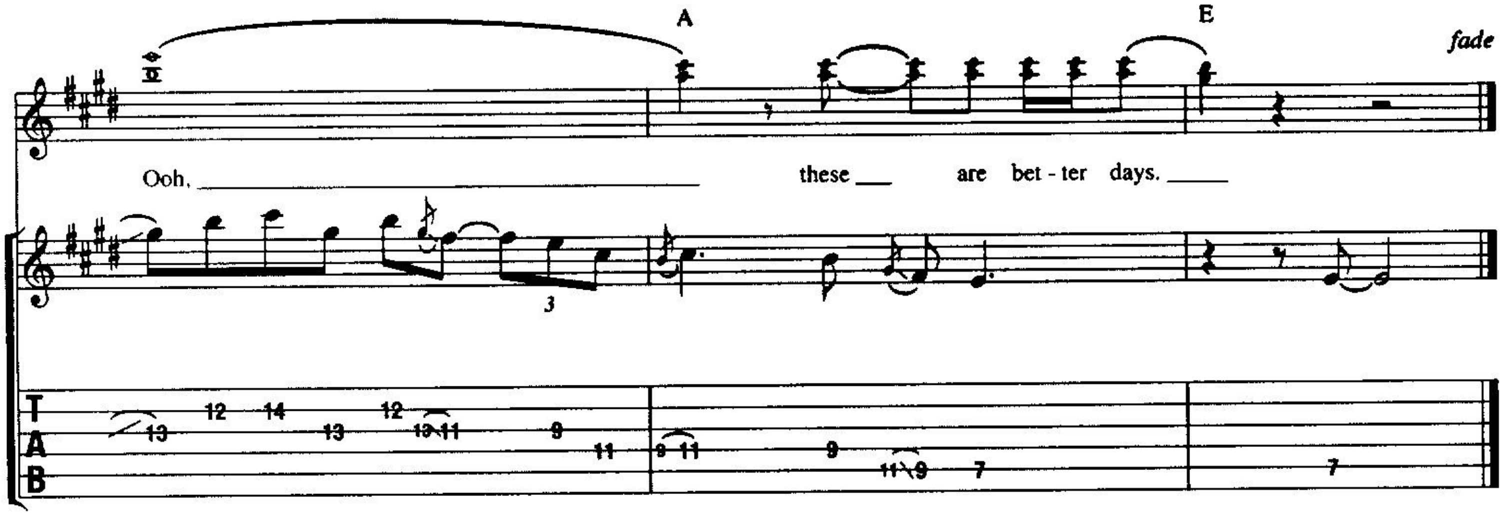


w/Rhy.Fill 2 (Gtr. 2)
A
B
Rhy. Fig. 3
ba - by. Bet - ter days ___ are shin - ing
(end Rhy. Fig. 3) w/Rhy.Fig's. 2 & 2A
E
B
E
through. These ___ are bet- ter days, ___ ba - by. Ah,
A
E
bet - ter ___ days, ___ it's true. ___ These ___ are bet- ter days, ___ ba - by.
Ooh, ___
hold
Rhy. Fill 2
Gtr. 2
hold
hold


w/Rhy. Fig. 3 & w/Rhy. Fill 2
A
B
E
B
Bet- ter days ___ are shin - ing through. These ___ are bet- ter days, ___
(hold)
T
A
B
w/Rhy. Fig's. 2 & 2A
E
___ ba - by.
Ah, ___ bet - ter ___ days, ___ it's true. ___
Ooh. ___
A
E
These ___ are bet - ter days, ___ ba - by.
Bet- ter days ___


w/Rhy. Fig. 3 & w/Rhy. Fill 2
w/Rhy. Fig's. 2 & 2A
A B E B E
___ are shin - ing through. These ___ are bet-ter days. ______
A
Ooh, ______________________ these ___ are bet-ter days. _
hold ---- hold -- hold --------------
w/Rhy. Fig. 3 & w/Rhy. Fill 2
E A B
— Bet-ter days _____ are shin - ing
hold ------ hold ---



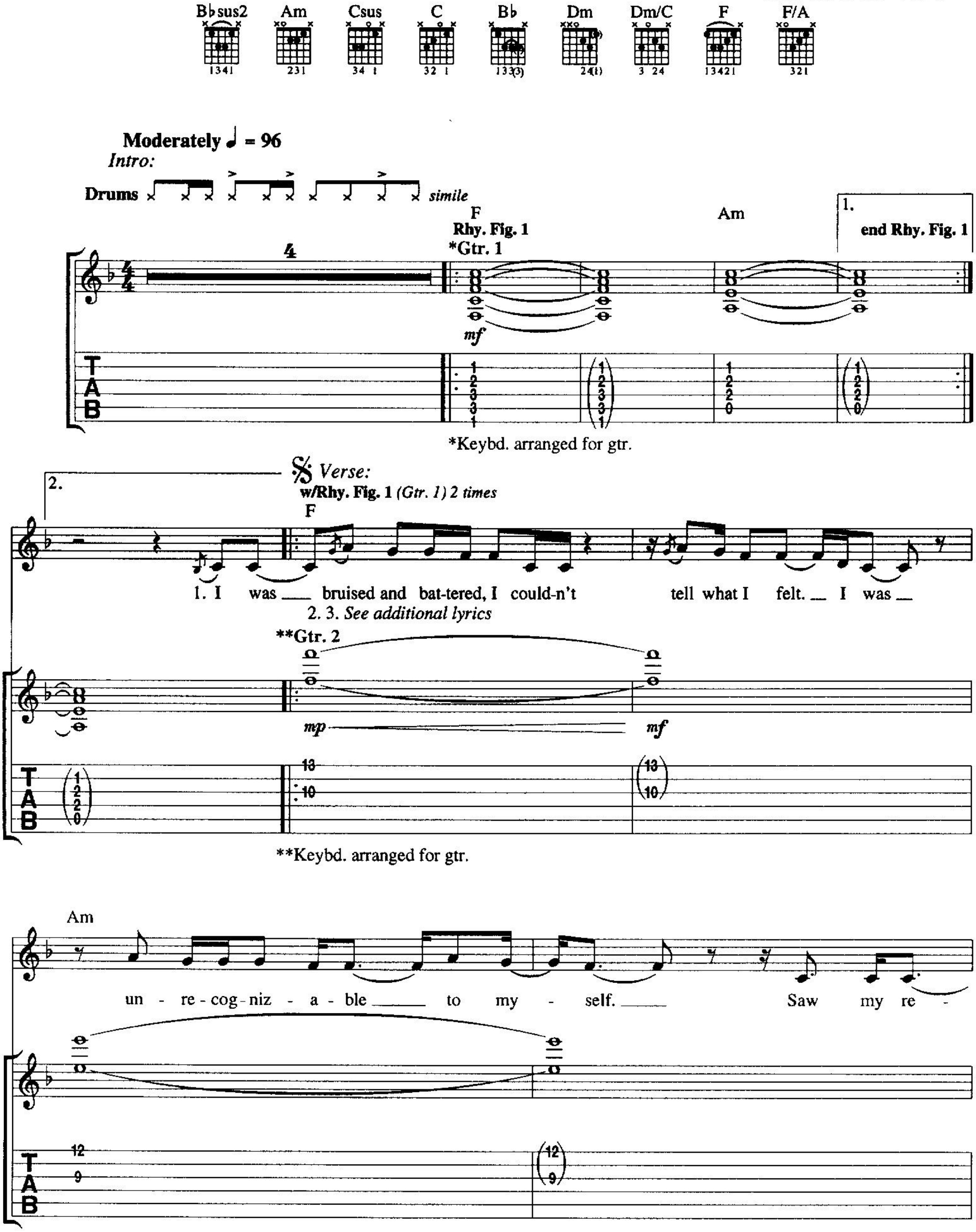


Verse 2:
Well, I took a piss at fortune's sweet kiss,
It's like eatin' caviar and dirt.
It's a sad funny ending to find yourself pretending
A rich man in a poor man's shirt.
Now my ass was draggin' from a passin' gypsy wagon,
Your heart, like a diamond shone.
Tonight I'm layin' in your arms, carvin' lucky charms
Out of these hard luck bones.

Verse 3:
Now, a life of leisure and a pirate's treasure
Don't make much for tragedy.
But it's a sad man, my friend, who's livin' in his own skin
And can't stand the company.
Every fool's got a reason for feelin' sorry for himself
And turning his heart to stone.
Tonight, this fool's halfway to heaven and just a mile outta hell.
And I feel like comin' home.
(To Chorus:)

STREETS OF PHILADELPHIA

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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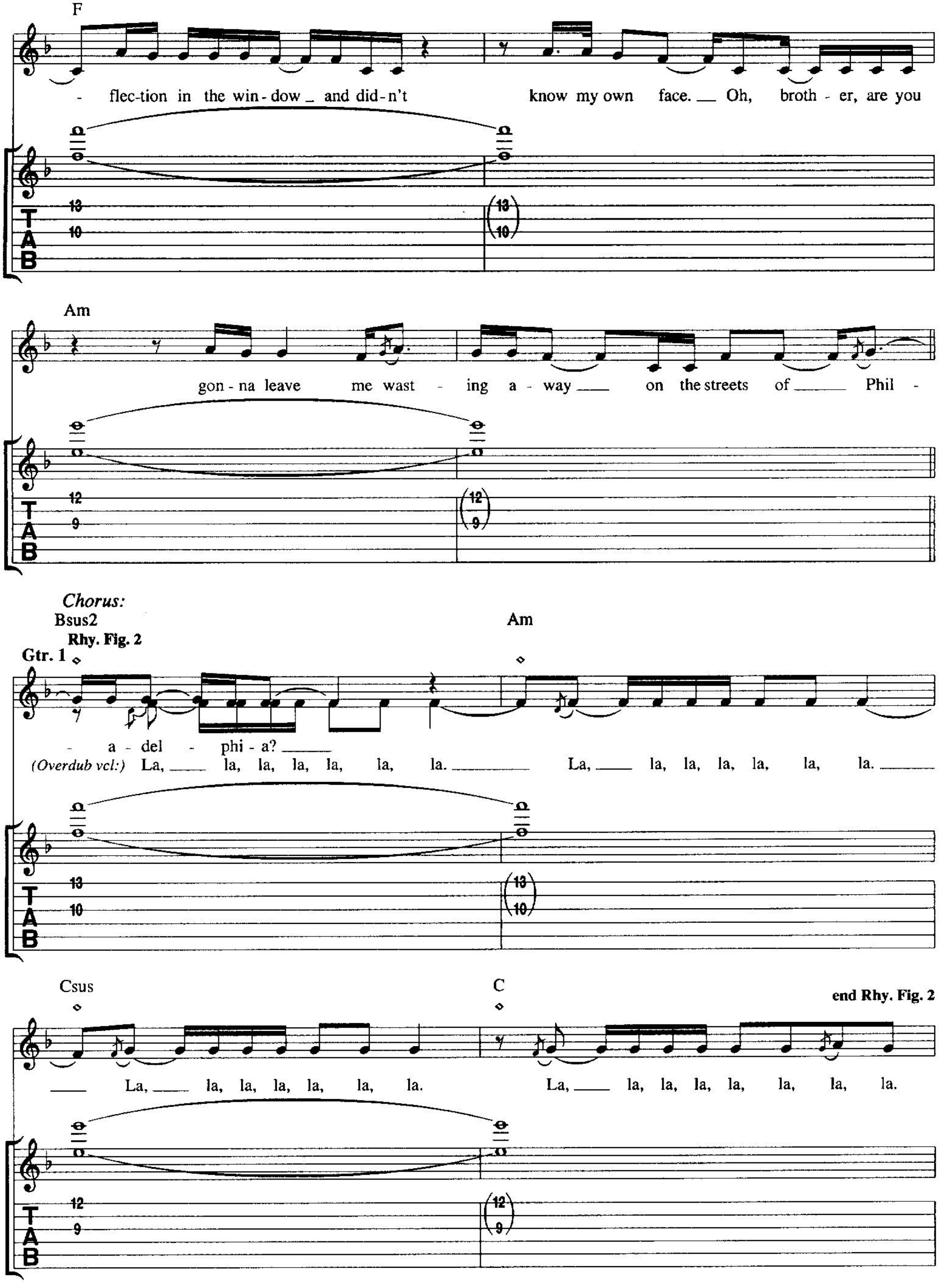
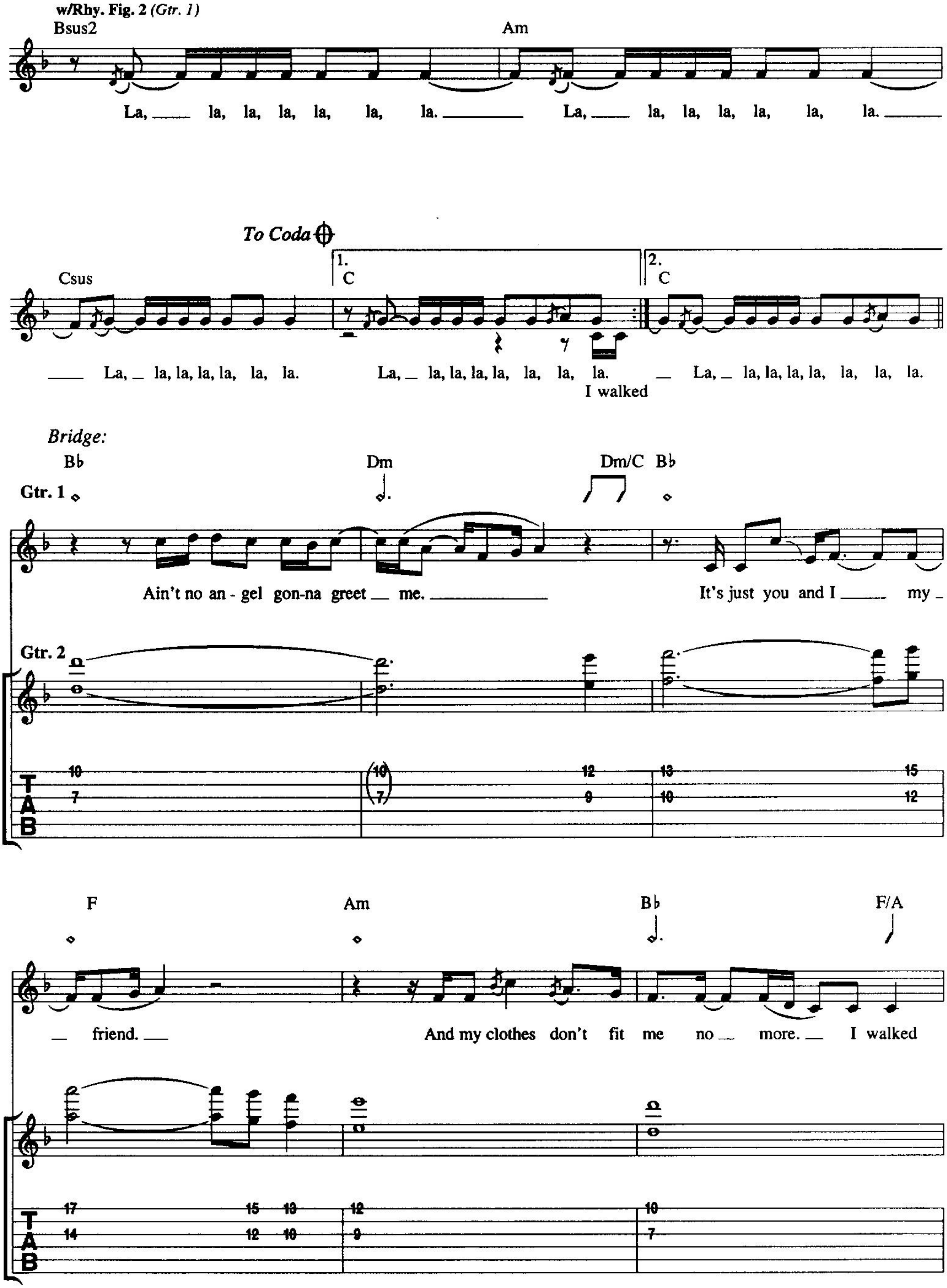
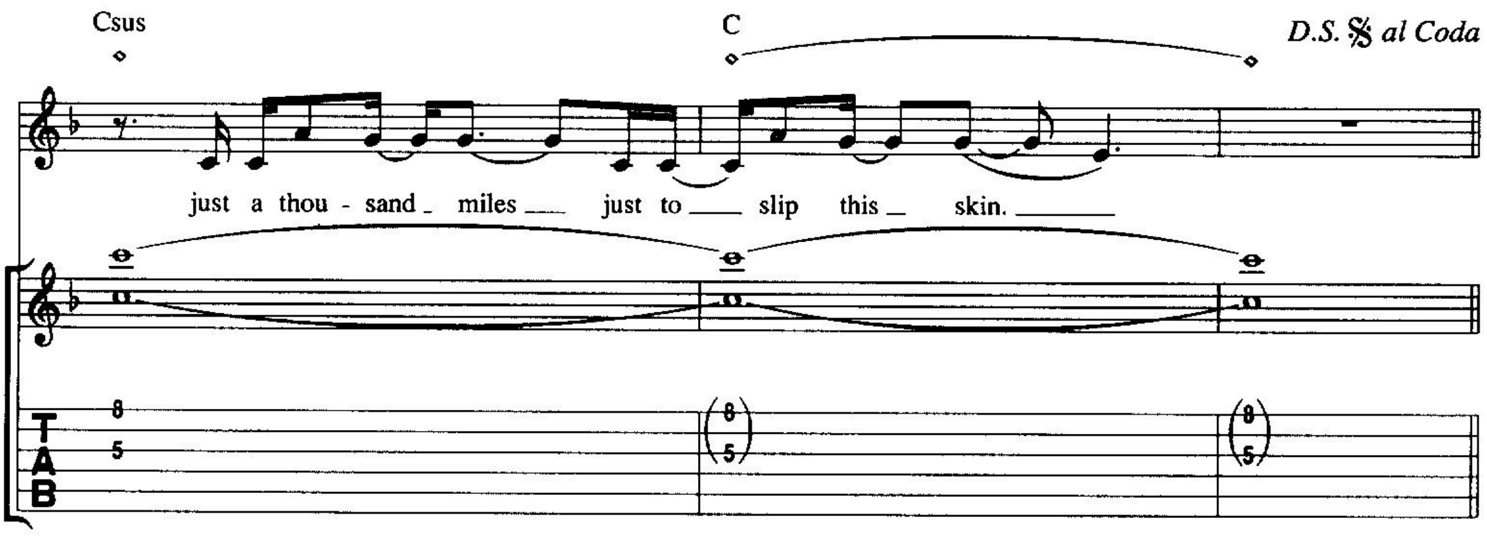
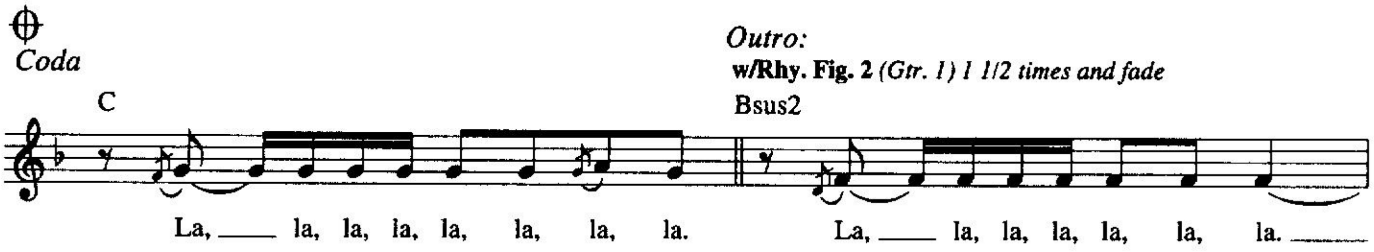
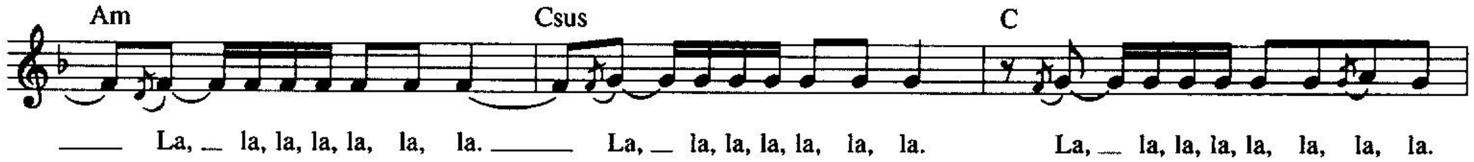
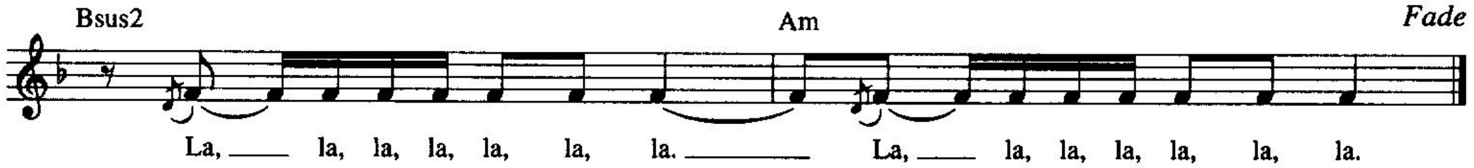

F
- flec-tion in the win - dow _ and did - n't know my own face. _ Oh, broth - er, are you
13
10
(13)
(10)
T
A
B
Am
gon - na leave me wast - ing a - way _ on the streets of _ Phil -
12
9
(12)
(9)
Chorus:
Bsus2
Rhy. Fig. 2
Gtr. 1
Am
- a - del - phi - a? _
(Overdub vcl:) La, _ la, la, la, la, la, la. _ La, _ la, la, la, la, la, la. _
13
10
(13)
(10)
Csus
C
end Rhy. Fig. 2
_ La, _ la, la, la, la, la, la. La, _ la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
12
9
(12)
(9)


w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1)
Bsus2
Am
La, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la.
To Coda
1. C
2. C
Csus
La, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
I walked
Bridge:
Bb Dm Dm/C Bb
Gtr. 1
Ain't no an - gel gon-na greet me. It's just you and I my
Gtr. 2
F Am Bb F/A
friend. And my clothes don't fit me no more. I walked
T
A
B









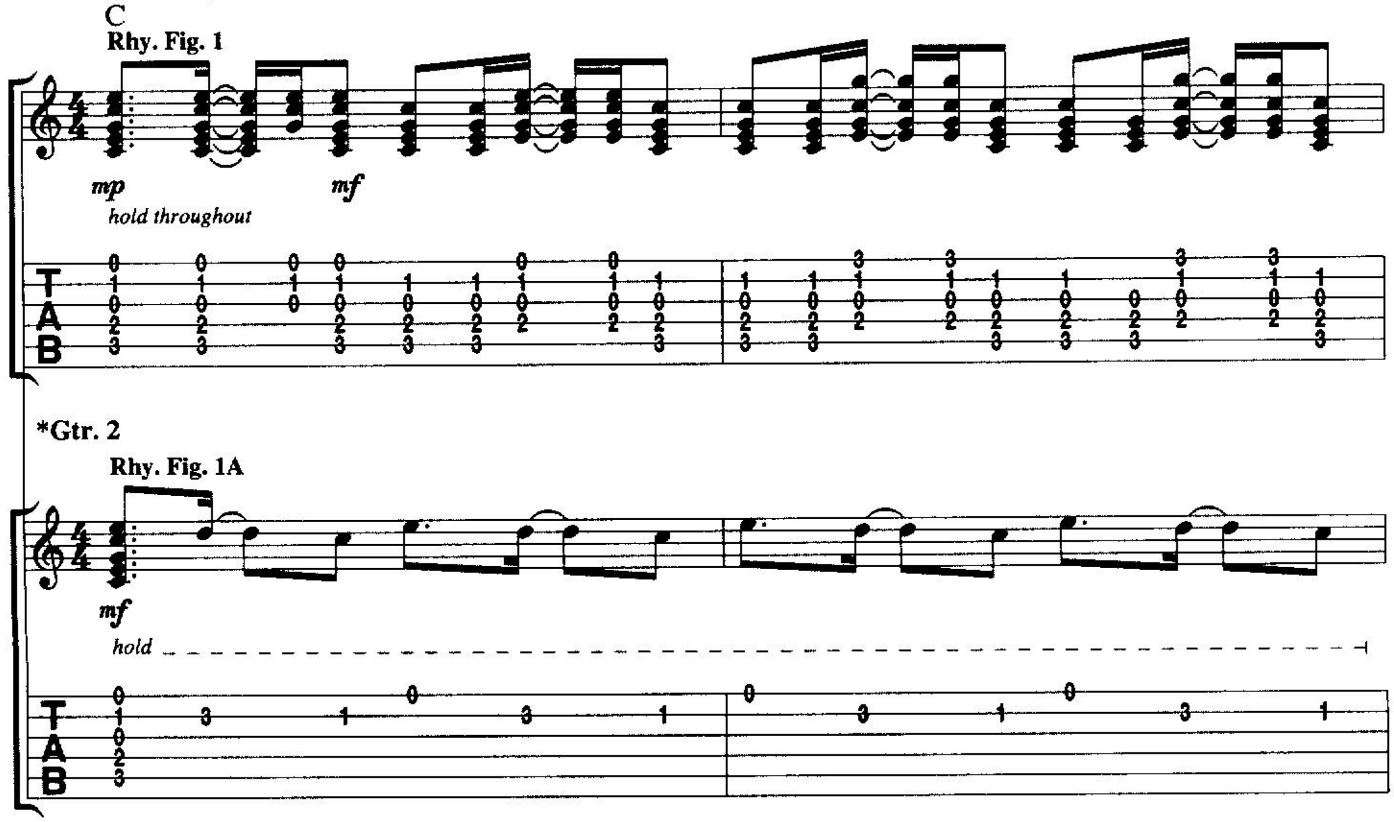
Verse 2:
I walked the avenue till my legs felt like stone,
I heard the voices of friends vanished and gone.
At night, I could hear the blood in my veins,
Black and whispering as the rain
On the streets of Philadelphia...
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:
The night has fallen, I'm lyin' awake,
I can feel myself fading away.
So receive me, brother, with your faithless kiss
Or will we leave each other alone like this
On the streets of Philadelphia...
(To Chorus:)

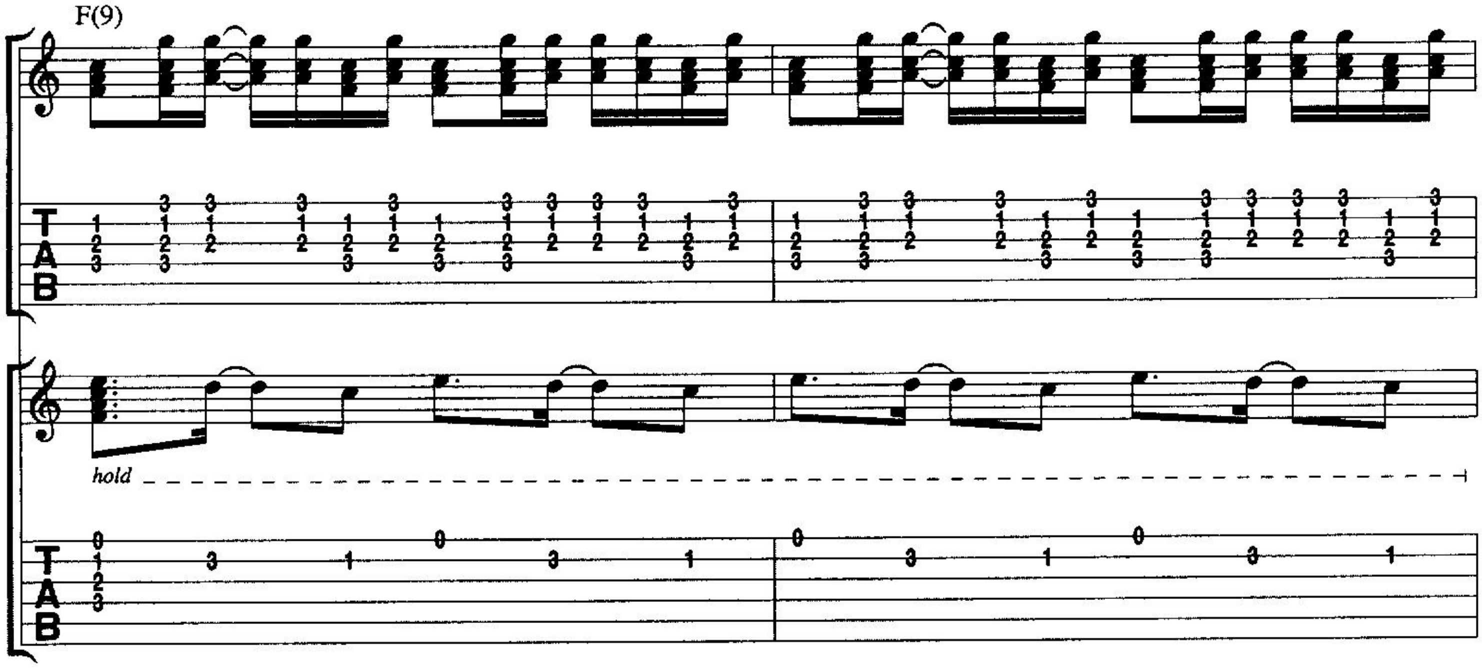
SECRET GARDEN

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

Moderately ♩ = 88
Intro:
Gtr. 1 *(Acoustic)*



*Keybd. arranged for gtr.



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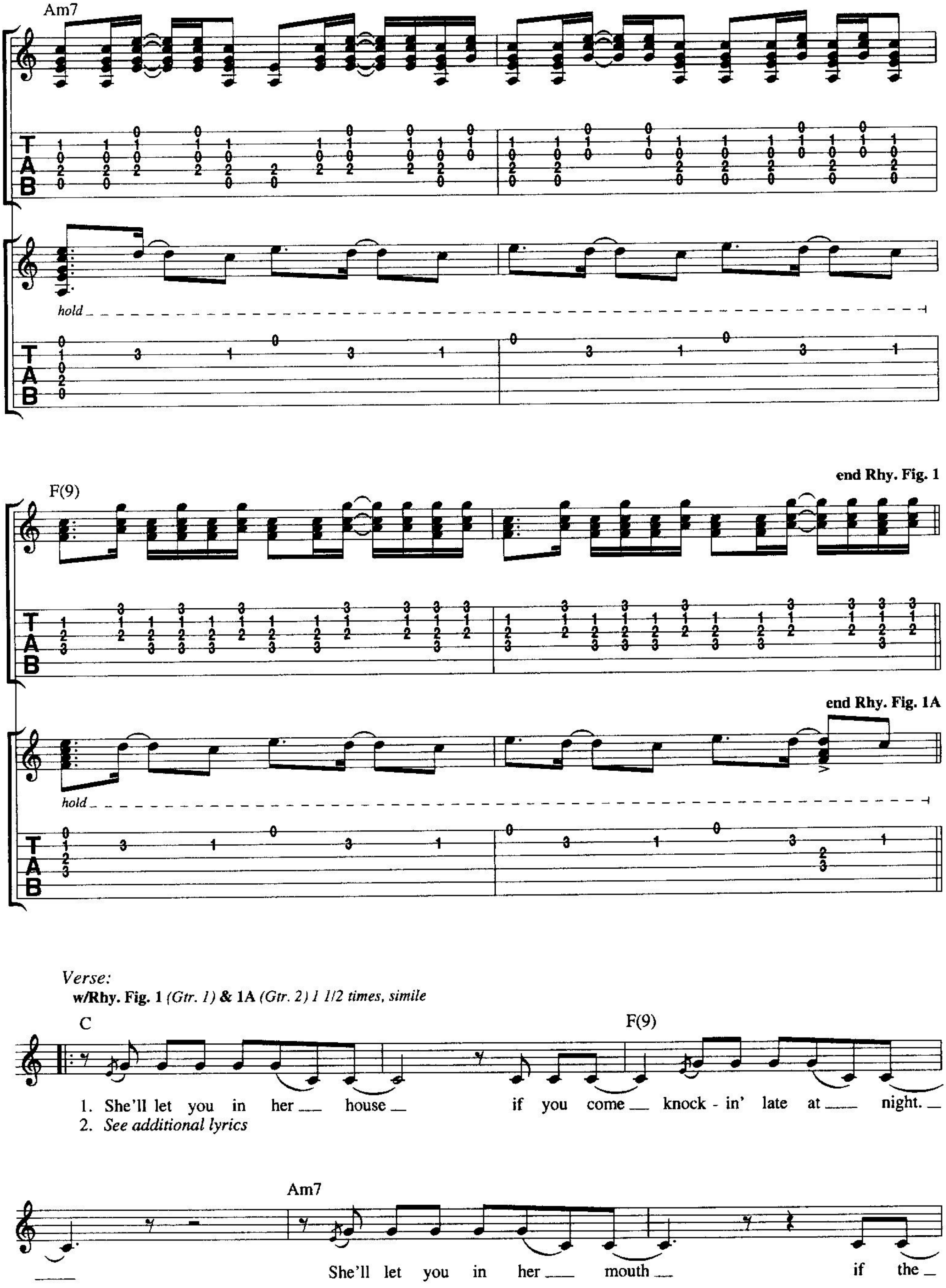
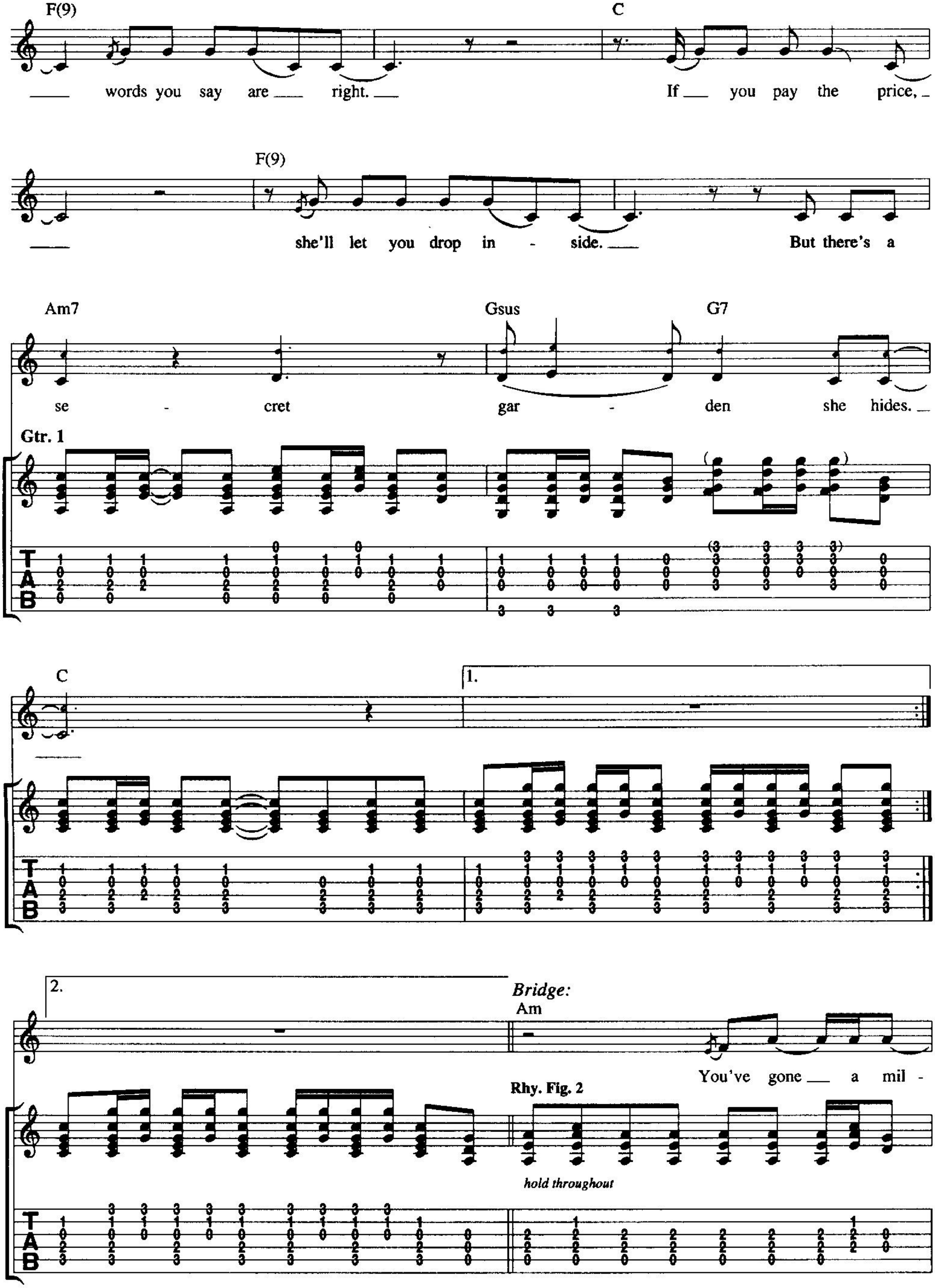
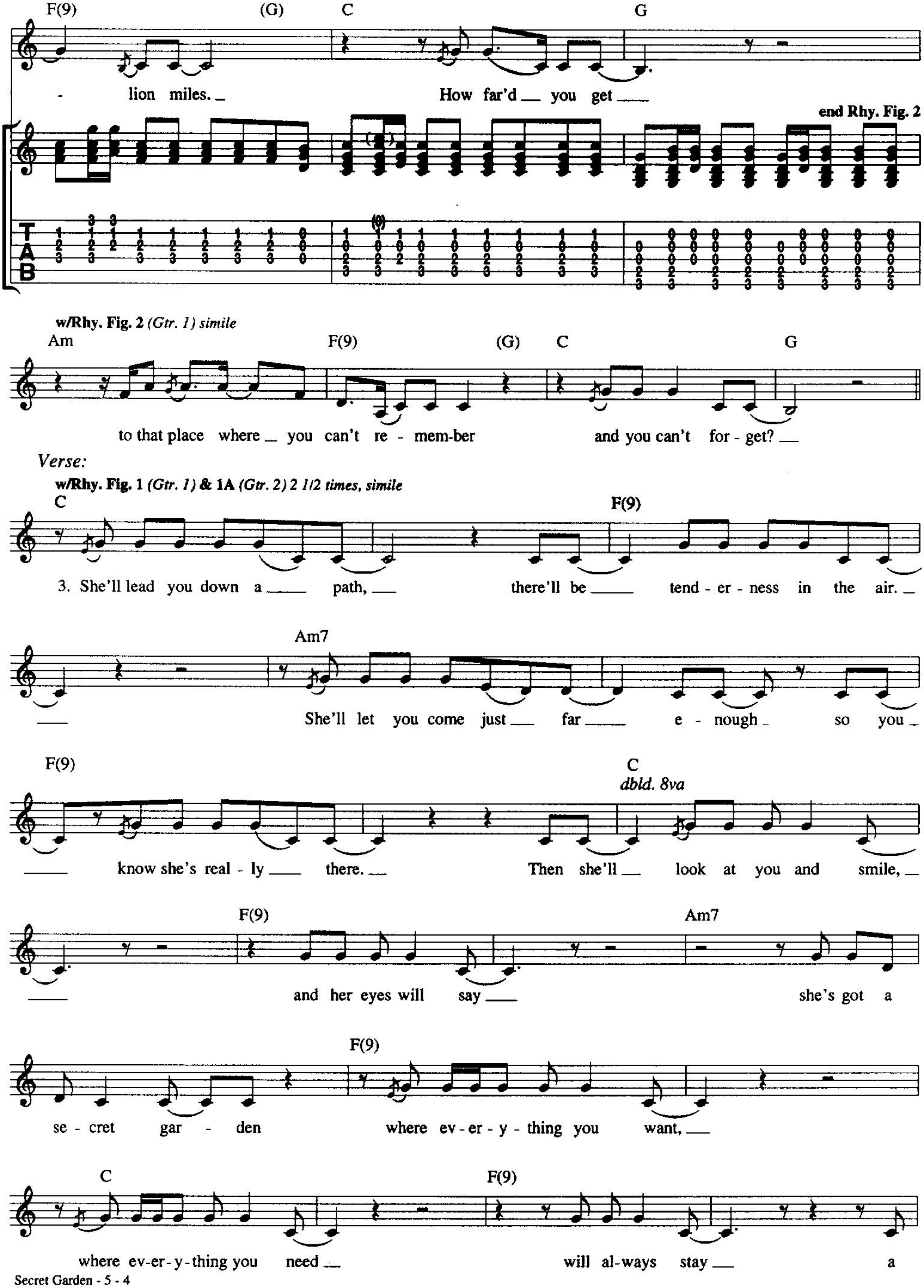
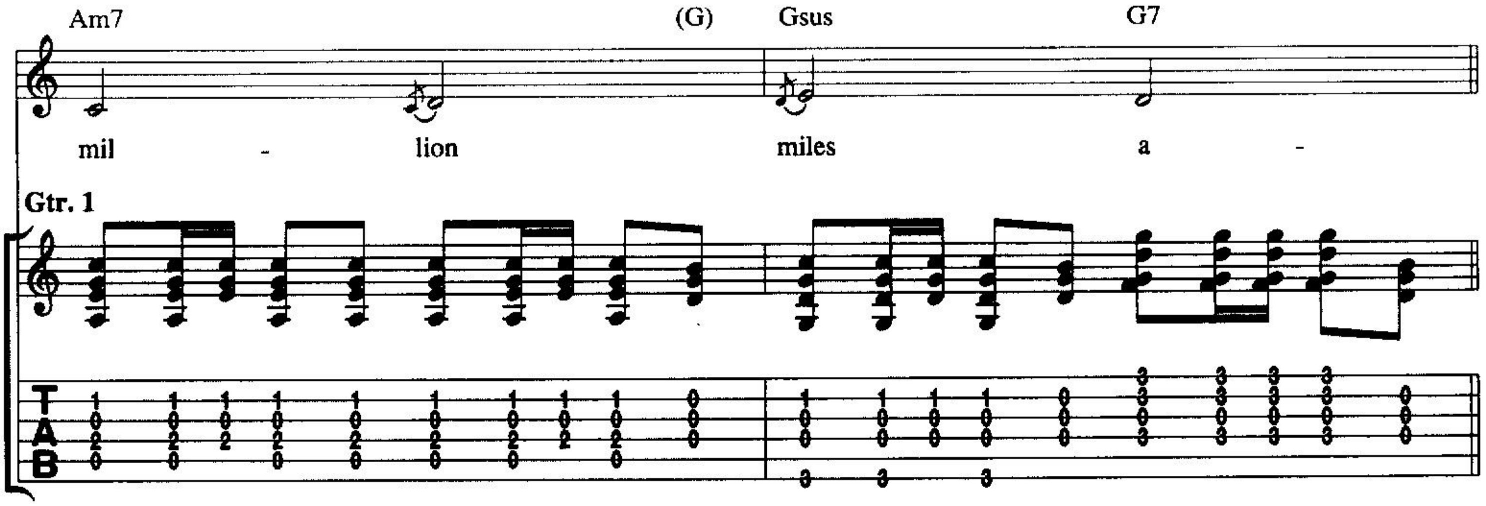

Am7
hold
F(9)
end Rhy. Fig. 1
hold
end Rhy. Fig. 1A
Verse:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 1A (Gtr. 2) 1 1/2 times, simile
C
F(9)
1. She'll let you in her house if you come knock - in' late at night.
2. See additional lyrics
Am7
She'll let you in her mouth if the

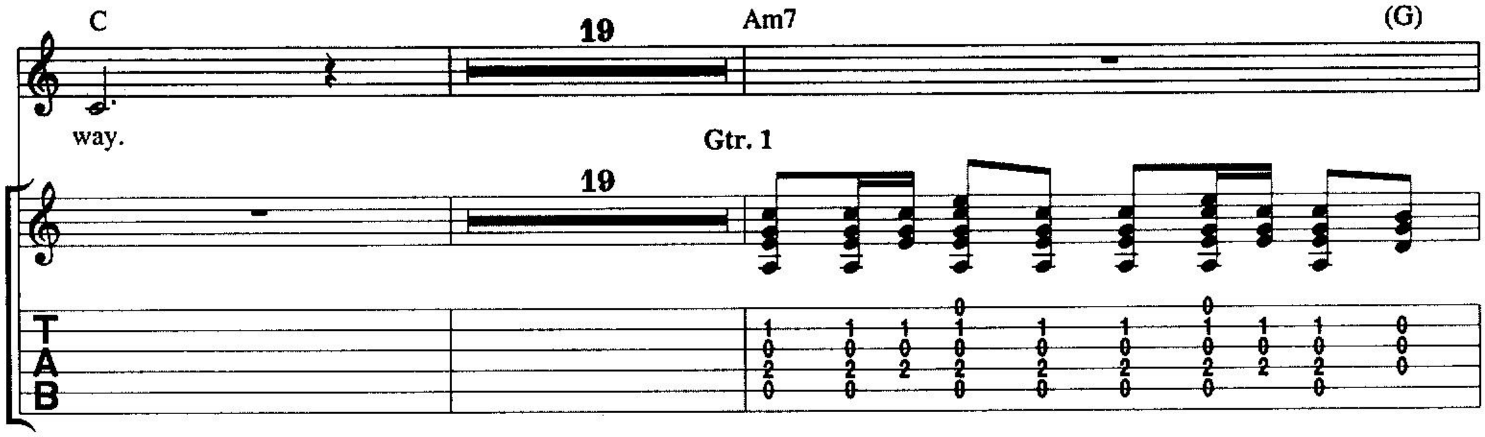

F(9)
C
words you say are right.
If you pay the price,
F(9)
she'll let you drop in - side.
But there's a
Am7
Gsus
G7
se - cret gar - den she hides.
Gtr. 1
C
1.
2.
Bridge:
Am
You've gone a mil -
Rhy. Fig. 2
hold throughout

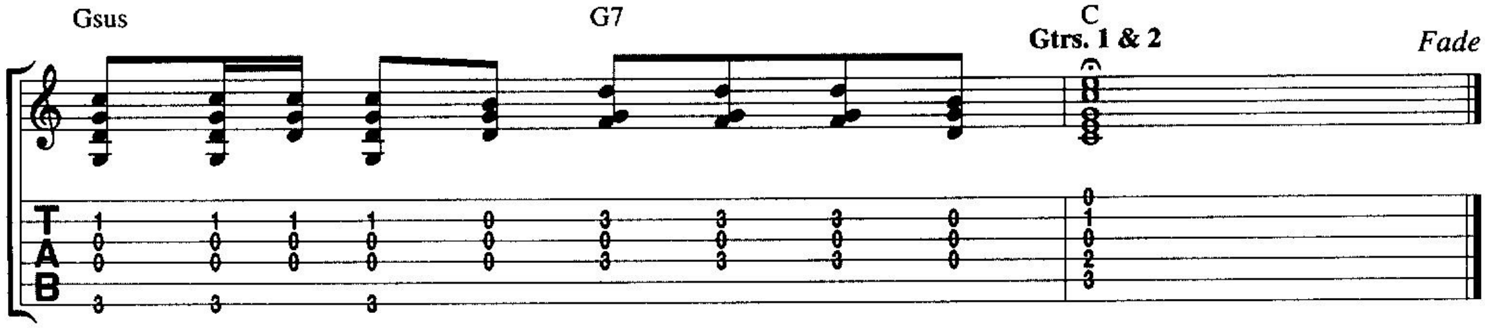

F(9) (G) C G
- lion miles. How far'd you get
end Rhy. Fig. 2
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) simile
Am F(9) (G) C G
to that place where you can't re - mem-ber and you can't for - get?
Verse:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 1/2 times, simile
C F(9)
3. She'll lead you down a path, there'll be tend - er - ness in the air.
Am7
She'll let you come just far e - nough so you
F(9) C
dbld. 8va
know she's real - ly there. Then she'll look at you and smile,
F(9) Am7
and her eyes will say she's got a
F(9)
se - cret gar - den where ev - er - y - thing you want,
C F(9)
where ev-er-y-thing you need will al-ways stay a



Outro: (Sax Solo)

w/Rhy. Fig. 1 *(Gtr. 1)* **& 1A** *(Gtr. 2) 2 1/2 times, smile*

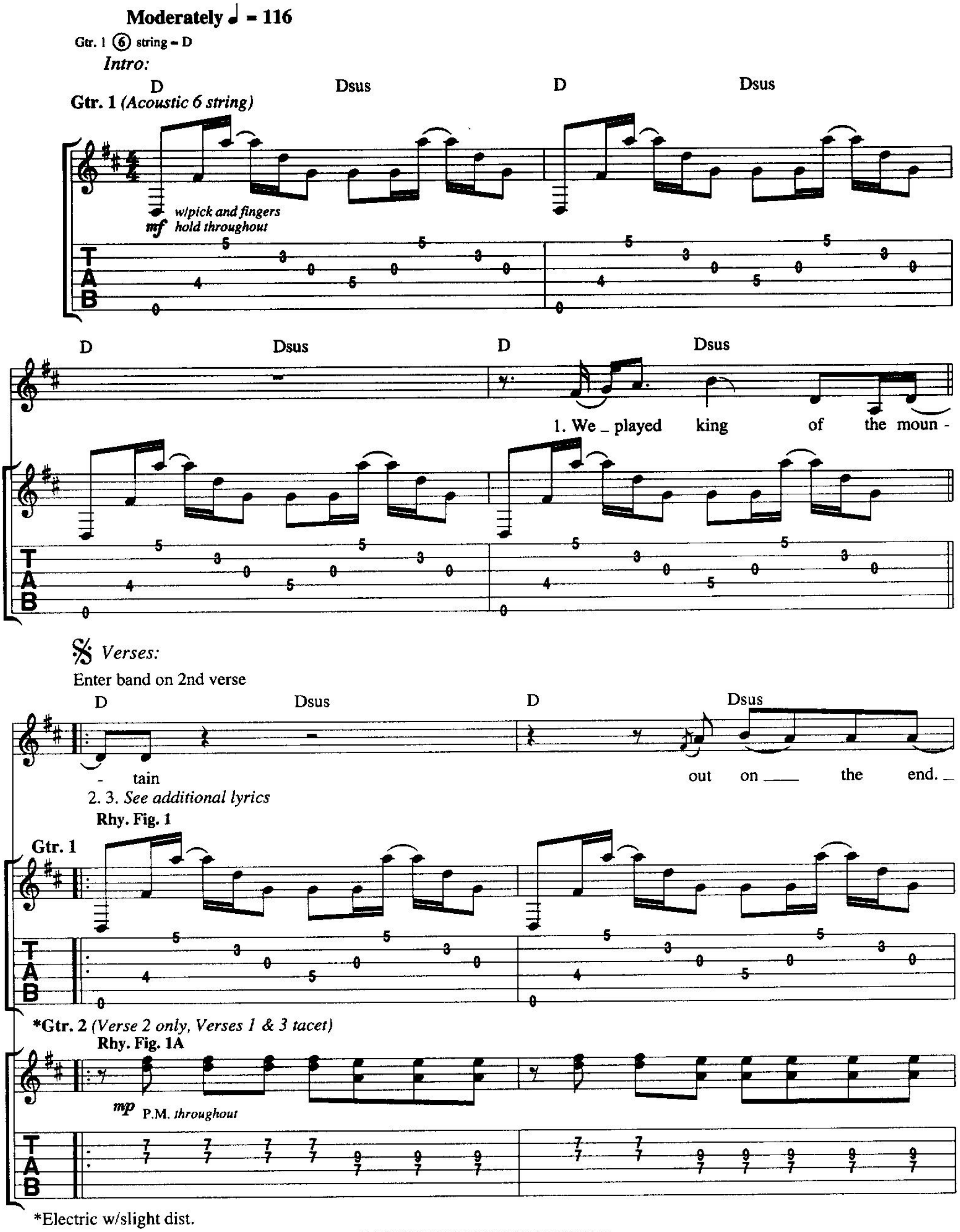




Verse 2:
She'll let you in her car
To go drivin' 'round.
She'll let you into the parts of herself
That'll bring you down.
She'll let you in her heart
If you got a hammer and a vise.
But into her secret garden, don't think twice.

BLOOD BROTHERS

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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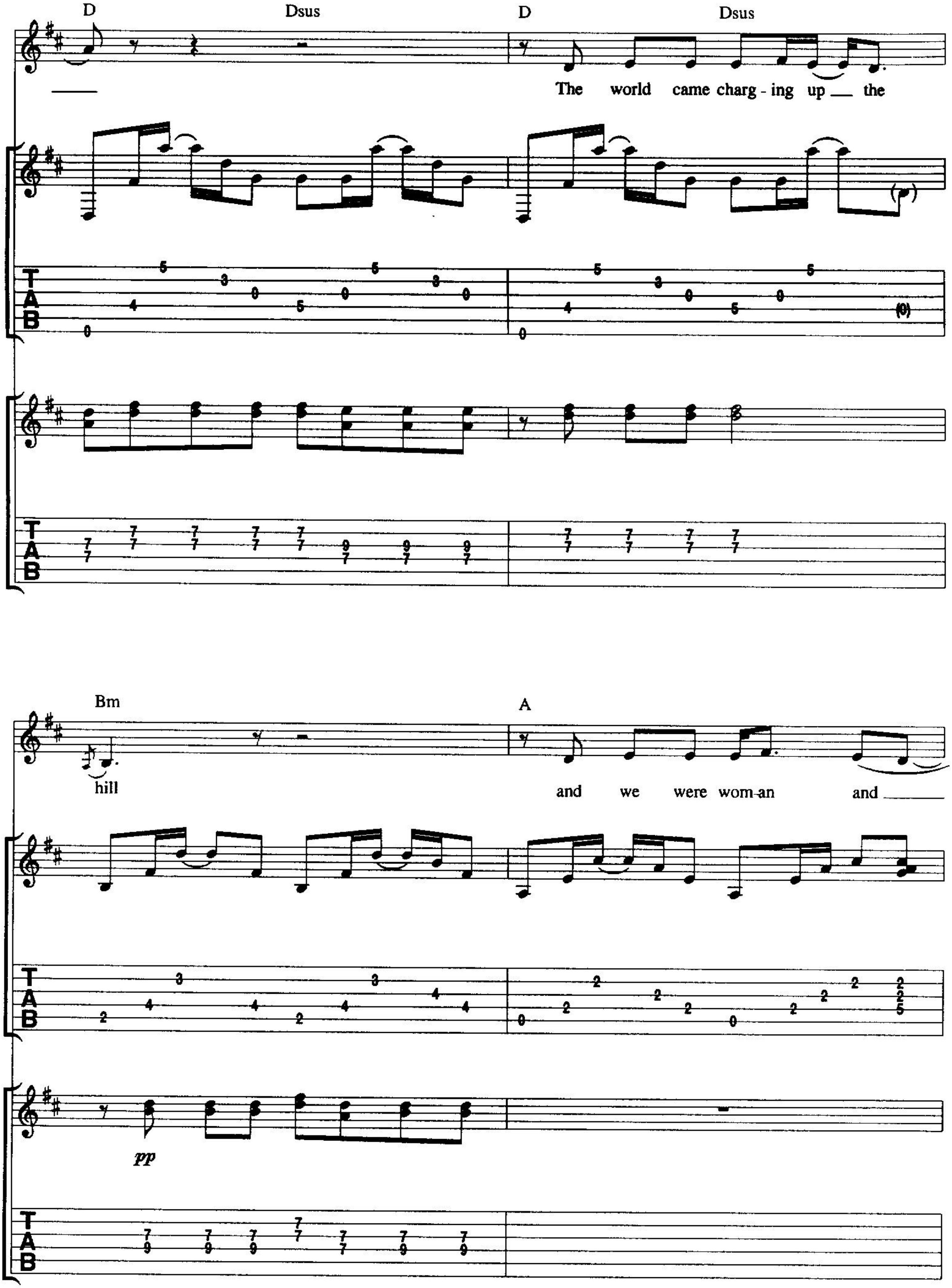
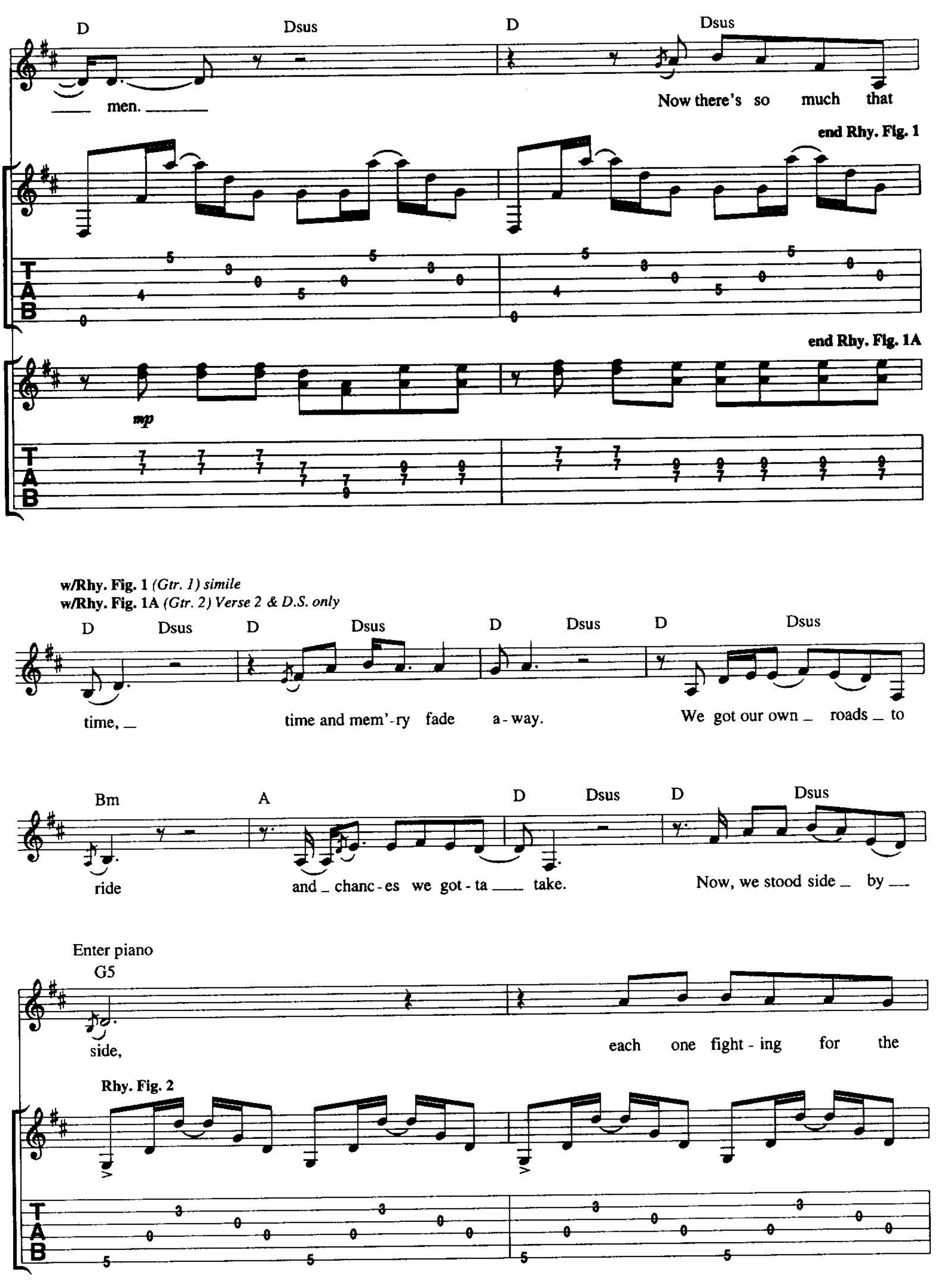
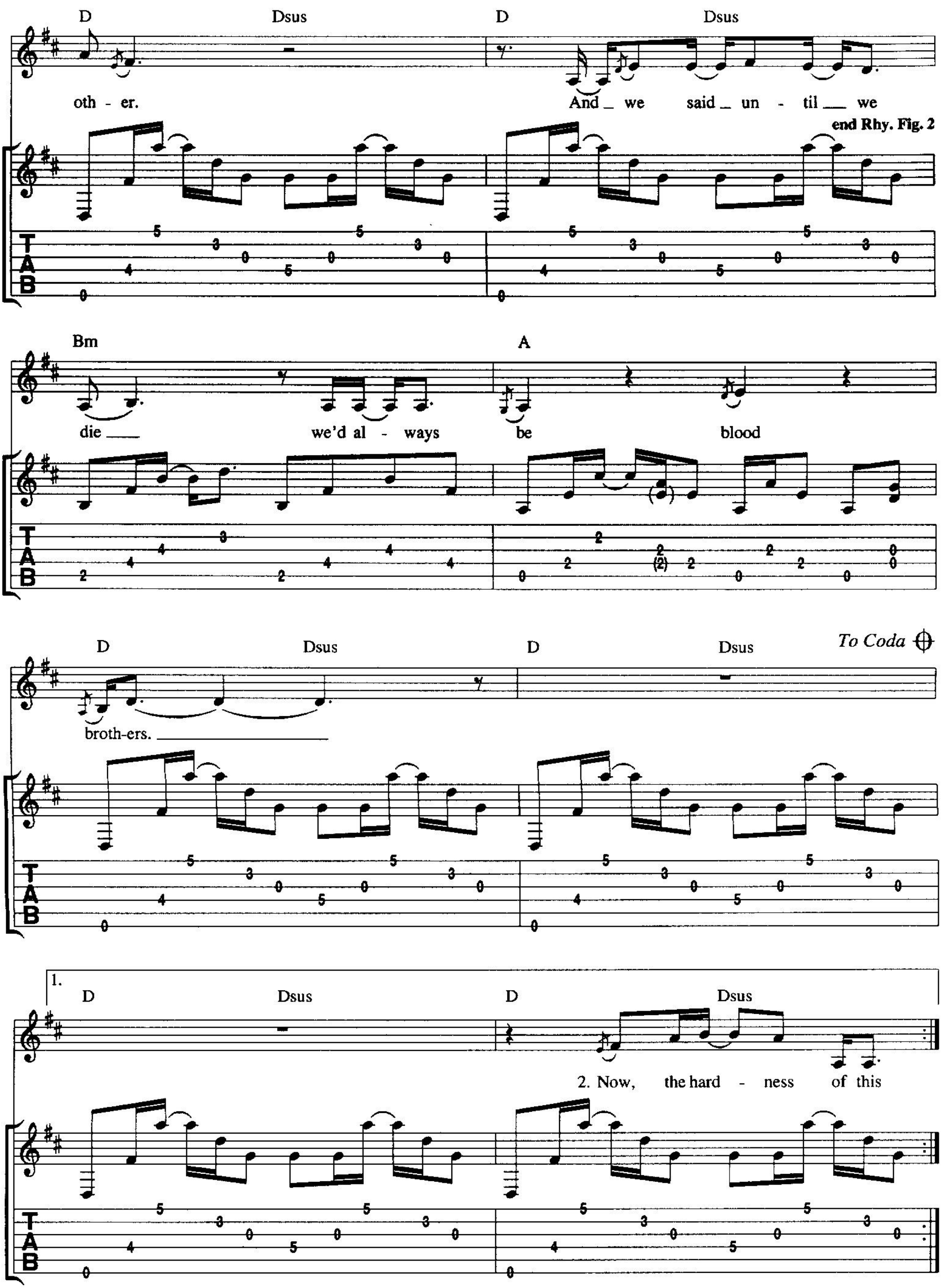
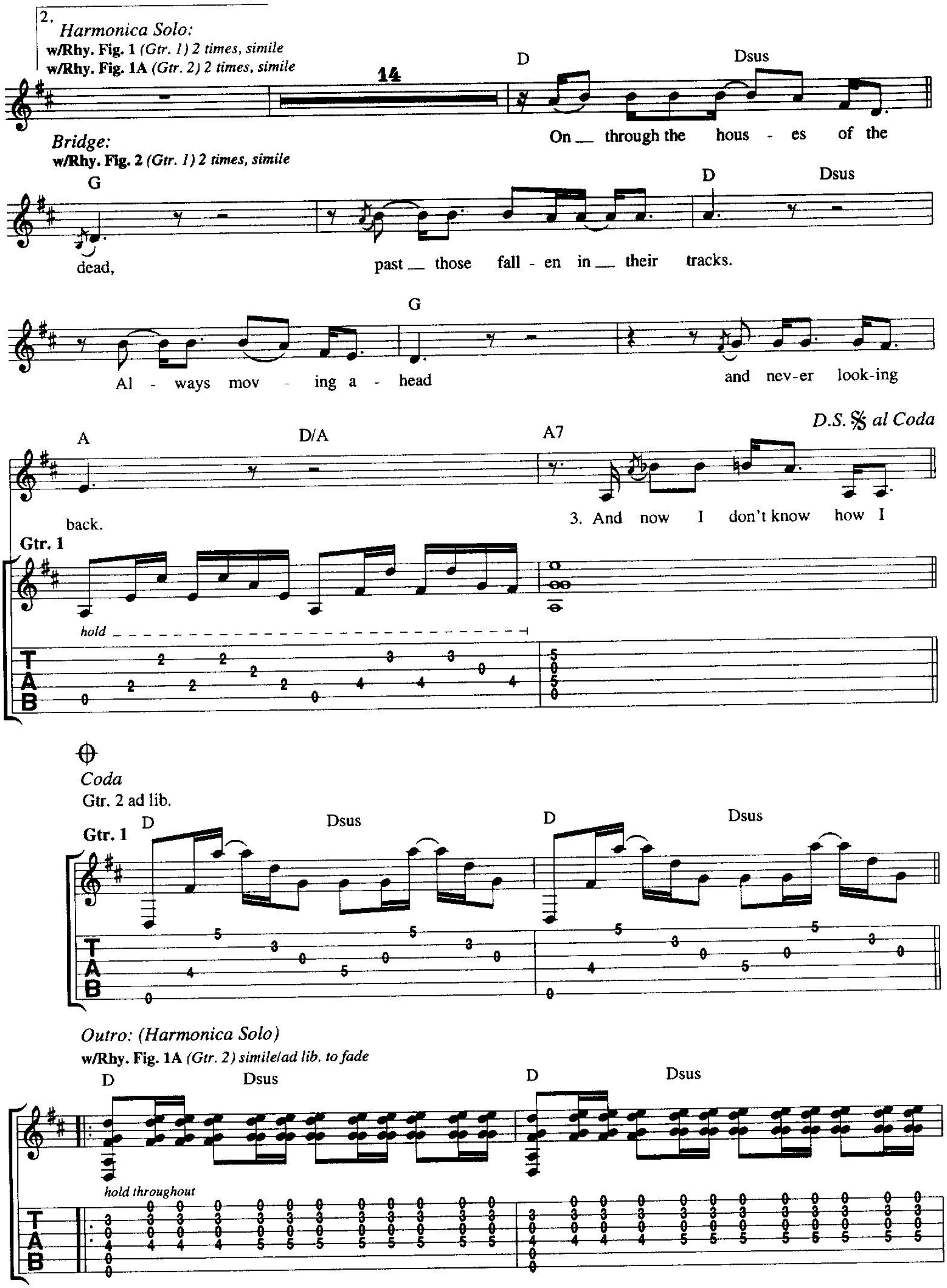
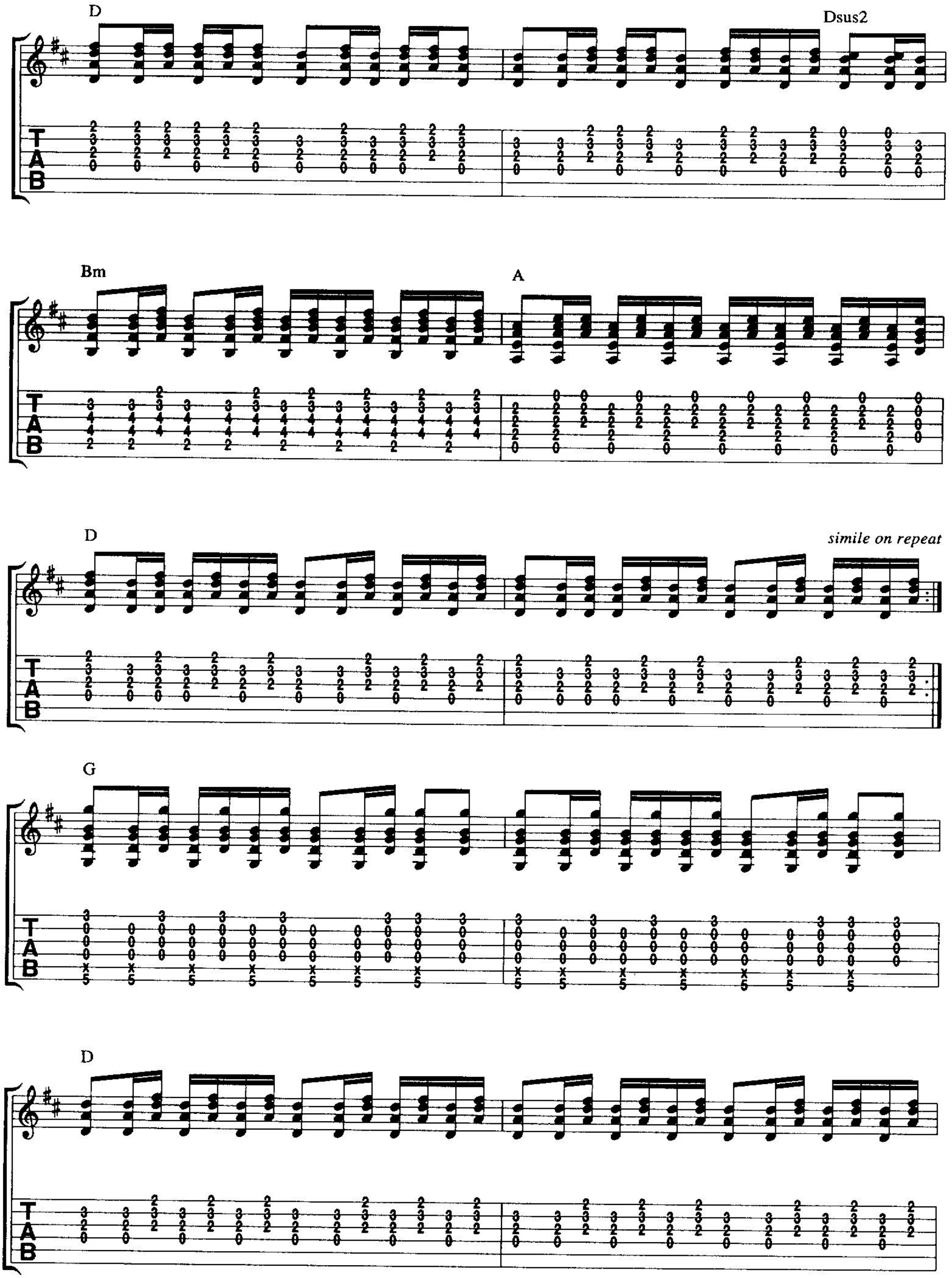
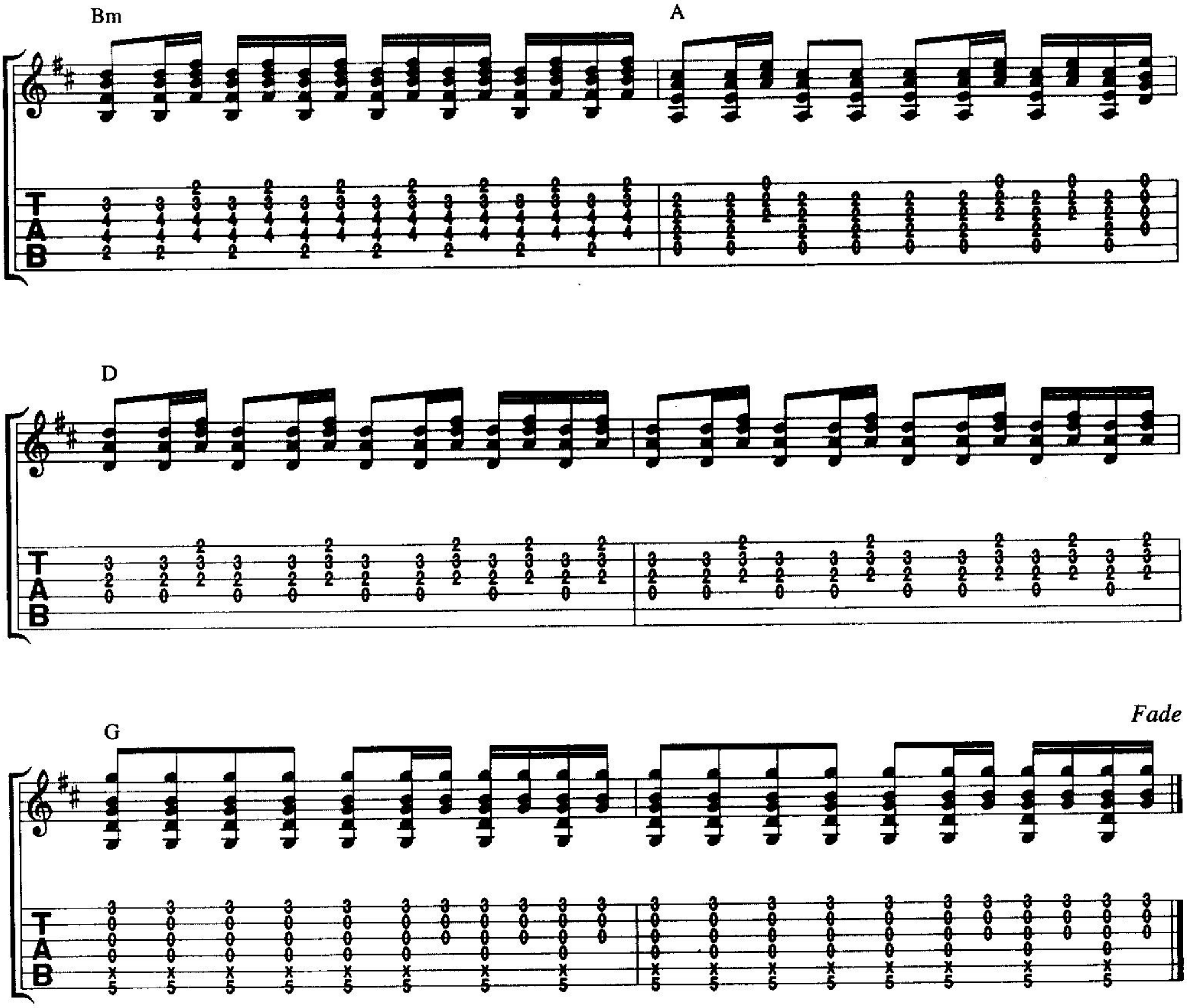

D
Dsus
D
Dsus
The world came charg - ing up — the
Bm
A
hill
and we were wom-an and —
pp


D Dsus D Dsus
men.
Now there's so much that
end Rhy. Fig. 1
T A B
end Rhy. Fig. 1A
mp
T A B
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) simile
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) Verse 2 & D.S. only
D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus D Dsus
time, time and mem'-ry fade a-way. We got our own roads to
Bm A D Dsus D Dsus
ride and chanc-es we got-ta take. Now, we stood side by
Enter piano
G5
side, each one fight-ing for the
Rhy. Fig. 2
T A B


D Dsus D Dsus
oth - er. And _ we said _ un - til __ we
end Rhy. Fig. 2
Bm A
die ___ we'd al - ways be blood
D Dsus D Dsus
To Coda
broth-ers. ___
1.
D Dsus D Dsus
2. Now, the hard - ness of this


2.
Harmonica Solo:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times, simile
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times, simile
14
D
Dsus
On __ through the hous - es of the
Bridge:
w/Rhy. Fig. 2 (Gtr. 1) 2 times, simile
G
D
Dsus
dead,
past __ those fall - en in __ their tracks.
G
Al - ways mov - ing a - head
and nev-er look-ing
D.S. 𝄋 al Coda
A
D/A
A7
back.
3. And now I don't know how I
Gtr. 1
hold
Coda
Gtr. 2 ad lib.
Gtr. 1
D
Dsus
D
Dsus
Outro: (Harmonica Solo)
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) simile/ad lib. to fade
D
Dsus
D
Dsus
hold throughout


D
Dsus2
Bm
A
D
simile on repeat
G
D

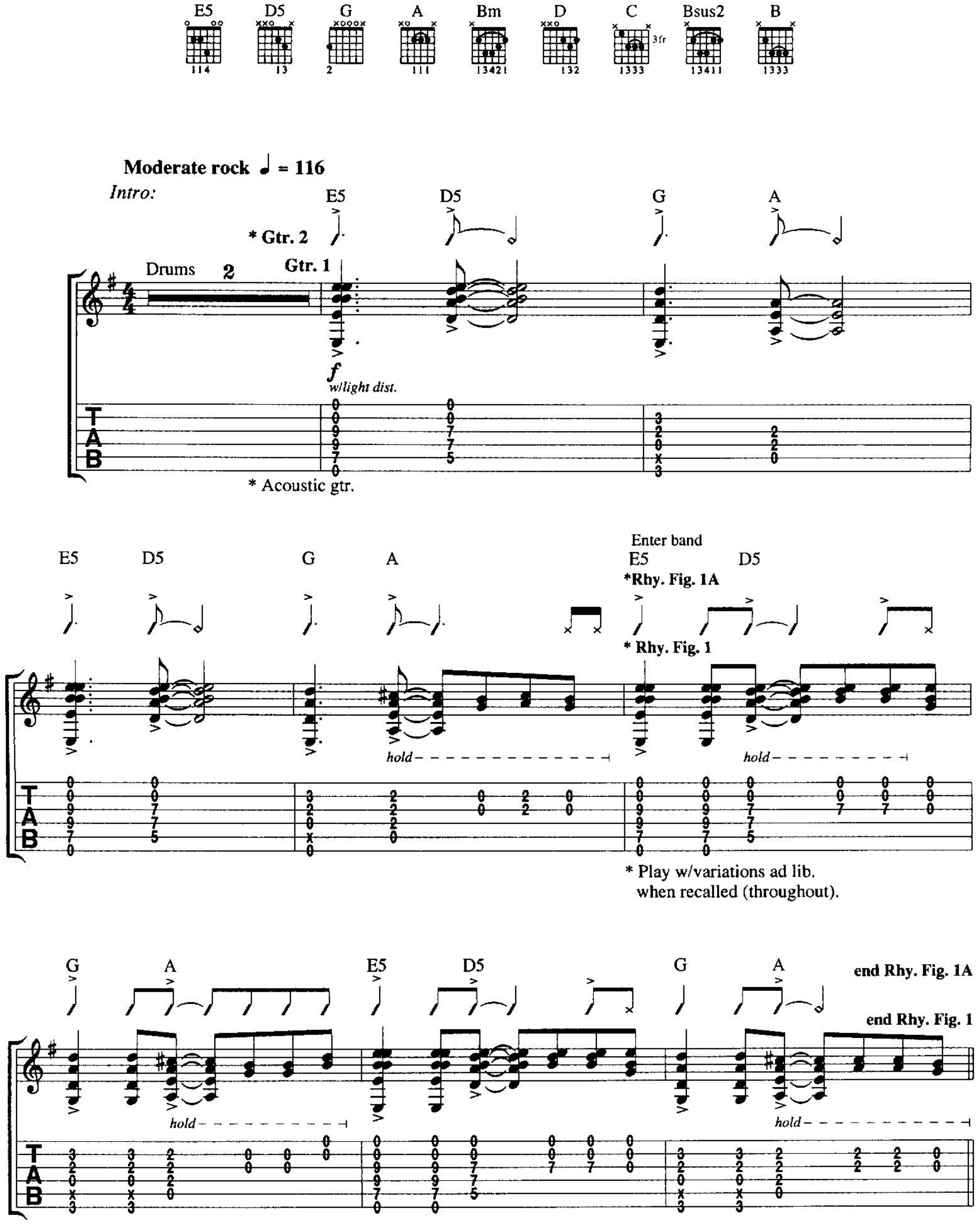


Verse 2:
Now, the hardness of this world slowly grinds your dreams away,
Makin' a fool's joke out of the promises we make.
And what once seemed black and white turns to so many shades of gray.
We lose ourselves in work to do and bills to pay.
And it's a ride, ride, ride and there ain't much cover.
With no one runnin' by your side, my blood brother.
(To Harmonica Solo:)

Verse 3:
And now I don't know how I feel, I don't know how I feel tonight.
If I've fallin' 'neath the wheel, if I've lost or I've gained sight.
I don't even know why, I don't know why I made this call,
Or if any of this matters anymore after all.
But the stars are burnin' bright like some mystery uncovered,
I'll keep movin' through the dark with you in my heart,
My blood brother.

MURDER INCORPORATED

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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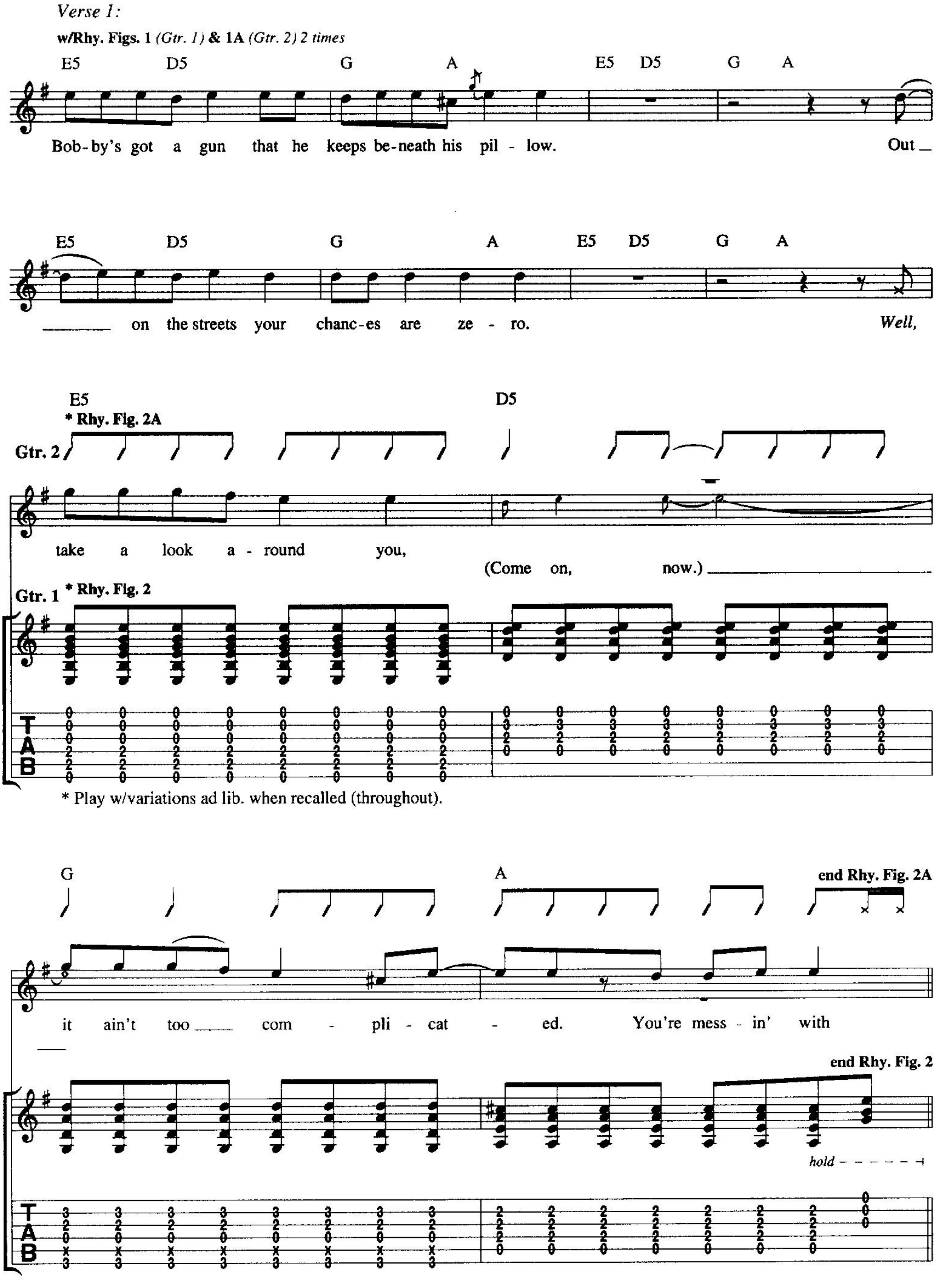
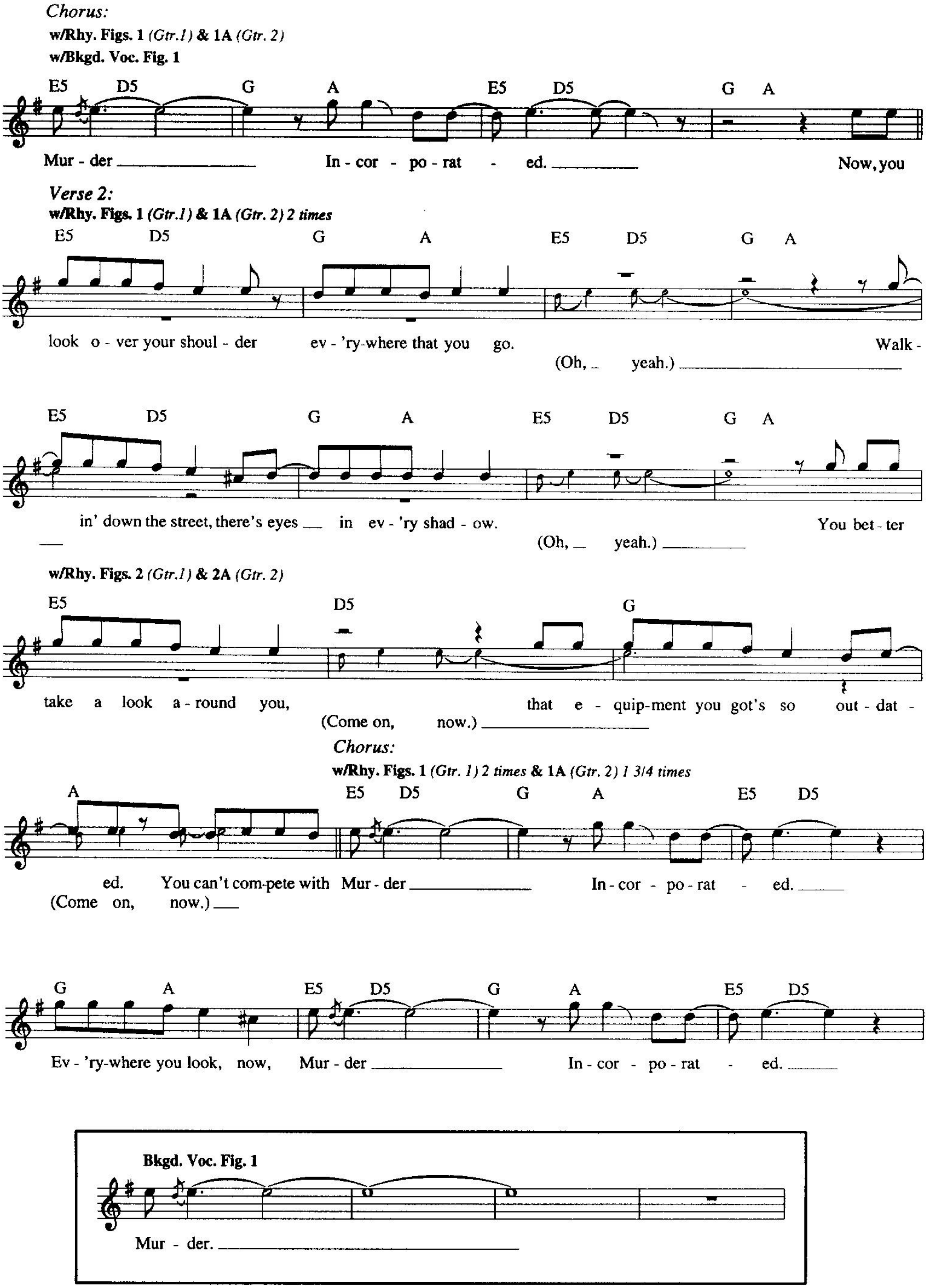
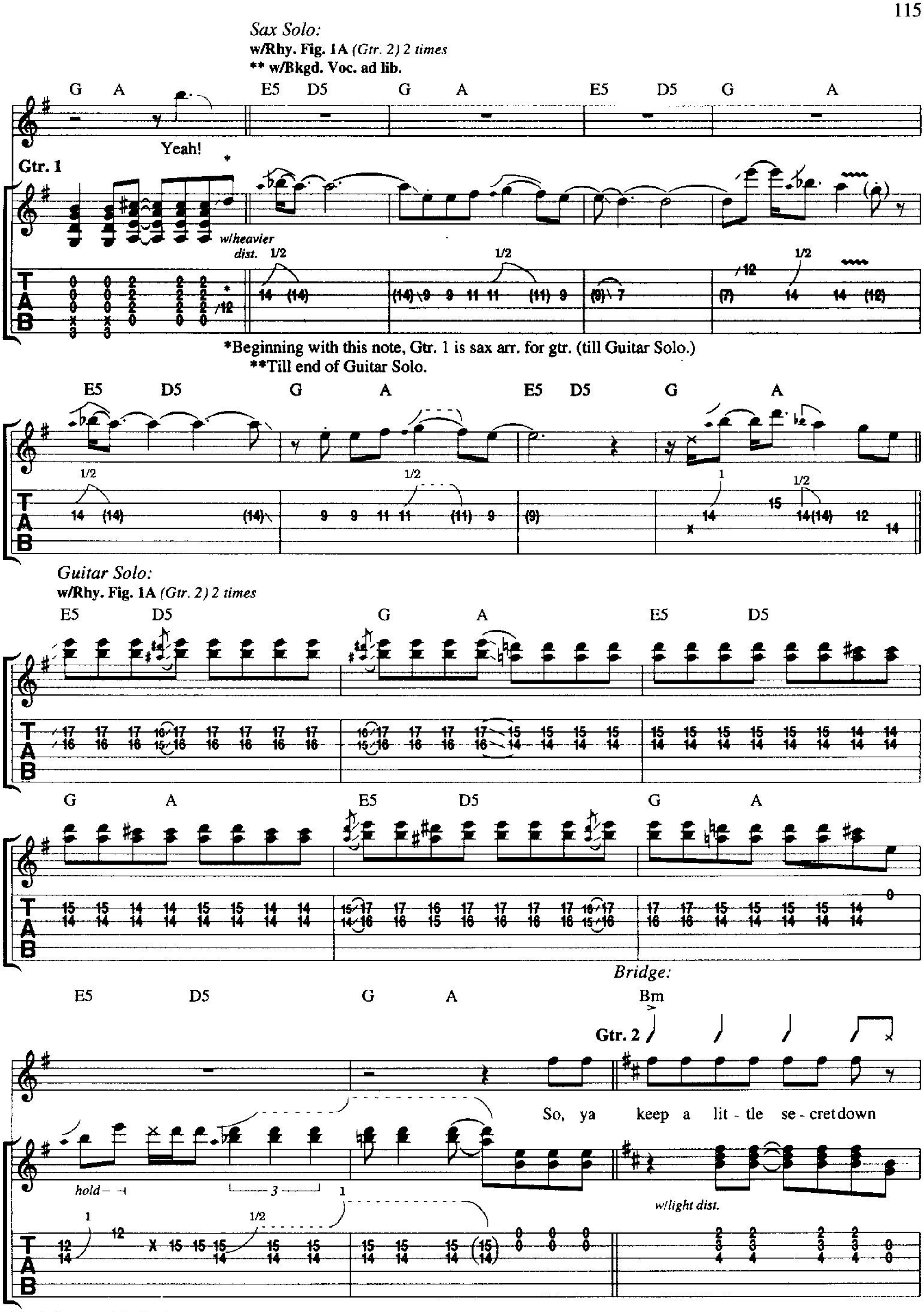
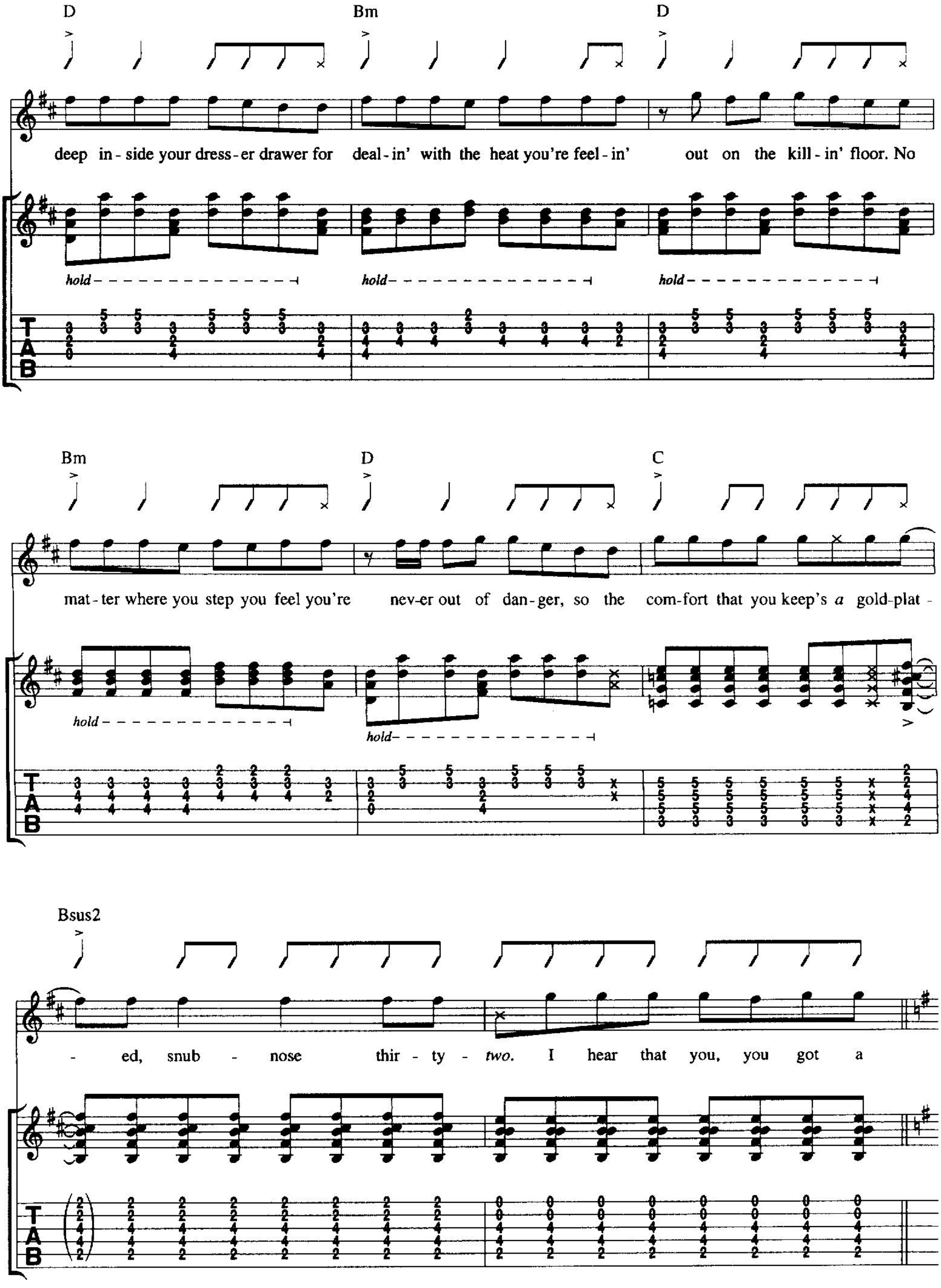
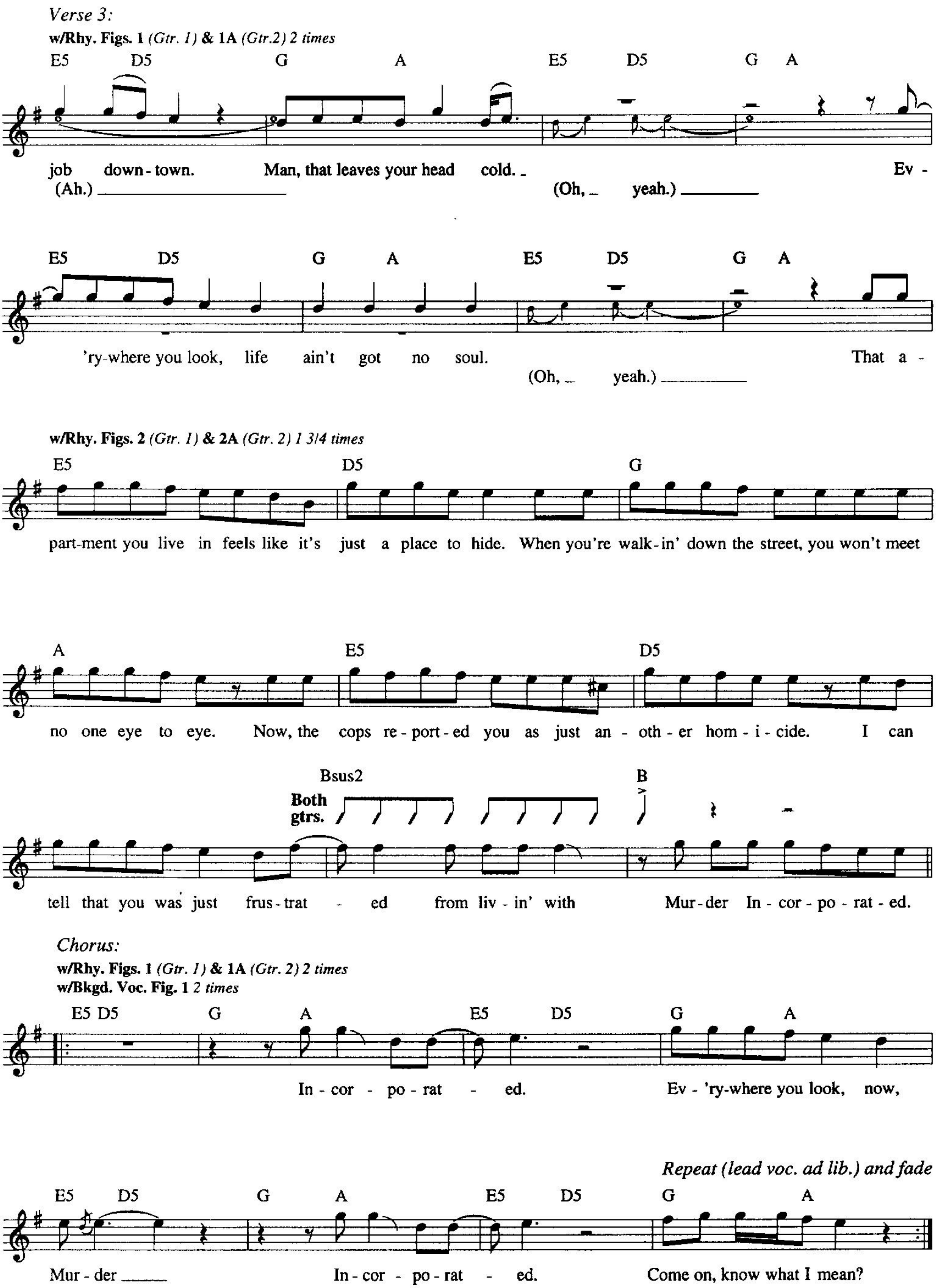

Verse 1:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
Bob-by's got a gun that he keeps be-neath his pil - low. Out
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
on the streets your chanc-es are ze - ro. Well,
E5 D5
* Rhy. Fig. 2A
Gtr. 2
take a look a - round you,
(Come on, now.)
Gtr. 1 * Rhy. Fig. 2
* Play w/variations ad lib. when recalled (throughout).
G A
end Rhy. Fig. 2A
it ain't too com - pli - cat - ed. You're mess - in' with
end Rhy. Fig. 2
hold


Chorus:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr.1) & 1A (Gtr. 2)
w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed. Now, you
Verse 2:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr.1) & 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
look o - ver your shoul - der ev - 'ry-where that you go. Walk -
(Oh, yeah.)
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
in' down the street, there's eyes in ev - 'ry shad - ow. You bet - ter
(Oh, yeah.)
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Gtr.1) & 2A (Gtr. 2)
E5 D5 G
take a look a - round you, that e - quip-ment you got's so out - dat -
(Come on, now.)
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) 2 times & 1A (Gtr. 2) 1 3/4 times
A E5 D5 G A E5 D5
ed. You can't com-pete with Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed.
(Come on, now.)
G A E5 D5 G A E5 D5
Ev - 'ry-where you look, now, Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed.
Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1
Mur - der.

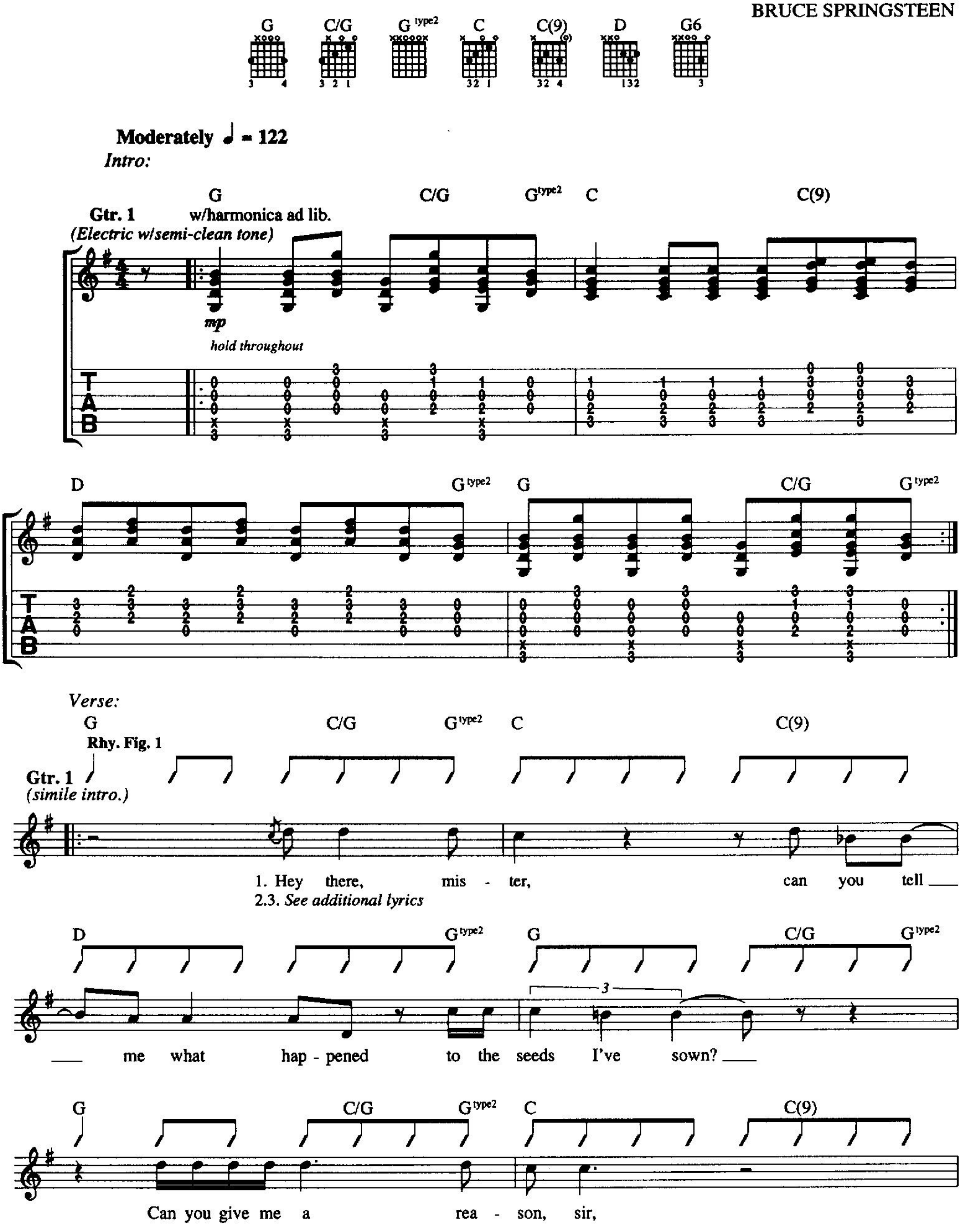

Sax Solo:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
** w/Bkgd. Voc. ad lib.
G A E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
Yeah!
Gtr. 1
w/heavier dist.
*Beginning with this note, Gtr. 1 is sax arr. for gtr. (till Guitar Solo.)
**Till end of Guitar Solo.
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
Guitar Solo:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
E5 D5 G A E5 D5
G A E5 D5 G A
Bridge:
E5 D5 G A Bm
Gtr. 2
So, ya keep a lit - tle se - cret down
hold
w/light dist.


D
Bm
D
deep in - side your dress - er drawer for deal - in' with the heat you're feel - in' out on the kill - in' floor. No
hold
hold
hold
Bm
D
C
mat - ter where you step you feel you're nev-er out of dan - ger, so the com-fort that you keep's *a* gold-plat -
hold
hold
Bsus2
- ed, snub - nose thir - ty - *two.* I hear that you, you got a
T
A
B


Verse 3:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 1A (Gtr.2) 2 times
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
job down-town. Man, that leaves your head cold. Ev -
(Ah.) (Oh, yeah.)
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
'ry-where you look, life ain't got no soul. That a -
(Oh, yeah.)
w/Rhy. Figs. 2 (Gtr. 1) & 2A (Gtr. 2) 1 3/4 times
E5 D5 G
part-ment you live in feels like it's just a place to hide. When you're walk-in' down the street, you won't meet
A E5 D5
no one eye to eye. Now, the cops re - port - ed you as just an - oth - er hom - i - cide. I can
Bsus2 B
Both gtrs.
tell that you was just frus - trat - ed from liv - in' with Mur-der In - cor - po - rat - ed.
Chorus:
w/Rhy. Figs. 1 (Gtr. 1) & 1A (Gtr. 2) 2 times
w/Bkgd. Voc. Fig. 1 2 times
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
In - cor - po - rat - ed. Ev - 'ry-where you look, now,
Repeat (lead voc. ad lib.) and fade
E5 D5 G A E5 D5 G A
Mur - der In - cor - po - rat - ed. Come on, know what I mean?

THIS HARD LAND

Words and Music by
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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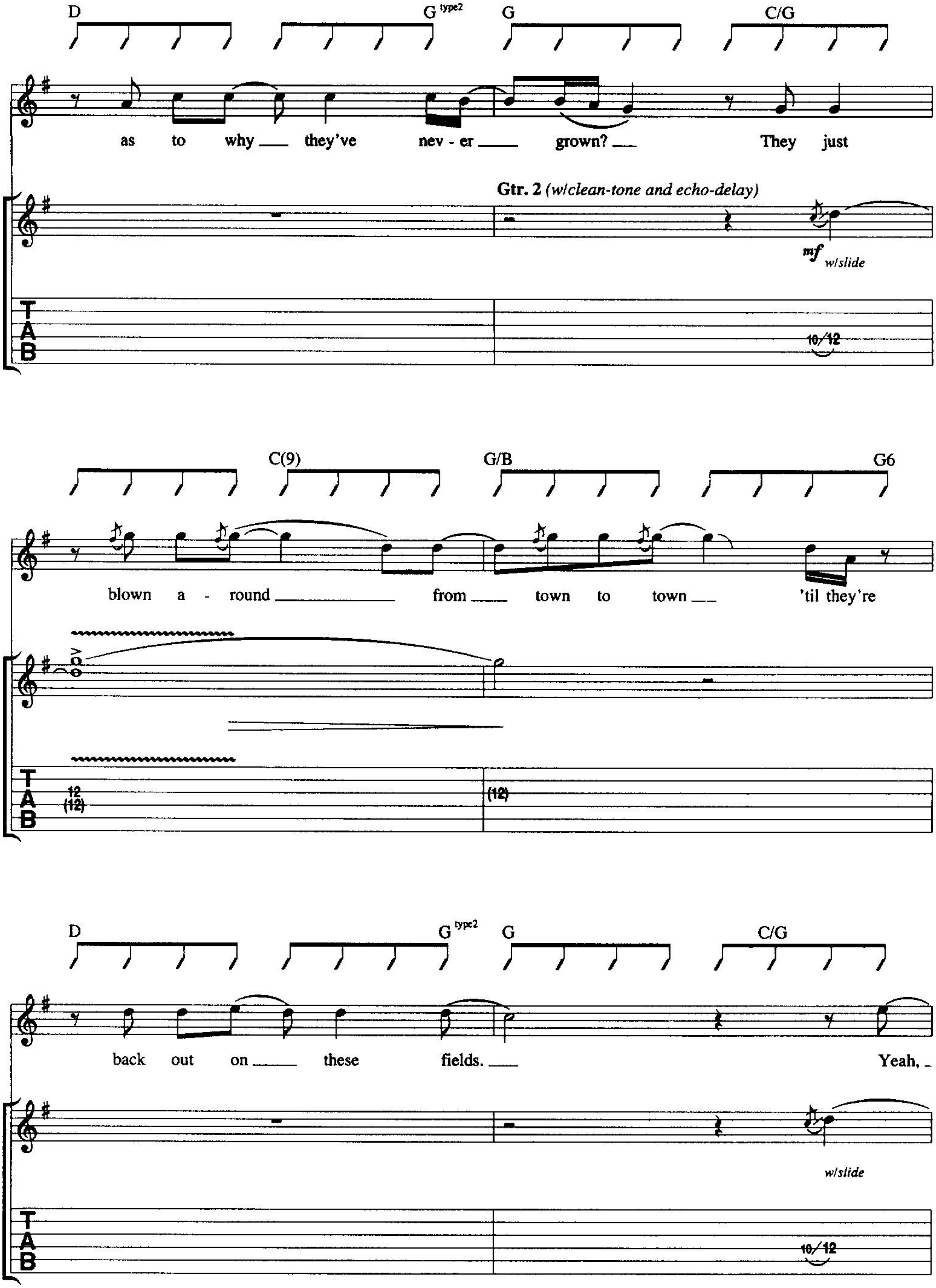
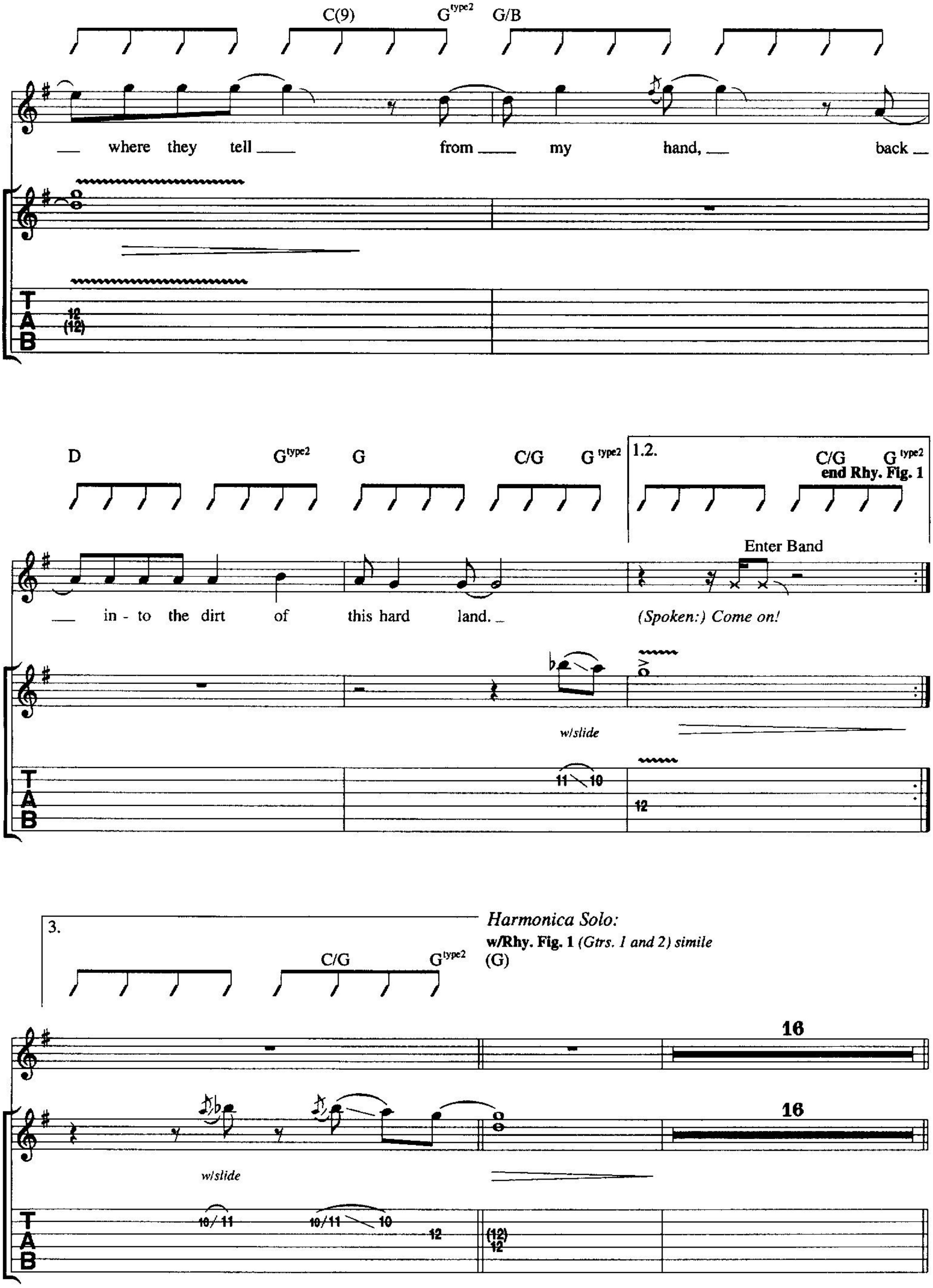
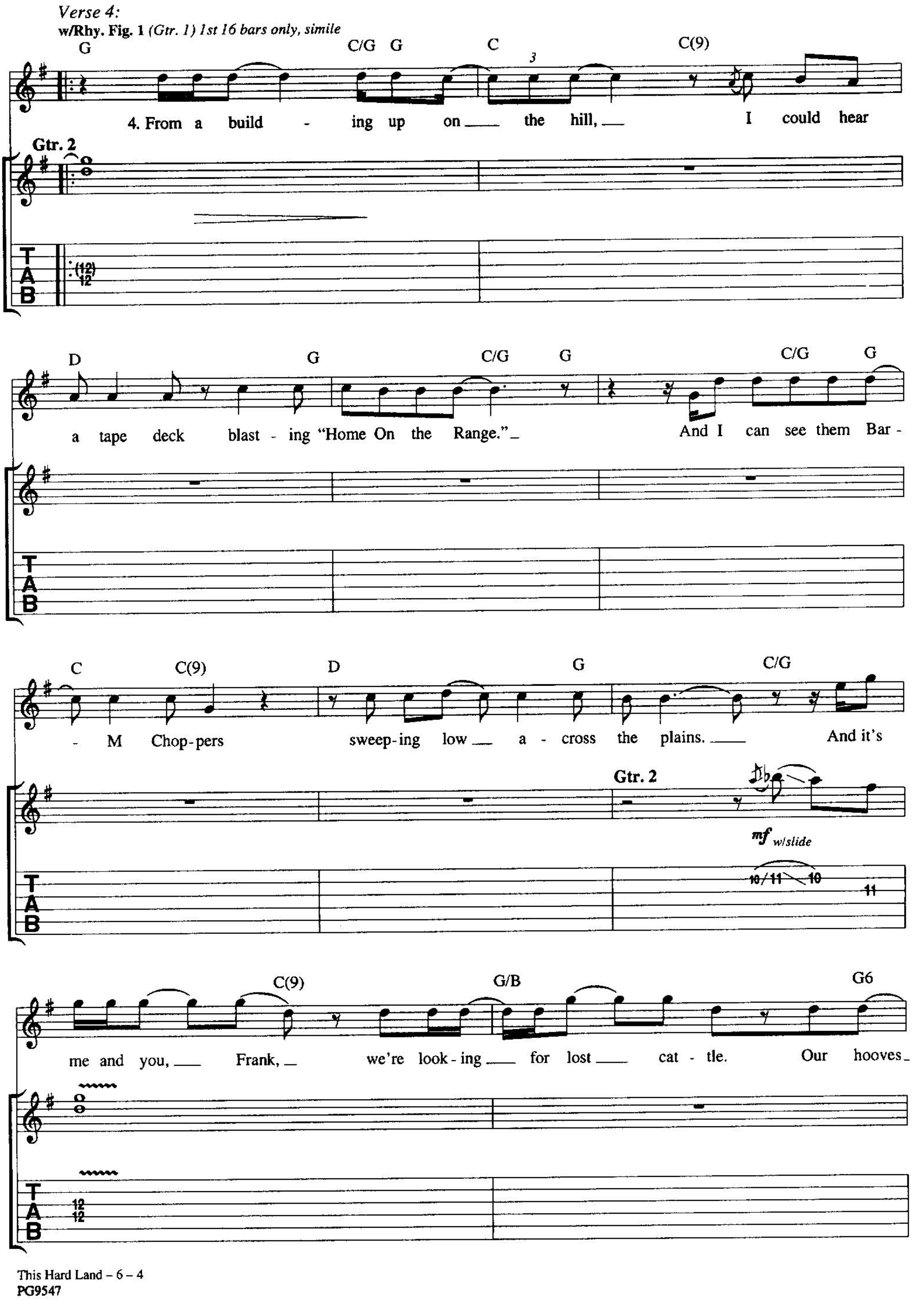
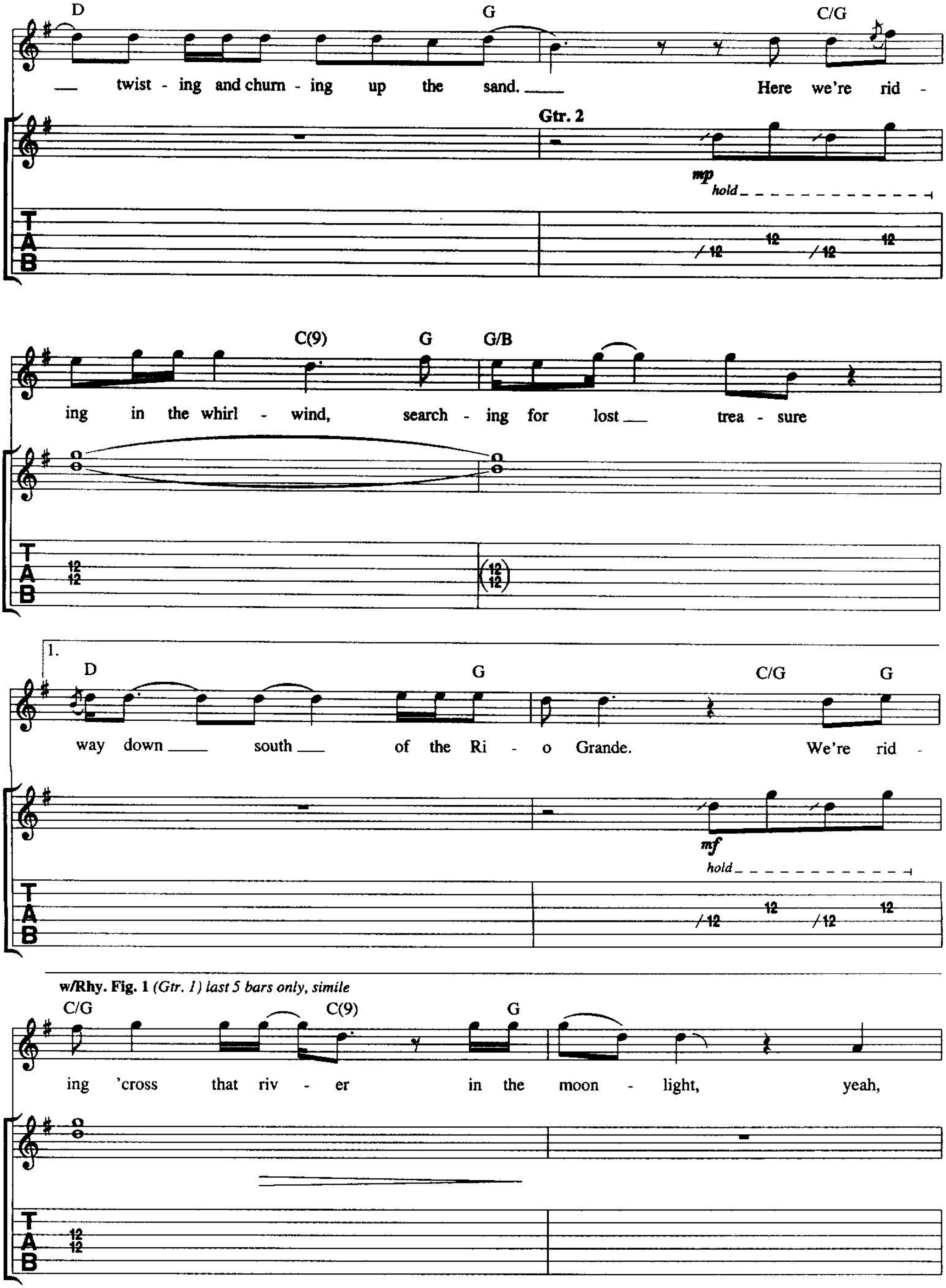
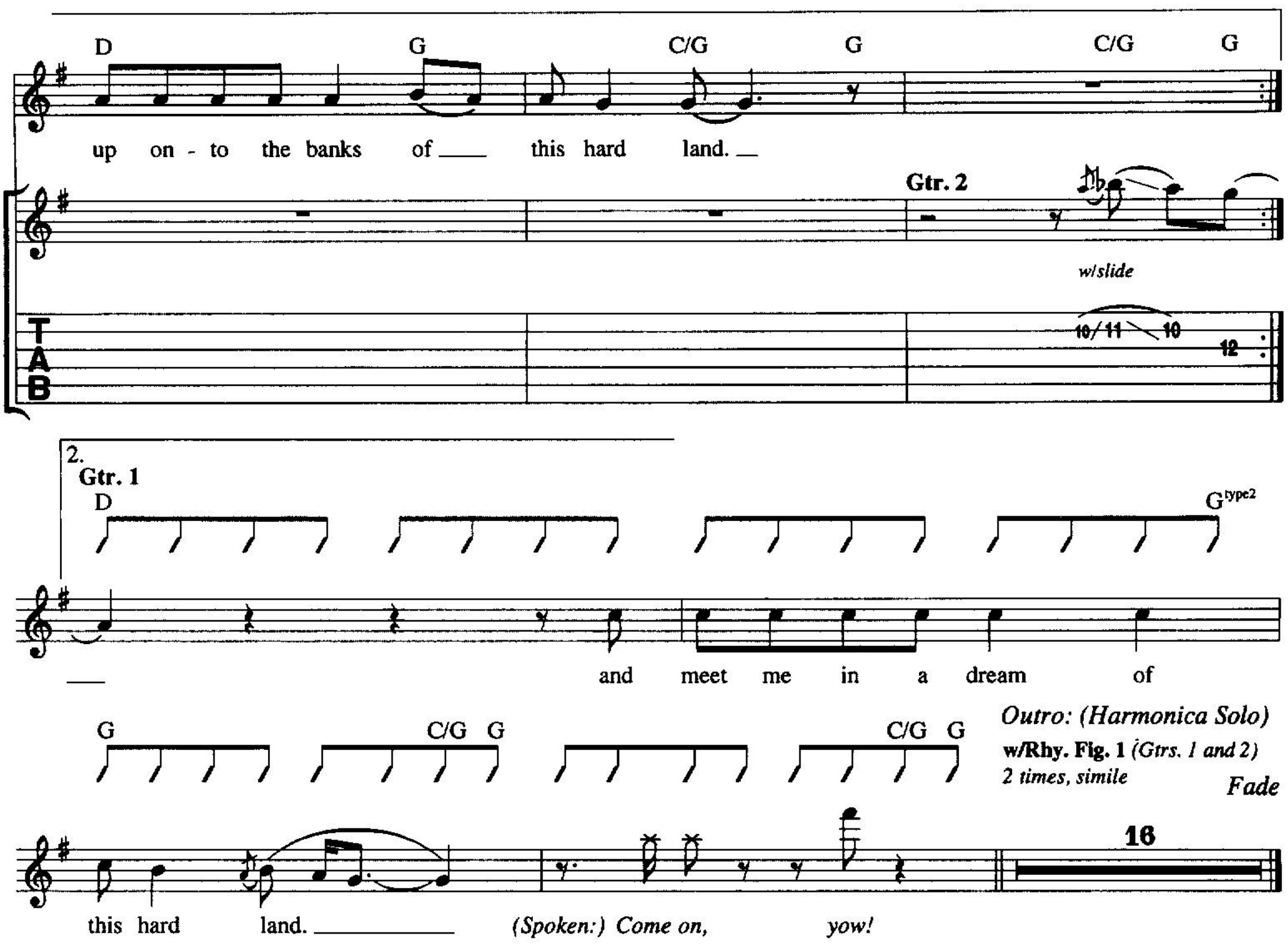

D
G type2
G
C/G
as to why ___ they've nev - er ___ grown? ___ They just
Gtr. 2 (w/clean-tone and echo-delay)
mf
w/slide
10/12
C(9)
G/B
G6
blown a - round ___ from ___ town to town ___ 'til they're
12
(12)
(12)
D
G type2
G
C/G
back out on ___ these fields. ___ Yeah, _
w/slide
10/12


C(9) G type2 G/B
— where they tell — from — my hand, — back —
D G type2 G C/G G type2
1.2.
C/G G type2
end Rhy. Fig. 1
Enter Band
— in - to the dirt of this hard land. —
(Spoken:) Come on!
w/slide
3.
C/G G type2
Harmonica Solo:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtrs. 1 and 2) simile
(G)
16
w/slide


Verse 4:
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) 1st 16 bars only, simile
G C/G G C C(9)
4. From a build - ing up on the hill, I could hear
Gtr. 2
D G C/G G C/G G
a tape deck blast - ing "Home On the Range." And I can see them Bar -
C C(9) D G C/G
- M Chop-pers sweep-ing low a - cross the plains. And it's
Gtr. 2
mf w/slide
C(9) G/B G6
me and you, Frank, we're look - ing for lost cat - tle. Our hooves


D G C/G
twist - ing and churn - ing up the sand. Here we're rid -
Gtr. 2
mp
hold
TAB
12 12 12 12
C(9) G G/B
ing in the whirl - wind, search - ing for lost trea - sure
TAB
12 12 (12 12)
1.
D G C/G G
way down south of the Ri - o Grande. We're rid -
mf
hold
TAB
12 12 12 12
w/Rhy. Fig. 1 (Gtr. 1) last 5 bars only, simile
C/G C(9) G
ing 'cross that riv - er in the moon - light, yeah,
TAB
12 12



Verse 2:
Now, me and my sister from Germantown,
We did ride.
We made our bed, sir, from the rock on the mountainside.
We been blowin' around from town to town,
Lookin' for a place to stand.
Where the sun burst through the cloud
To fall like a circle,
Like a circle of fire down on this hard land.

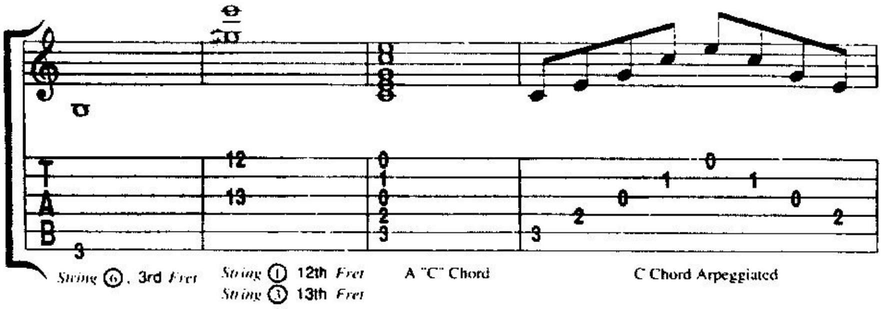
Verse 3:
Now, even the rain, it don't come 'round,
It don't come 'round here no more.
And the only sound at night's the wind
Slammin' the back porch door.
It just stirs you up like it wants to blow you down,
Twistin' and churnin' up the sand,
Leavin' all them scarecrows lyin' face down,
Face down in the dirt of this hard land.
(To Harmonica Solo:)

Verse 5:
Hey, Frank, won't ya pack your bags
And meet me tonight down at Liberty Hall.
Just one kiss from you, my brother,
And we'll ride until we fall.
We'll sleep in the fields.
We'll sleep by the rivers and in the morning,
We'll make a plan.
Well, if you can't make it,
Stay hard, stay hungry, stay alive
If you can,
And meet me in a dream of this hard land.
(To Outro:)

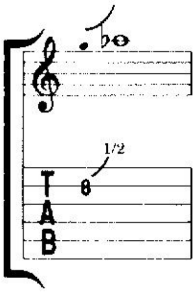
GUITAR TAB GLOSSARY **

TABLATURE EXPLANATION

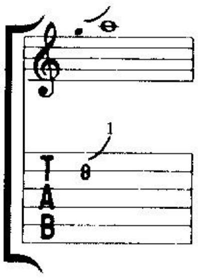
READING TABLATURE: Tablature illustrates the six strings of the guitar. Notes and chords are indicated by the placement of fret numbers on a given string(s).



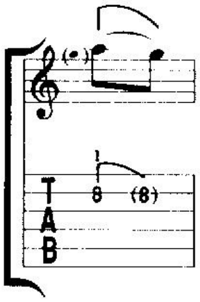
BENDING NOTES



HALF STEP: Play the note and bend string one half step.*



WHOLE STEP: Play the note and bend string one whole step.

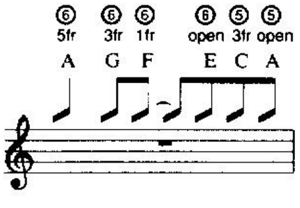


PREBEND AND RELEASE: Bend the string, play it, then release to the original note.

RHYTHM SLASHES

STRUM INDICATIONS: Strum with indicated rhythm.

The chord voicings are found on the first page of the transcription underneath the song title.

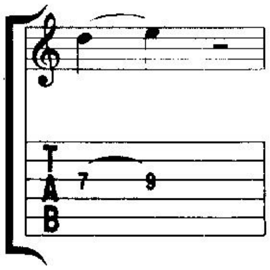


INDICATING SINGLE NOTES USING RHYTHM SLASHES: Very often single notes are incorporated into a rhythm part. The note name is indicated above the rhythm slash with a fret number and a string indication.

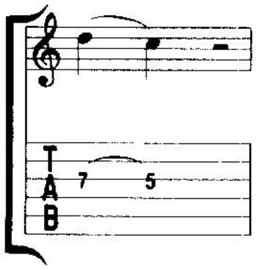
*A half step is the smallest interval in Western music; it is equal to one fret. A whole step equals two frets.

**By Kenn Chipkin and Aaron Stang

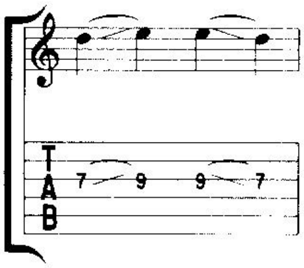
ARTICULATIONS



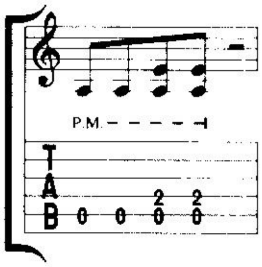
HAMMER ON: Play lower note, then "hammer on" to higher note with another finger. Only the first note is attacked.



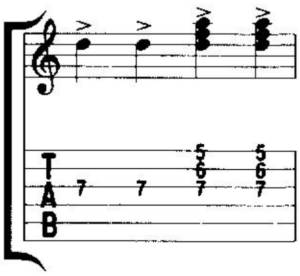
PULL OFF: Play higher note, then "pull off" to lower note with another finger. Only the first note is attacked.



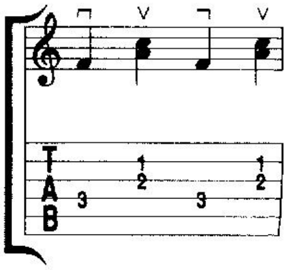
LEGATO SLIDE: Play note and slide to the following note. (Only first note is attacked).



PALM MUTE: The note or notes are muted by the palm of the pick hand by lightly touching the string(s) near the bridge.



ACCENT: Notes or chords are to be played with added emphasis.



DOWN STROKES AND UPSTROKES: Notes or chords are to be played with either a downstroke (⊓) or upstroke (V) of the pick.

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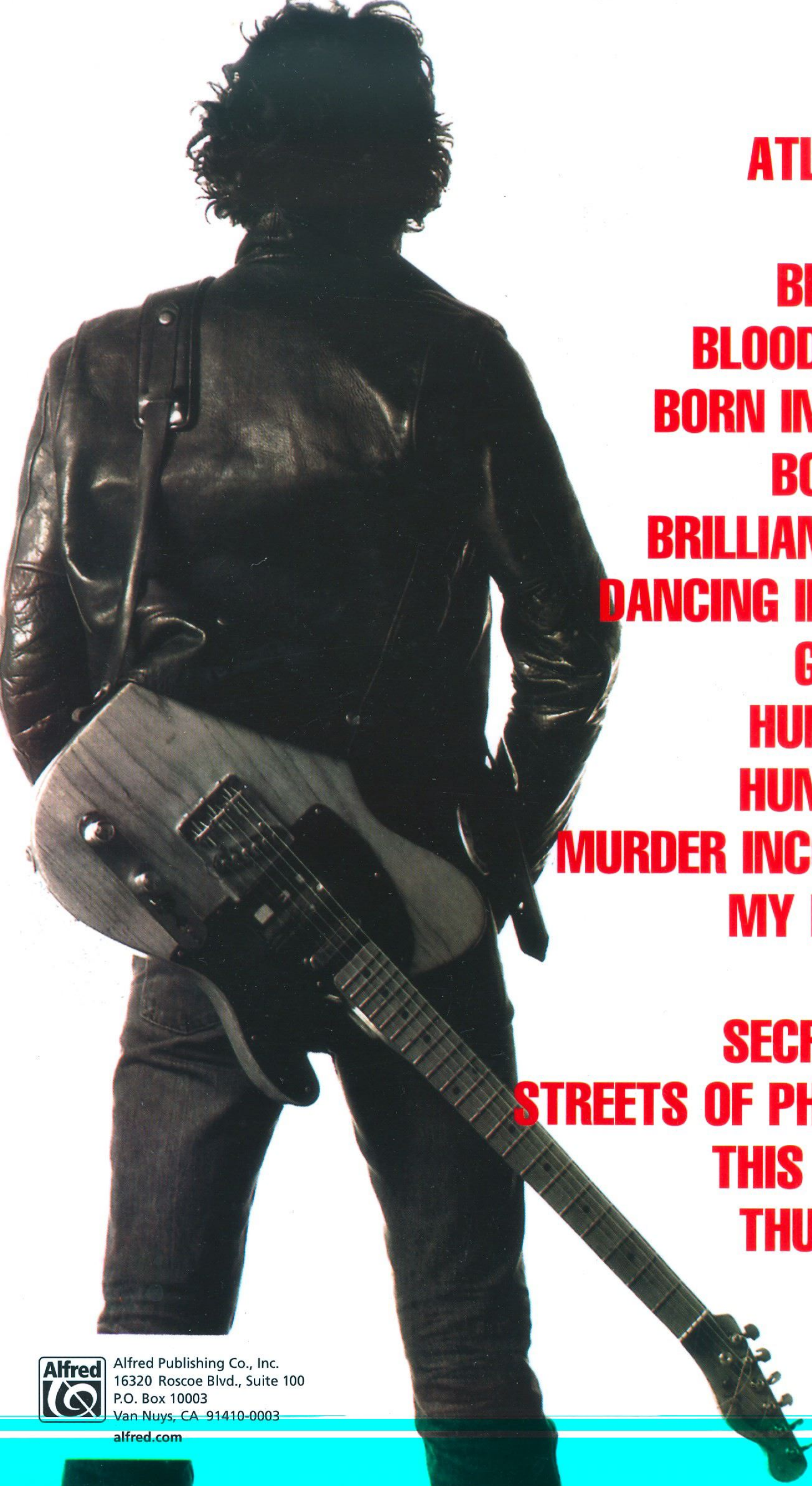

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